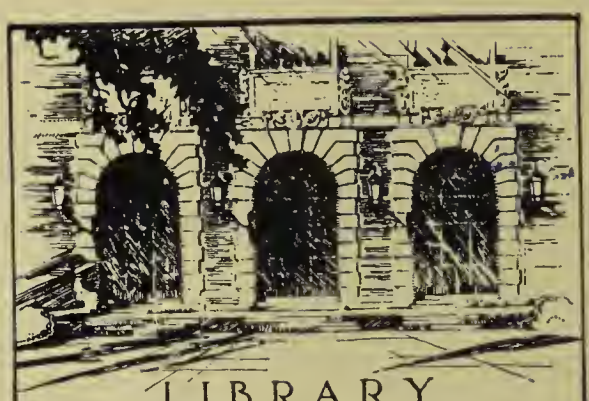




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Grace Greenwood
1850 —

GREENWOOD LEAVES:

A

COLLECTION

OF

SKETCHES AND LETTERS.

BY

GRACE GREENWOOD.

SECOND SERIES.

BOSTON:
TICKNOR, REED, AND FIELDS.
M DCCC LIV.

1854

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TO DR. G. BAILEY,

Of Washington, D. C.

In hanging underneath your name, half playfully, half affectionately, this rude wreath of woven leaves, I am conscious of having two distinct ends in view. In the first place, I mean this Dedication to be a sort of an indicator of the tone and character of my volume. As earnestly as I desire to speak my uninspired, unpolished, but most sincere words to the many, I would not be accused of obtaining readers under false pretences. I would not put forth a volume, purporting to be merely a collection of light romances and gossipping letters, wherein are avowed certain moral sentiments, on which there exists a wide and warm difference of opinion, — wherein grave political questions are treated freely, if not irreverently, and 'the weightier matters of the law' discussed, it may be thought, somewhat lawlessly. Then let your name, my friend, as it stands here, say to whoever looks upon this page, that in those that follow, he must expect sometimes to meet the expression of the sentiments, the principles, the vital truths so long advocated by your brilliant and fearless pen, and by a brave and faithful life, more eloquent than any written word. Yes, let your name, if it will, act as a *noli me tangere* warning to the tender conservative, the fastidious and exclusive lover of romance and poetry, the nervous shrinker from moral agitation and political discussion.

I have yet a hope, that some who have small appetite for such moral food as I set before my readers, will yet not reject it for

this foretaste of its quality, but will allow it to be neither stale nor unhealthful, though scarcely flattering to the palate. Though they may not 'look to gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles,' they will, I am sure, admit that the thorn has its fragrant and 'milk-white' flowers, and that even the thistle, under its outside roughness, has a homely sweetness of its own, apparent to other than asinine perception — a pleasure not alone for the small bird and searching bee, but for whoever is bold enough to grasp and tear apart the prickly calix, and so come upon the honey and the bloom. Ah, those who have tasted alone can tell of the freshness, the glow, the inner sweetness of a rough, strong, uninviting, unpopular truth.

The second object which I have in view, or rather at heart, in this dedication, is, I must confess, somewhat less unselfish than the first. I do not alone seek thus to indulge a natural vanity, by acknowledging the kindly relations which exist between us two, — I have a higher pride, in letting the world know that Freedom and I have one and the same friend.

GRACE GREENWOOD.

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GREENWOOD LEAVES.

SECOND SERIES.

PHILIP HAMILTON AND HIS MOTHER.

I REMEMBER to have spent a few weeks of last autumn with a dear friend, the wife of an eminent physician in one of our inland cities. My friend was a woman of fine intellect, much feeling, and large experience of life. She was a delightful companion, an admirable hostess; and I shall never cease to think of her with grateful and pleasurable emotions.

One rainy, October day, Mrs. Allen, her eldest daughter, and myself were together, in the pleasant little library, where we usually spent our mornings. Mrs. Allen, I remember, was seated with a huge work-basket at her side, busily engaged in darning hose, of all sizes, from the ample sock of the stout doctor, down to the wee stocking of little Jenny. Miss Laura was bending gracefully over her embroidery frame; and I was reclining, after my own indolent fashion, on a comfortable lounge, reading aloud the 'Princess' of Tennyson; drowning the sound of the storm without by the sweet musical flow of its verse, filling the darkened hours with the golden enchantment of its gay romance. This was our second reading; and, after an

hour or two, the volume was finished. As I re-read, softly and lingeringly, that last line of the story,

'Lay thy sweet hands in mine, and trust to me,'

and then closed the book, I remember that Mrs. Allen and Laura looked up from their work, saying, sadly, as with one voice, 'Is that all?'

I remained silent, with a listless, dreamy recollection of pleasure; my thoughts still chiming to the delicious melody of that unique and delightful poem. After awhile, I raised my eyes and fixed them upon a picture, on the opposite wall — a portrait, which I had not before noticed particularly.

'That is a very lovely face, Mrs. Allen,' I remarked. 'Is it the likeness of any one of your family?'

'No,' she replied; 'the original was not even a relative, but was the dearest and most intimate friend of my early life. Pray tell me what you read in her face.'

'I should say that the lady possessed great sweetness and pliancy of disposition; a thoughtful, but not by any means a powerful mind. I should say that she was exceedingly sensitive, capable of intense suffering, but quite incapable of defending herself from wrong, or even of resenting it with much spirit.'

'You are quite right,' said my friend, 'you have read her character very clearly. Ah, poor girl, she had a sad history of her own. Should you like to hear it?'

'Oh, by all means!' was my reply.

My friend laid aside her work; and, fixing her eyes on the picture for a moment, began her simple narrative, which I will endeavor to give in her own words, as near as I can remember.

Laura Ellerton (you see that I named my daughter for this friend) was my school-mate and room-mate for three years; and we became, from necessity and inclination,

most intimate and tenderly attached. Laura was a singularly unselfish, humble, and affectionate being, for one so beautiful, gifted, and attractive, every way, as she then was. That portrait does not give one a just idea of her early loveliness, as it was taken at the age of twenty-five, when she had already begun to fade. Laura was not wealthy. Her mother was a widow of limited means, who, mother-like, often deprived herself of the very comforts of life to be able to educate thoroughly and dress tastefully her idolized daughter.

After leaving school, my friend and I, as might have been expected, kept up a brisk and voluminous correspondence. For the first year, our letters were filled with those little nothings, descriptions of parties, dresses, rides, and rambles; all the small events and innocent gayeties which form the life of young girls who are just going into society; but after that, they gradually grew more thoughtful and confidential. I believe that I was first in love and engaged; but being rather careful and sensitive, said as little as possible, even to her, on my heart affairs. But Laura was one to whom sympathy was a very necessity, air, life. First came significant hints about a certain young lawyer, who had lately settled at R——; then followed glowing descriptions of his superb figure, his splendidly handsome face; and enthusiastic praises of his genius, his acquirements, and the quiet elegance of his manner. His attentions to her were gratefully chronicled, and all his little compliments minutely, yet modestly reported. At first, it was 'Mr. Kingsbury;' but after a little while, it was '*Arthur* Kingsbury;' and in a very short time, it was '*dear* Arthur.' They were engaged. Ah, then, what letters she wrote! How full of sentiment, happiness, gratitude, love — no, love is a feeble word — *adoration*. She absolutely worshipped her handsome and gifted lover; an homage most sweet and delightful to the interesting idol, doubtless, but which it was unworthy weakness in her to yield. Thus she continued to

write for nearly a year, and then her letters suddenly ceased altogether. About that time I was married. I wrote to Laura, reminding her of an old promise to be my bridesmaid. I only received, in reply, a few hurried lines from Mrs. Ellerton, stating that her daughter could not possibly attend the wedding, as she was considerably out of health; but that she sent her 'dearest love' and 'fondest wishes.'

On my return from our bridal tour, I wrote again to Laura, intreating her to write and relieve my great anxiety. She did write, at last; and such a letter! It was sad, and touching beyond description. It was blotted with tears — was itself like the long, low sob of a broken heart. Her lover had left her; was already married to another! and yet there was no bitterness, no harsh resentment in her feeling toward him. But stay, I have that letter in my writing-desk. Here it is. After making the announcement I have mentioned, she writes thus: —

'I heard for some time, hints and whispers concerning Arthur's attentions to Miss Earle, a lady of high connections and considerable fortune, who was visiting in our village; but I could not believe that his heart was turned from me, until he himself came to me, and requested to be released from his engagement; telling me that he had been mistaken in thinking that he loved me as deeply as he might love. He begged me to forgive him for all the pain he had caused me; and I have done so, even as I hope to be forgiven for my own errors and sins.

'I can never think, as others think, that Arthur has been influenced by mercenary motives. Miss Earle, though not very young nor beautiful, is intellectual and highly accomplished; and you know that I am neither. Oh! how vain and presuming I have been ever to believe that he could love *me*, a simple village girl; he, with his glorious genius, his noble presence, and all his rare attainments. Oh, Alice, sometimes comes the bitter, bitter thought that he divined my interest in him, at the first, and was led, by generous

pity, to ask me for the love which he knew in his soul was his already!

'Dear Alice, do not think hard of him. How could he give his hand to me when there was one he so much preferred? He looked sadly troubled at that last interview. I saw it, and pressed my hand hard against my heart, to keep down the sobs and shrieks with which it seemed almost bursting. I did not reproach him. I did not even weep; and though I was quite still and silent, I gave him my hand kindly, as he rose to go, and *tried* to smile on him as he looked back at me for the last time.

'I remember nothing of what passed after that, for some days. Dear mother tells me that she found me sitting by the table, cold and white as marble, and utterly insensible. I believe I had something like a brain fever; but I was not conscious of much suffering. Now I am better, much better—almost well, indeed, though my kind friends are yet troubled by my colorless cheek and languid step. During the day, I try to be cheerful and courageous, for dear mother's sake; but at night, oh, Alice, at night, I often lie awake through long hours, dreadful hours, and weep in my lonely sorrow, till my very heart seems dissolved in tears. Then, I sometimes reach up my clasped hands, and cry, through the darkness, "Oh, Father in heaven, have mercy! Bind up my wounded heart, and fill it with *thy* love!" Then I pray for *him* — pray that his life may be rich in love and crowned with blessings; and so I always grow calm and fall asleep.

'But the day of Arthur's marriage — ah, I must unlearn my heart that trick of calling him *Arthur* — I mean Mr. Kingsbury's marriage, I could not conceal my unhappiness. I was weak, despairing, almost wild; and I could find no rest but in the arms of my mother, pressed close against her heart, with her dear hand laid on my hot brow, or tenderly wiping away the tears which gushed forth irrepressibly and incessantly. When we knew that the hour had gone by,

dear mother prayed in a low, fervent voice, that divine strength might be given to her child to overcome that love which had been to her a snare and a temptation, and had now become a sin. When she ceased, I lifted up my head calmly, feeling that God's peace had descended to my heart.

'Now, dear Alice, do not be troubled for me. All will yet be well. I need only patience, and trust in the goodness of our Father, who knoweth what is best for us.'

As you may suppose, I shed many a tear over this touching letter from poor Laura. I could but wonder, however, that she bore her trial so well; clingingly dependent, fond, and devoted as I knew her to be. I think I was right in ascribing much of her strength to the calm, sustaining affection of her mother.

My husband and I both wrote to Mrs. Ellerton and Laura, inviting them to spend the winter with us, amid all the fresh glories and new dignities of young housekeeping. Mrs. Ellerton replied at once, accepting the invitation for her daughter; but stating that, as she had near relatives in P——, she should not be able to make her home at our house. They came on together, however, and we had a pleasant little visit from Mrs. Ellerton, who was a woman of strong, yet beautiful character.

Laura was, indeed, changed; so much sunshine had faded from her face. Then she had grown exceedingly delicate, pale, quiet; yet, perhaps, more lovely than ever — a sort of moonlight beauty. When we were alone together, I found that she, unlike her former self, carefully avoided all reference to Kingsbury; and as I, for my part, heartily despised and detested the man, his name was never mentioned between us.

We had a very pleasant winter. Laura gradually regained much of her old serene cheerfulness, and endeared herself greatly to our hearts. Ah, her music! I never can forget it. Her playing was very fine; but her singing, of

Scotch songs and old ballads especially, was something peculiarly and indescribably delightful. There was one who was greatly charmed and won by it, and by the sweet singer herself. This was Mr. Hamilton, a constant visitor at our house — a distant relative, but a near friend of my husband. He had been for some years the congressional representative from our district, and was a man of worth and influence, as well as of distinction. He was about thirty-five, and had never been married.

After a month or two, it became quite obvious that dear Laura had made a deep impression on the heart of our honorable friend. The doctor and I were truly delighted; Mrs. Ellerton seemed pleased, and Laura, apparently, was not displeased, though she gave no evidence of being seriously impressed in her turn. Yet when she found that she was indeed loved, truly, generously and tenderly by Mr. Hamilton, her heart, so lately wounded and humiliated, very naturally went out toward him, in a glad, affectionate gratitude, which was almost love. But hers was a truthful and honorable nature; and, withdrawing the hand which she had yielded in the first impulse of her kindly feeling, and modestly casting down her eyes, she told him all the sad story of her love and her sorrow. When this was finished, she said, in a low, trembling voice: 'So it is, dear friend, that *love* seems to have withered, died in my heart; so it is that I can only give you a tender and devoted *friendship*. And oh! what a return were this for your beautiful and noble love, with all its fervency and concentration.'

Mr. Hamilton rose, and walked up and down the room several times, with a troubled brow. He had hoped for something better than this — for the fresh, impassioned love, the virgin trust, the early warmth and devotion of that pure young being. But presently, he paused, and looked toward Laura. She was sitting by the table, her head supported by her hand, her eyes concealed by the white, slender fingers; but he saw that her cheek paled and flushed, and her lips

quivered incessantly. He drew near; and gently lifting that fair hand, and gazing down into those eyes, those mild and earnest eyes, said, 'And, so you have suffered, dear Laura; are still sorrowful. Ah, then, more than ever do you need such tenderness and devotion as I can give you. If it is not mine to console you, let me, at least, drink part of your bitter cup; if I may not give you happiness, let me share in your sorrows.'

The generous feeling, the 'loving kindness' of these words quite overcame Laura with gratitude and admiration. She rose impulsively, yet timidly, to meet his extended arms, and smiling and weeping alternately, leaned against his breast, feeling that she had there found protection, security — her *rest*.

On the anniversary of my own marriage, there was a second wedding in our house — Laura Ellerton to Augustus Hamilton.

This union proved a happy one — quietly and soberly happy. Laura was a good wife; neat, careful, cheerful, and equable in temper; and Hamilton was altogether the husband so generous a lover promised to be.

During the third year of her wedded life, Mrs. Hamilton suffered a great bereavement in the death of her noble mother. But there was given to her a sweet consoler — a dear little babe, whose loveliness and infant smiles had power to charm trouble from all her thoughts. She named this son — who proved an only child — Philip, for her own father, whom she pleasantly, though imperfectly remembered.

When this boy was about nine years of age, Mr. Hamilton died, very suddenly, from a disease of the heart. My husband was called to him about midnight, and by daybreak he was dead. The doctor said that he suffered much, and was scarcely conscious until just at the last, when he asked for his 'dear little boy,' kissed the frightened and weeping child very tenderly; kissed and blessed his 'gentle

wife,' his 'sweet Laura,' drew her fair head down on his bosom, and died.

Laura was a sincere, though not a passionate and despairing mourner. She had never loved her husband *passionately;* but she had loved him with a true and ever-growing affection, and grieved long and deeply for his loss.

From that time, she gave herself up with singular devotion, to the care and education of her darling son, of whom she had been left sole guardian. And Philip was no common boy. With rare beauty, and a delicate, nervous organization, I think he was the most wondrously precocious child I have ever known. He scarcely seemed a *child;* he had few of the habits, and little or no taste for the usual sports of children. Studious, poetical, and strangely serious, he cared for nothing but books, music, and the society of his mother. His love for his beautiful mother was a deep, absorbing sentiment — the one only love of his life. He shrank from all boyish associates, and rough out-door exercises, suited to his age and sex, and sought only to sit by her side and pore over his books, hour after hour; to listen to her singing in the evening, and to accompany her in her short strolls and unfrequent drives.

As a matter of course, the boy grew up nervous, painfully sensitive and delicate to fragility; and though very lovely and interesting, one could not look upon his pale, poetic face, or gaze once into his large, dark eyes, so absolutely luminous with soul, without sad, foreboding thoughts. The angel of sorrow seemed to have set his seal on that high, white forehead — smooth and childish forehead though it was.

At the early age of fourteen, Philip Hamilton, after passing a brilliant examination, entered college, at New Haven.

Ah, then, how sad and lonely became the life of his poor mother. She had literally no one near her to love. My own duties and cares confined me almost entirely at home,

and Laura was never greatly given to visiting; so we were not together as much as I now feel that we should have been.

One day — I shall never forget that time of surprise and bewilderment — I went over to Laura's, taking my work, thinking to spend the day with her, hoping thus to renew our old intimacy. I was shown into the parlor, where I found my friend, seated on the same sofa with a tall and handsome stranger; a man of about forty-five, I should say. This person's face, even at the first glance, struck me as peculiar. It was faultlessly, coldly regular. The lips were full and warm, yet not pliable; but firm-set, as by the force of a strong will. His eyes were blue, yet loooked intensely dark, from a certain sternness of expression, and the shadowing of the thick, black eyelashes and projecting brows.

With a flushed cheek and an agitated manner, Laura presented this gentleman as *Mr. Kingsbury.* I might have known it was he! He rose, and bowed courteously; almost transfixing me with a keen, searching look from out his ambushed eyes. I found him rather interesting in conversation; yet there was a sort of imperiousness in his manner, and a superciliousness in his voice, which disturbed and annoyed me; and, after a little talk with Laura, constrained on both sides, I took leave — Laura, for the first time, not urging me to stay.

On my return home, I ascertained from my husband, that Mr. Kingsbury had lately returned from Europe, where he had been spending a number of years, with his family; that he had lost his wife and only son, in Italy; and was now living, very modestly, in our city, on the small remains of his fortune, with his daughter, Miss Antoinette, a showy and handsome, but a very heartless young lady, as it afterwards proved.

A few days after my inopportune call, I again met Mr. Kingsbury, who was then walking out, with Laura leaning on his arm. They did not at first perceive the doctor and

me. They were strolling along very slowly; the gentleman looking down and talking earnestly, while Laura looked up with a most confiding expression of face. I thought that I never had seen her look so handsome and happy. Oh, this first love!

Thus matters went on, till Laura and that old lover of hers — thus returned, after so many years, to his allegiance — became almost inseparable; thus went on, until, one Sabbath morning, in our church, the proud and stately Arthur Kingsbury was wedded to the gentle and still beautiful widow of Augustus Hamilton.

For the next year, I saw less than ever of my early friend, as neither the doctor nor myself were at all pleased with her lordly husband, who seemed, on his part, to regard us with distrust, if not positive dislike. I heard, however, from time to time, painful rumors that Laura's second marriage had not proved so happy as she had probably hoped. Mr. Kingsbury, it was said, was a stern and exacting, yet careless and neglectful husband; and Miss Antoinette was far from affectionate or respectful toward her step-mother.

But Laura told nothing of these things even to me, to whom the paling of her cheek and the wanness of her smile betrayed that all was not well in her home and in her heart.

But with the second year of her second union, there came a new and terrible sorrow to poor Laura — a sorrow which she could not hide. Her son Philip, her beautiful and gifted boy, was brought home from college *insane!*

Yes, his peculiar habits of study, his devouring passion for acquirement, his intense absorption and tireless application, robbing him of sleep and wholesome exercise, had at last done their work — unstrung his nerves and disordered his brain.

The poor boy's case was not pronounced utterly hopeless; he had intervals of perfect sanity, though his frenzy was very violent at times. It happened, unfortunately, that he

took, from the first, a terrible dislike to his step-father, who was weak and hard enough to return this hatred with interest. Toward his mother, Philip was always gentle and tractable when his step-father was not by; but not even her presence could repress the jealous rage and defiant scorn which the sight of her husband excited.

Mr. Kingsbury, with the petty malice of a mean spirit, resented these ravings of insanity; and, in his cruel heart, resolved to punish the poor, crazed boy. To this end, he dismissed my husband, and employed a physician of the old school — a stanch advocate of the horrible system of curing insanity with bolts and bars, chains and scourging. I have been told that Laura went down on her knees to her husband, begging that her dear boy might not be confined in the rough strait-waistcoat prepared for him; that no chain or cord might touch his delicate limbs; that he should not be humiliated by a blow. She was by when that darling son was first struck by her unfeeling husband. That blow was the death-blow to her own poor heart! She sprang forward, and caught the uplifted arm of the angry man: then suddenly reeled and fell; and, as she fell, a small, crimson stream oozed from her lips. She had ruptured a blood-vessel!

After this, Laura was very ill for some weeks, and though she so far recovered as to be able to walk about her room, and even to ride out occasionally, she never was well again.

In his seasons of sanity, Philip was always at her side; and never was there a more tender and assiduous nurse. When his fits of frenzy came one, he would be taken from her and confined in a small, scantily furnished room, in a remote wing of the large house, and she would see and know no more of him for some days. But his wild cries would sometimes reach her in the still night-hours, while her troubled heart was keeping the vigils of its sorrow; but she dared not stir, or weep aloud, for fear she should disturb the soulless slumberer at her side.

Most fortunately, Philip had no distinct recollection of what passed in his periods of insanity, and, when himself, was courteous in his manner toward Mr. Kingsbury and his daughter; and yet one might observe an instinctive and involuntary shrinking from them both at all times.

As Laura drooped and failed, I visited her more frequently, and spent many hours in her sick room. I saw that Philip clung to her more and more closely as it became evident, even to him, that she was about to leave us. It was touching to witness the intense, anguished solicitude of his deep, idolatrous love. And, oh, it was affecting beyond description, to see the poor boy, as his sudden frenzy came on, torn from the very bedside of his dying mother, and remanded to his cheerless, solitary confinement.

At her pleading request, my husband attended Mrs. Kingsbury as her physician. He saw at once that her fate was sealed, that she was dying; and though he visited her constantly and gave her medicine, week after week and month after month, he felt that all was of no avail, and this he frankly told her. She received the sad intelligence with meek resignation, though she grieved much at the thought of leaving her poor, afflicted boy to the utter desolation and peculiar sorrow of his lot.

I well remember the last dread hour, the deathbed scene. It was just at midnight that she died. I had been with her all the afternoon and evening. Doctor Allen came in about ten o'clock, and was immediately struck by the change which had taken place in the sufferer. I had thought her asleep, but he pronounced her insensible. In this state she remained for more than an hour longer; then she revived, and seemed quite herself. In a low tone, she asked for her husband. Mr. Kingsbury came forward, and took her hand in his. Laura raised to his face a timid, appealing look, as she said, 'Dear Arthur, if I have not been in all things a loving and obedient wife, say you forgive me, before I go.'

'Oh, Laura,' he murmured, 'it is for *you* to forgive. Tell me that I have your pardon for all — *all*.'

Her answer was to press the hand she held against her heart, while the tears slid slowly from her half-closed eyelids. Mr. Kingsbury turned away, and sat down, at a little distance, hiding his face in his handkerchief. I think he *felt* then; I even think he wept.

Laura lay for some time with her eyes closed, and quite still; then she looked up, and spoke one word very distinctly — 'Philip.'

The boy, who had been kneeling at the foot of the bed, weeping silently, rose, came to his mother's side, and bent over her, sobbing aloud. She wound her arms round his neck, and kissed him many, many times, but said, calmly, 'Philip, my child, my dear, dear boy, I must go from you; God calls me, and I must go, though my very soul seems cleft in twain by this parting.'

'Oh, mother, mother!' he cried, 'do not leave me alone! I cannot, will not live without your love!'

'My dear son,' she murmured, 'we may not be altogether separated. If it is permitted, I will come to you, and be often with you; will watch over you, "even to the end." I know, my son, you will never forget your mother; but remember, also, your Father in Heaven; and God will comfort you.'

Very soon after speaking these words, the loving heart of the mother ceased to throb — the broken heart of the wife was at rest.

When Philip saw that she was indeed gone, he sprang up, with all the quick motion and wild air of insanity. Shriek after shriek broke from his foamy lips, while his distended eyes seemed to shoot forth live flame! In a few moments, he was secured, and borne forcibly to his distant and lonely apartment.

The next night, my husband and I both went to Mr. Kingsbury's to watch with the body of our beloved friend.

It happened that, about midnight, the doctor was called to a patient who was extremely ill; and I was left alone — alone with the dead. But I was not superstitious, and could not be afraid of dear Laura, you know. I sat down by the couch on which lay extended her slender, symmetrical form — looking so strangely tall, then, I remember — and laying back the thin muslin from her fair, sweet face, gazed upon it long and mournfully. I thought of the first time I saw her, and how she blushed and smiled when we were introduced. I recalled the very words she first spoke to me, and even remembered just how she was dressed then. I thought of our school frolics and little troubles; of our one brief quarrel, when I was wholly to blame. I thought of all, all, till my tears fell fast on that still face, and those cold, clasped hands.

Suddenly, I was roused by a strange, startling sound, at a little distance. It struck a chill to my heart, for it seemed the rattle of a chain! Nearer and nearer it came, up the long hall, ringing on its marble floor, then paused at the door of Laura's room, which opened quickly, and young Philip entered. He was pale to ghastliness; some locks of his long, black hair were hanging over his face; his dress was disordered, and from about one of his ankles hung a small iron chain, which, it seems, he had wrenched from its staple, in the floor of his room. These were the means by which he was confined when more than usually violent.

Now, I saw at once, by the expression of his eye, that he was perfectly sane. He did not appear to notice me, as he came eagerly toward the couch where his mother was wont to lie — where she was now laid. When he saw the still attitude, the rigid lips, the death seal on the brow, he clasped his hands together and groaned aloud. Then he flung himself down by her side, wound his arms about her, laid his head against her breast, and cried, 'Oh, mother, mother; I thought it was a dream that you were dead!'

I was presently relieved beyond expression by the return

of my husband; and we two finally succeeded in calming the keen anguish of the orphan boy.

After the funeral, with the ready acquiescence of Mr. Kingsbury, we took Philip home with us, to be for a time as one of our own.

Mr. Kingsbury was not appointed the guardian of Philip. Laura left in my care a long letter, commending the unfortunate lad to the affection and guardianship of the only brother of his father, Dr. Hamilton, a wealthy old bachelor, and a distinguished physician of New York.

Within a fortnight after this letter was forwarded, Dr. Hamilton arrived in P——, and came directly to our house. We were all charmed with him. I never saw a more benevolent face; and his manner was unequalled for courteous kindliness. Philip, though naturally reserved, was won by it at once; and I saw, with inexpressible pleasure, that the good man seemed disposed, from the first, to take his afflicted ward home to his heart, and to make him the object of all his love and care.

Philip's property was found to be in a sad condition, and many weeks were spent in business arrangements. The Kingsburys left his house, which was let to a good tenant. The furniture was sold, principally; but those articles most sacred from dear associations were confided to my care. That portrait was Philip's parting gift to me. He had an admirable miniature of his mother, which he wore next his heart always.

During this time, Philip was but once insane, and that for only a few hours. How different was his treatment from what it had formerly been. He was now watched over, but not constrained; his poor burning head was constantly bathed, he was spoken to kindly, and ministered to patiently, and *no one testified any fear of him.*

It was with real sorrow that we parted from the dear boy, at last; yet we knew that it was best he should go from us.

In the course of a month, we received a very kind letter from Dr. Hamilton. He was about to sail for Europe, with Philip, where they might spend some years, for the pleasure, instruction, and perfect restoration of the young man.

After this, Philip wrote to us occasionally from various parts of Europe. His letters were exceedingly interesting, and cheerful in tone; but, as he was painfully sensitive in regard to his peculiar mental disease, we could learn nothing in particular about his health, though he always said he was well. Finally, from some cause or other, he ceased to write, and we heard no more from him.

As many as seven years from the time of Laura's death, I was spending some weeks of the winter with a friend in New York. One night, we all attended one of the upper-ten parties — an immense affair. Early in the evening, I heard many comments on the beauty and talent of a young English lady, who was then playing for us; and, with some difficulty, made my way toward the piano, to catch a glimpse of the performer. She was, indeed, lovely; with a fair, mild face, and a full, yet graceful figure — a true little English woman, sweet and healthful. But I did not observe her closely then, for my attention was riveted to the face of a gentleman who was standing at her side, turning the leaves of the music for her. I thought I had never seen so noble, so spiritually beautiful a countenance. It was the face of a stranger, surely; and yet there was something familiar, something dear, something which stirred my heart, in it. Presently, the young man happened to look round and meet my eye. He started, and took a step toward me, as though he would speak; then hesitated, as I did not advance, and regained his place by the piano. I turned; and, passing through room after room, at last found myself alone in the cool and quiet conservatory; and here I sat myself to the work of remembering when and where I had ever met that face. But in vain; I was completely bewildered. Sud-

denly, I heard a quick step, looked round, and the stranger was at my side!

'Mrs. Allen, dear Mrs. Allen!' he said, extending his hand.

I took it, mechanically; looking sadly puzzled, I suppose.

'Is it possible that you do not recollect me?' he said, with a sort of mournful smile.

Oh, that smile! how it brought *her* back — poor Laura! — and then I knew her son!

'Philip Hamilton!' I cried; 'my dear boy!' and, forgetting that he had grown to be a young man, a tall and elegant young man, I flung my arms about his neck, and kissed him repeatedly.

Then we sat down, and had a good long talk by ourselves. Philip told me that, on his complete restoration to health, he had studied medicine, with the intention of devoting himself exclusively to the treatment of insanity; that, having acquired his profession, he had now returned to his native land to carry out this philanthropic purpose. He said that he had married in England, and begged leave to present his young wife, whom, he said, he had first loved for her name, which was Laura. I bowed a pleased assent; and he darted off, to return in a moment with the charming pianist leaning on his arm.

Mrs. Hamilton was very affectionate in her greeting; and, among other pleasant things which she said, told me that Philip had promised her a visit to P—— early in the spring.

'Yes,' added Philip, 'we are all coming then. Uncle Richard often speaks of the doctor, and still oftener of the doctor's wife.'

'Then your good uncle is still living,' I remarked.

'Yes; and long may he be spared to us! I know not how we could live without the dear old man — Heaven bless him!'

And, in my deep heart, I responded — 'The dear old man — Heaven bless him!'

THE TWO THOMPSONS.

'God made the country, and man made the town.'

It has become very fashionable of late, with writers, of a certain grade, to draw invidious comparisons between the city and country, and to dwell pathetically upon the miseries and mortifications to which town-bred people are subjected by unsolicited and interminable visitations from their rural acquaintances.

For some years past, the patient public has been deluged with dolorously ludicrous tales and sketches on these same delightful topics; they have a strong family likeness, and their features are something of this sort. A wealthy and aristocratic city family, elegant, polite, and refined to the last degree, are, some fatal morning, surprised, taken by storm, by the incursion of certain low-bred, illiterate, scheming, drawling, impertinent, and altogether disgusting country people, in bell-crowned hats and steeple-crowned bonnets, sheeps-gray and flaunting calico, flourishing bandannas; telling endless stories in an impossible dialect; laughing loud, guessing and asking questions; a wild, predatory race, yet in primeval ignorance of the mysteries of silver forks, napkins, finger-glasses, party hours, French cooking, the polka, and the opera; a bold and venturous people, who, with eyes yet unsealed to behold the rude material and curious cut of their own clothes, or the appalling greenness which is sprouting out of every crevice

of their characters, give themselves up with a charming *abandon* to the enjoyment of their new atmosphere and surroundings, undazzled and unoppressed by luxury and state, spread themselves extensively on damask sofas, and are delightfully at home on embroidered ottomans and in velvet *fauteuils*.

The men, who are invariably coarse, loud-voiced, and rough-shod, alarm and stun the courteous master of the house with long, political harangues, rank with that bar-room democracy which takes the fact of an American being a gentleman as a proof of his being bribed with 'British gold,' and looks upon a display of clean linen as the sure insignia of aristocracy. The women, familiar and exacting, drag their amiable hostess, a sweet, uncomplaining martyr to her politeness, all over town, on endless shopping expeditions; or go forth slyly, by themselves, and come back, heated and noisy, to dinner, with numberless 'great bargains,' cheap shawls, hose, and '*handkerchers*,' in brown paper parcels, under their arms.

'After many days,' or weeks it may be, during which all imaginable vexations, mortifications, and impertinences, have been endured by their entertainers, with unfailing politeness and exemplary fortitude, the terrible visitors take their departure, selfish, envious, unsatisfied, and ungrateful to the last.

I think I have given a pretty fair synopsis of the matter of the class of tales to which I referred; the manner of relation is, of course, somewhat varied, yet never rises to absolute Miltonic sublimity, or becomes too exquisitely witty to be endured, even by persons of delicate nerves.

Now, all this is unnatural, ungenerous, pretentious, and essentially vulgar. It is insulting to the true character of our country people, and should be at once resented by them, were it not so weak and ridiculous, as the expression of a small kind of aristocracy, and as the vehicle of the stalest and cheapest sort of wit and humor.

In the first place, it is not true that country people are in the habit of making long, unsolicited visits to the city. Again, it is not true that, when with their fashionable friends, they are free and easy, presuming, and impertinent; not true that they are insensible to their own peculiarities, or blind to the annoyance they sometimes occasion, slow to take hints, meddlesome, exacting, or ungrateful for kindly attention. On the other hand, they are often too much averse to appearing in the society of cities, and too jealously alive to the fear of seeming presuming and intrusive. When thrown for a time in those polished circles, they seldom thrust themselves forward, but are, in general, too silent and humble, and awkwardly respectful. They have often so ready an apprehension, and so native a delicacy, as to prove the least troublesome of accidental acquaintances for people of fashion. They have such a quick pride, such a live sensibility, you may put them down with a wave of the hand, shake them off with a toss of the head, and cut them up root and branch with a cold word or an insolent laugh.

It is true that the country cousin flushes too deeply and moves too constrainedly in the gas-lit drawing-room, thinks morbidly on the last year's fashion of her dress, and is never quite oblivious of her freckles and faded ribbons; and the young farmer there stammers awkwardly, and walks or sits with a new and painful consciousness of hands and feet. But place the girl at home, and as she goes about her simple daily avocations, you have a happy, natural, graceful creature, most lovable and womanly; and the farmer is a true type of hearty and dignified manhood, when, Mac-Gregor-like, 'his foot is on his native heath.'

Has it not often occurred to you, my dear reader, that the picture, so often re-touched and placed in a new light, might possibly have another side than the one always presented by the generous and facetious writers to whom we have referred above? Let us turn it out.

Soon as the dull and dusty summer months come round, town people are suddenly visited by 'dreams of all things *green*' — intimations of a previous existence, it may be — propensities nomadic and Nebuchadnezzaran for a pastoral, or, rather, *pastural* life, and pour out into the country in squads of sporting men, companies of pale women, and battalions of infantry. These are received by families of farmers, often mere acquaintances, with an open-hearted and open-handed hospitality — a hospitality which has some meaning and some merit; for, in the country, where people are frequently obliged to be their own domestics, and where there are neither lions nor markets, visits from city friends necessarily occasion a great amount of care and labor. Here the entertainers give up all their time and thoughts, with cheerful devotion, to their guests. Every day brings some new plan for their good, or pleasure, and *sees it carried out.* Every thing possible is done to make them feel contented and comfortable; in short, *at home.* They are urged to prolong their stay from time to time; and when, at last, they are really off, are accompanied to the coach-door with sorrowful farewells! waved to from the porch; and spoken of kindly, even though they leave disordered apartments, trampled grass-plots, broken carriage-wheels, and used-up saddle horses, behind them.

In return for all this, the farmer and his family are fortunate, if, when they are in town for a day or two, they are courteously received by their summer friends, and treated respectfully by the servants of the house, and not met with careless indifference, or stately politeness, which is worse; or patronizing condescension, which is more insufferable than all.

Hospitality is a rural virtue, and, in its perfection, as rarely found in cities as clover tufts growing among flag-stones; yet, when found, all the more refreshing and beautiful a sight.

That the writer, in her own person, with so many of the

careless, uncourtly ways, with so much of the atmosphere of rural life about her, has yet been so generously dealt with by her friends of the town, she assigns to her peculiar good fortune in having fallen in with a class of people who might well redeem any metropolitan society from indiscriminate reproach: men and women of sense and heart, who, looking through dress and manner, were pleased to recognise an earnest and independent spirit. For these, and such as these, she has only admiration and grateful feeling; yet for their good she surely is not penning this present article.

'Lizzie, who were those stylish young ladies in old Mr. White's pew, to-day?' asked Julian Fielding of his sister on their way from church one Sunday afternoon in August.

'Why, they are his grand-daughters, the two Thompsons, from New York. They are on here for the summer, to rusticate. It is said that one of them was in love, "not wisely," and an absence from the city was rather peremptorily prescribed by the father, who, you know, is a rich Wall street broker.'

'Have you called on them, sister?'

'No, not yet; I waited for you to come home, and go with me. They are so elegant and fashionable, I am half afraid. But we will make the call to-morrow, if you say so; for scarcely any one has been to see them, and I am sure they must be very lonely at that dull, old place of the Whites.'

'Agreed. I like their appearance, decidedly. One of them is rather pretty.'

'Oh, *very*, I think, Julian,' exclaimed Lizzie, with generous enthusiasm.

The speakers, in the above dialogue, were the only son and daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of a small, retired village, in the southern part of New York. Julian Fielding, a young gentleman of twenty-one, just out of college, was

gay-tempered, spirited, and rather handsome; with considerable natural cleverness, but little knowledge of the world. Still, he could not be pronounced a verdant young man; for, with him, native wit and tact well supplied the place of experiences. He was carelessly rather than courageously original, and deservedly a general favorite. Lizzie Fielding, two years younger, was just such a girl as a young gentleman loves to point out as his sister. She was a very pretty, a very charming creature, truly beautiful in face, graceful in figure, tasteful in dress, and modest and unaffected in manner. She was a very embodiment of affectionateness and devotion; somewhat too romantic and sensitive, perhaps, and given to great bursts of sorrow on small occasions; yet, merry as a dancing fairy between whiles.

A beautiful love and a perfect confidence existed between this brother and sister from their earliest childhood.

The important call on the two Thompsons was made — speedily returned — and thus began an acquaintance which rapidly deepened into intimacy; an intimacy of the closest and most confidential kind, on the part of the young ladies. The sisters were not very pleasantly situated in the sober, methodical household of their grand-parents, and soon became almost domesticated at the cheerful home of the Fieldings. They appeared quite unlike city belles; wore gipsy hats, with myrtle wreaths; hunted wild flowers, went trouting, made hay, 'loved pigs and chickens,' had slight fear of cows, drank new milk — in short, were delightfully rural and simple in their ways, and altogether enchanting to honest country people.

It is true, Julian Fielding *did* give some hints of a most ungenerous opinion, that all this was a little too strong, too decided, to be quite natural; and even went so far, once, as to mutter something about 'affectation,' 'humbug,' but Lizzie defended her new friends so warmly and stoutly, that he was obliged to give over.

Miss Helen Thompson, the beauty, proved to be passionately fond of riding; so Lizzie's nice little palfrey was promptly placed at her service, and accepted with sunbright smiles, and a regular summer shower of kisses. And Lizzie's handsome brother, who could desire a more gallant cavalier?

So it went. Such long, delicious, summer evening rides, through the green lanes and woody glens, and over the hills of A———, with fragrant airs, and singing waters, and gushes of bird music, and waving shadows, and gleams of softened sunlight around them, and 'nobody very near.' What wonder if a pleasant little flirtation sprang up spontaneously between these two, under the favor of circumstances, the abetting influences of idleness and romance, and the passionate and poetical lead of the season, and with old Dame Nature looking on, with a quiet, complacent smile, as much as to say, 'Well, well; I was young once, myself.'

By the way, with how much indulgence have lovers ever been regarded in her fair domain! How tenderly the light shadows shelter their path! The frolic winds are no gossipy retailers of their soft sayings. The flowers smile to each other in the moonlight, and nod their heads in an ecstasy of sympathetic delight. And even the solemn and far-away stars wink at the youthful folly of melting glances, low sighs, clasped hands, and kisses.

But all this is scarcely *apropos* to my present hero and heroine. It is true, that, by the second week of their acquaintance, they recited impassioned poetry, and sung among the solitudes, as they rode, or strolled slowly; and by the next week, conversed fondly and fluently in the language of flowers; and in the next, and all following, pretty decided love, as love goes now-a-days, was talked, looked, and sighed — *et viola tout.* In short, and in truth, it was a *flirtation* — nothing more; with the youth, an agreeable experiment; with the belle, practice to keep her hand in.

In all this time, Miss Louisa, 'the other one,' was not forgotten, nor neglected. She cultivated an enthusiasm for the sublime and beautiful, and patronized nature to a degree quite rare and praiseworthy for a lady of her condition. In other words, she sketched incessantly; and Julian was always on hand in the morning to escort her on her artistic excursions, and to show up all the fine points in the scenery about A——.

Thus two months went by, and then — oh! that dark, mournful day — that dreadful, sorrowful, tearful parting! For a long time, even after the coach was at the door, poor Lizzie clung to her beloved friends, and would not let them go. Dear girls, how tenderly they strove to comfort her with promises of a longer visit the succeeding year, and with glowing pictures of the pleasures they would have in store for their 'darling,' on her visit to the city. And Julian — with what impressiveness were their farewells spoken to him — and how long did they look back and wave to him, as he stood leaning on the gate, gazing down the road.

All was over — they were, indeed, gone; and mirth and music, the sound of light feet and lighter laughter, had died out of the house; the flush and smile of beauty, the gleam of white muslin, the flutter of silken scarfs, the musical rattle, the melodious dissonance of eager girlish voices, all passed away; and in their stead, silent, and darkened, and lonely places every where. The day was wearisome, the evening intolerable, and Lizzie went to bed with a headache, to cry herself to sleep. On descending from her chamber in the morning, she was surprised and shocked to find Julian busily engaged in preparing his rods for a day's trouting, and actually whistling at his work.

A correspondence was kept up between the friends, rather a one-sided affair, it must be confessed, as Lizzie, who, like a heroine of old romance, had marvellous epistolary gifts, usually filled a generous sheet with wit and sentiment, but

seldom received more in return than the most fairy-like missives, on perfumed note paper, beginning with 'Dearest,' or 'Sweetest,' or 'Darling Lizzie,' and closing with 'in the greatest imaginable haste,' or 'in a monstrous hurry — just off for the opera — carriage at the door — ever and ever yours,' &c.

It happened that the winter succeeding the memorable visit of the two Thompsons to A——, a near relative of the Fieldings, a distinguished senator, being with his family at Washington, sent a most cordial and pressing invitation to Julian and Lizzie to spend some time with them at the capital. When they had concluded to accept this invitation, Lizzie was about to write all about it to her friends, the two Thompsons; but her brother, the mysterious fellow, begged that she would not do so, and she complied with his request, as a matter of course.

Lizzie's outfit was such as became the daughter of a country clergyman; neat and ample, but far enough from rich and stylish. Yet she was little troubled by these things. Her affectionate heart was bounding in joyful anticipation of so soon meeting her kind relatives, and no less at the thought of seeing again her charming friends of the last summer, as she passed through the city, on her way South. 'Ah, what a glad surprise it will be to them — only to think of it!'

It was a bright though frosty winter morning, when Julian Fielding handed his sister out of a cab, in front of ——— Hotel, on Broadway. Just at that moment, a gay group of ladies, escorted by two or three moustached officers, were strolling down the sunny *pavé;* and first among the party, gorgeous, and imposing in rich cashmeres, velvets, furs, and long, floating plumes, were the two Thompsons! Lizzie started impetuously forward, but her brother drew her back; not, however, before she had met the eyes of the dashing young ladies. Avoiding, with a cool and practised assur-

ance, her eager gaze, and glancing over her travelling-dress, both passed majestically on, without a word or look of recognition.

As they ascended the steps of the hotel, Mr. Fielding was ungallant enough to pronounce the sisters 'a couple of insolent little upstarts;' but Lizzie, true to her own confiding nature, exclaimed, 'I don't believe they knew us! You, brother, are so changed by your whiskers, and I by my winter dress. And, then, they are quite near-sighted. You remember, they both carried glasses.'

'Some city people are often near-sighted when they meet country acquaintances. But, no matter.'

Julian found it impossible to infuse a large share of his own suspicions into the gentle mind of his sister, who yet insisted on sending her card to her 'dear old friends.'

The next day, about noon, they came, the two Thompsons, with much 'pomp and circumstance;' a stylish carriage, blood-horses, coachman and footman in livery, and all that. Our unsophisticated, republican Lizzie was, however, little awed by the state, though deeply grieved by the changed manner of her visitors. They met her with most fashionable indifference, merely extending to her the tips of their gloved fingers, when she would have folded them to her warm, honest heart, throbbing with alternate hope and fear, but most of all, with love.

Lizzie grew faint, then proud, and then indignant, and remained almost silent, while her friends rattled on, she knew not what, of up-town gossip. She was inexpressibly relieved when she heard her brother's step at the door. Miss Louisa, who happened to be standing, curtsied at his entrance, and Miss Helen, who was seated, nodded her head, and showed her immaculate teeth in a patronizing smile, but did not proffer her hand. Julian's lip curled slightly, as he remembered how often he had been allowed to hold that hand in his, and even to raise it to his lips, in the season of the summer flirtation.

'Oh, Mr. Fielding,' lisped the beauty, 'how good of you to bring our darling Lizzie to our noisy city, even for a day or two. But you cannot conceive how much we are grieved at not being able to take her home with us, at once. The truth is, we are just off for Washington, where papa is to take us to spend the remainder of the season.'

Lizzie was about to remark that this was also their own destination; but she caught her brother's eye, and was silent.

About three weeks from this meeting and parting, the two Thompsons found themselves, for the first time, in the gallery of the Senate, at Washington. They had arrived at the capital a day or two before.

Suddenly, Miss Louisa whispered to her sister, and directed her gaze to where, a little distance off, was sitting in the midst of a most *distingué* group, by the side of the elegant wife of Senator ———, no other than our Lizzie, listening intently to an eloquent speech from the distinguished statesman himself.

After this, as the reader may apprehend, the poor girl was absolutely overwhelmed by the visits and heartless attentions of her 'affectionate friends,' as her cousins called them; and even the obdurate Julian was often playfully reminded of 'our old friendship,' and 'those sweet rides,' and 'that wicked flirtation with sister.'

Strange to say, the two Thompsons being *only rich*, did not possess the *entrée* into the best society of the capital, where their little friend was already quite as much of a belle as her gentle, retiring nature would admit.

One morning, toward the last of the season, Lizzie received the following note from the sisters: —

'Lizzie, Darling: Will you and your *beau frère* come to us to-night? We are to have a little *soirée* — a very *select* affair. Ah! *chère amie*, you really *must* come. It would be *too* stupid without you. We could not survive a

refusal. Your charming cousins will receive more formal notes.

'Your *sisters*, NELL and LOU.'

Lizzie's reply ran thus :

'MY DEAR FRIENDS : We regret to say that it is out of our power to accept your kind invitation to your *soirée*, which, I know, will be very delightful, as we are "due," as brother says, at the Russian Minister's to-night.

'Yours, E. FIELDING.'

The two Thompsons held their *soirée ;* and a sorry affair it proved, as all the world was at M. Bodisco's. Alas ! dear girls, they had not even been apprised that Madame *l'Embassadrice* received on that evening.

Thus were these amiable young ladies taught a wholesome, though painful moral lesson, which, I am happy to say, they have laid to heart. They are now careful never to indulge themselves in cutting rural acquaintances, before they have inquired into their true position and family connections.

It is rumored that Lizzie Fielding will spend yet other sessions at Washington, where she once shone a 'bright, particular star,' but that the next time she will appear as the bride of an honorable member from her native State, a distinguished lawyer, with whom her brother Julian is studying his profession. This summer she will spend at her beloved home, the pleasant parsonage of A——; but I do not think that she will there have the honor of entertaining ner 'dear old friends,' the two Thompsons.

THE STEP-MOTHER.

The villagers of N——— well remember the sad morning when the bell tolled for the death of Emma, the once beautiful, lovely, and beloved wife of Judge Allston. Many a face was shadowed, many a heart was in mourning on that day; for she who had gone so early to her rest, had endeared herself to many by her goodness, gentleness, and the beauty of her blameless life. She had been declining for a long time, and yet she seemed to have died suddenly at last, so difficult, so almost impossible it was for those who loved her to prepare their hearts for that fearful bereavement, that immeasurable loss.

Mrs. Allston left four children — Isabel, the eldest, an intellectual, generous-hearted girl of seventeen, not beautiful, but thoroughly noble-looking; Frank, a fine boy of twelve; Emma, 'the beauty,' a child of seven; and Eddie, the baby, a delicate infant, only about a year old.

Judge Allston was a man of naturally strong and quick feelings, but one who had acquired a remarkable control over expression, a calmness and reserve of manner often mistaken for hauteur and insensibility. He was alone with his wife when she died. Isabel, wearied with long watching, had lain down for a little rest, and was sleeping with the children — and the mother, even in that hour, tenderly caring for them, would not that they should be waked. The last struggle was brief but terrible; the spirit seemed torn

painfully from its human tenement — the immortal rent its way forth from imprisoning mortality. Yet he, the husband and lover, preserved his calmness through all; and when the last painful breath had been panted out on the still air of midnight, he laid the dear head he had been supporting against his breast, gently down on the pillow — kissed the cold, damp forehead and still lips of the love of his youth, and then summoning an attendant, turned away and sought his room, where alone, and in darkness, he wrestled with the angel of sorrow — wept the swift tears of his anguish, and lacerated his heart with all the vain regrets and wild reproaches of bereaved affection. But with the coming of morning, came serenity and resignation; and then he led his children into the silent chamber where lay their mother, already clad in the garments of the grave. Then too he was calm — holding the fainting Isabel in his arms, and gently hushing the passionate outcries of Emma and Frank. He was never seen to weep until the first earth fell upon the coffin, and then he covered up his face and sobbed aloud.

Mrs. Allston was not laid in the village churchyard, but was buried, at her own request, within an arbor, at the end of the garden. She said it would not seem that she was thrust out from her home, if the light from her own window shone out toward her grave; and that she half believed the beloved voice of her husband, and the singing of her daughter, and the laughter of her children would come to her, where she lay, with her favorite flowers, about her, and the birds she had fed and protected building their nests above her in the vines.

When the stunning weight of sorrow, its first distraction and desolation had been taken from the life and spirit of Isabel Allston, one clear and noble purpose took complete possession of her mind. She would fill the dear place of her mother in the household — she would console and care for her poor father — she would love yet more tenderly her young brother and sister, and bind up their bruised hearts,

so early crushed by affliction — she would be a mother to the babe, who had almost *felt* the bosom which had been its first resting-place, grow cold against its little cheek, and hard and insensible to its 'waxen touches;' now that the voice which had hushed it to its first slumbers had sunk low, faltered and grown still forever, and the kind eyes which first shone over its awaking — the stars of love's heaven — had suddenly darkened and gone out in death.

After this, it was, indeed, beautiful to see Isabel in her home. There she seemed to live many lives in one. She superintended all domestic affairs and household arrangements with admirable courage and judgment. Her father never missed any of his accustomed comforts, and her brother and sister were as ever neatly dressed, and well taught and controlled. But on the baby she lavished most of her attention and loving care. She took him to her own bed — she dressed and bathed, and fed him, and carried him with her in all her walks and rides. And she was soon richly rewarded by seeing little Eddie become from an exceedingly small, fragile infant, a well-sized, blooming boy, not stout or remarkably vigorous indeed, but quite healthful and active. The child was passionately fond of his 'mamma,' as he was taught to call Isabel. Though rather imperious and rebellious toward others, he yielded to a word from her, at any time. At evening, she could summon him from the wildest play, to prepare him for his bath and bed, and afterward he would twine his little arms about her neck, and cover her cheeks, lips, and forehead, with his good-night kisses, then droop his sunny head on her shoulder, and fall asleep, often with one of her glossy ringlets twined about his small, rosy fingers. At the very break of day, the little fellow would be awake — striding over poor Isabel, as she vainly strove for another brief, delicious doze — pulling at her long, black eyelashes, and peeping under the drowsy lids, or shouting into her half-dreaming ear his vociferous 'Good morning!'

And Frank and Emma found ever in their sister-mother ready sympathy, patient sweetness, and the most affectionate counsel. They were never left to feel the crushing neglect, the loneliness and desolation of orphanage; and they were happy and affectionate in return for all dear Isabel's goodness and faithfulness. Yet were they never taught to forget their mother, gone from them — neither to speak of her always with sorrow and solemnity. Her name was often on their young lips, and her memory kept green and glowing in their tender hearts. Her grave, in the garden arbor — what a dear, familiar place! There sprang the first blue violets of spring — there bloomed the last pale chrysanthemums of autumn — there sweet Sabbath hymns and prayers were repeated by childish voices, which struggled up through tears — there, morning after morning, were reverently laid bright, fragrant wreaths, which kept quite fresh till far into the hot summer-day, on that shaded mound — and there, innumerable times, was the beloved name kissed in sorrowful emotion, by those warm lips, which half shrank as they touched the cold marble, so like *her* lips when they had last kissed them.

Thus passed two years over that bereaved family — over Judge Allston, grown a cheerful man, though one still marked by great reserve of manner — over his noble daughter, Isabel, happy in the perfect performance of her whole duty — and over the children, the good and beautiful children, whom an angel-mother might have smiled upon from heaven.

It happened that this third summer of his widowhood, Judge Allston spent more time than ever before at the city of S———, the county-seat, and the place where lay most of his professional duties. But it was rumored that there was an unusual attraction in that town — one apart from, and quite independent of, the claims of business and the pursuits of ambition. It was said that the thoughtful and dignified judge had sometimes been seen walking and riding with a

certain tall and slender woman, in deep mourning, probably a widow, but still young and beautiful.

At length, an officious family friend came to Isabel, and informed her, without much delicacy or circumlocution, of the prevalent rumors; thus giving her the first inkling of a state of affairs, which must have a serious bearing on her own welfare and happiness — her first intimation that she might soon be called upon to resign her place to a stranger — a *step-mother!* *This* had been her secret fear; to guard against the necessity of this, she had struggled with grief and weariness, and manifold discouragements — had labored uncomplainingly, and prayed without ceasing for patience and strength.

Pale and still listened Isabel, while her zealous friend went on, warming momently with her subject, commenting severely on the heartless machinations of 'the widow,' who, though only a poor music teacher, had set herself, with her coquettish arts, to insnare a man of the wealth and station and *years* of Judge Allston. Isabel was silent: but she writhed at the thought of her father, with all his intellect and knowledge of the world, becoming the dupe of a vain, designing woman. When her visitor had left, Isabel flew to her room, flung herself into a chair, and covering her face with her hands, wept as she had not wept since the first dark days of her sorrow. Isabel had grown up with a deep, peculiar prejudice against step-mothers; probably from knowing that the childhood and girlhood of her own idolized mother had been cruelly darkened and saddened by the harshness and injustice of one; and now, there was bitterness and sharp pain in the thought that those dear children, for she cared little for herself, must be subjected to the 'iron rule' of an unloving and alien heart.

But she soon resolutely calmed down the tumult of feeling, as she would fain keep her trouble from the children, while there still remained a blessed uncertainty. Yet she slept little that night, but folded Eddie, her babe, closer and

closer to her breast, and wept over him, till his light curls were heavy with her tears.

The next morning, which was Tuesday, while Isabel sat at breakfast with the children, a letter was brought in, directed to her. It was from her father, at S———. Isabel trembled as she read, and at the last grew very pale, and leaned her head on her hand. As she had feared, that letter contained a brief and dignified announcement of the approaching marriage of her father. There was no natural embarrassment exhibited; there was no apology made for this being the first intimation to his family, of an event of so great moment to them; such things were not in his way — not in character. He wrote: 'Cecilia Weston, whom I have now known nearly two years, and of whom you may have heard me speak, is a noble woman, the only one I have ever seen whom I considered fully competent to fill your dear mother's place. * * * We are to have a strictly private wedding, on Saturday morning next, and will be with you in the evening. To you, Isabel, my dear child, I trust I need give no charges to show towards Mrs. Allston, from the first, if not the tenderness and affection of a daughter, the respect and consideration due the wife of your father. *This*, at least, I shall exact from all my children, if it be not, as I fervently hope it will be, given willingly and gracefully.'

When Isabel found strength and voice to read this letter of her father's aloud, the unexpected intelligence which it contained, was received with blank amazement and troubled silence. This was first broken by the passionate and impetuous little Emma, who exclaimed, with flashing eyes and gleaming teeth, 'I won't have a new mother! I won't have any mother but Isabel. I hate that Cecilia Weston, and I'll tell her so, the very first thing! I won't let her kiss me, and I won't kiss papa if he brings her here. Oh, sister, don't ask her to take off her things when she comes, and maybe she won't stay all night!'

'Hush, hush, darling!' said Isabel, 'I think it probable you will like her very much; I hear that she is a very beautiful woman.'

'No, I won't like her! I don't believe she is pretty at all; but a cross, ugly old thing, that will scold me and beat me, and make me wear frights of dresses, and maybe cut off my curls!'

This last moving picture was quite too much for 'Beauty,' and she burst into tears, covering her ringletted head all up with her inversed pinafore.

Frank, now a tall, noble-spirited boy of fourteen, was calm and manly under these trying circumstances, but expressed a stern resolve, which he clinched by an impressive classical oath, never, never to call the unwelcome stranger '*mother*.' 'Mrs. Allston' would be polite; 'Mrs. Allston' would be sufficiently respectful, and by *that* name, and that only, would he call her. Isabel said nothing, but inwardly resolved thus herself to address the young wife of her father.

During this scene, little Eddie, who only understood enough to perceive that something was wrong, some trouble brewing, ran to his mamma, and hiding his face in her lap, began to cry very bitterly and despairingly. But Isabel soon reconciled him to life, by administering saccharine consolation from the sugar-bowl before her.

It was, finally, with saddened and anxious spirits the little affectionate family circle broke up that morning.

With the bustle and hurry of necessary preparations, the week passed rapidly and brought Saturday evening, when the Allstons, with a few family friends, were awaiting the arrival of the Judge and his fair bride.

There were not many marks of festivity in the handsome drawing-room; there was somewhat more light, perhaps, and a few more flowers than usual. Isabel, who had never laid off mourning for her mother, wore to-night a plain black silk, with a rich lace cape, and white rose-buds in her

hair; Emma was dressed in a light-blue barège, with her pet curls floating about her waist.

At length, rather late in the evening, a carriage was heard coming up the avenue, and soon after Judge Allston entered the drawing-room, with a tall and slender lady leaning on his arm. Shrinking from the glare of light, and with her head modestly bowed, Mrs. Allston entered, more as a timid and ill-assured guest, than as the newly appointed mistress of that elegant mansion. Isabel advanced immediately to be presented; offered her hand alone, but that cordially; made some polite inquiries concerning the journey, and then proceeded to assist the bride in removing her bonnet and shawl. She then called Emma, who advanced shyly, eyeing the enemy askance. She extended her hand, in a half-diffident, half-defiant manner; but Mrs. Allston, clasping it in both of hers, bent down and kissed her, smiling, as she did so, on the loveliness of that face. The blood shot up to the very brow of the child, as she turned quickly and walked to a distant window-seat, where she sat, and looked out upon the garden. It was a moon-light night, and she could see the arbor and the gleaming of the white tombstone within, and she wondered sadly if her mother, lying there in her grave, knew about *this woman*, and was troubled for her children's sake.

Frank was presented by his father, with much apparent pride, to his young step-mother, who looked searchingly, though kindly, into his handsome, yet serious face.

It was some time before Isabel found the opportunity closely to observe the person and manner of her father's bride. Mrs. Allston was, as I have said, tall, but would not have been observably so, perhaps, except for the extreme delicacy of her figure. She was graceful and gentle in her movements — not absolutely beautiful in face, but very lovely, with a most winning smile, and a sort of earnest sadness in the expression of her soft, hazel eyes, which Isabel recognised at once as a spell of deep power — the spell

which had enthralled the heart of her thoughtful and unsusceptible father. She looked about twenty-five, and did not look unsuited to Judge Allston, who, with the glow of happiness lighting up his face, and sparkling from his fine, dark eyes, appeared to all far younger and handsomer than usual.

Isabel *felt* that her father was not entirely satisfied with the reception which his wife had met from his children; but he did not express any dissatisfaction that night, or ever after.

It was a happy circumstance for Isabel, in her embarrassed position, that the next day was the Sabbath; as going to church and attending to her household duties absorbed her time and attention; thus preventing any awkward *tête-à-têtes* with one whose very title of step-mother had arrayed her heart against her in suspicion, and determined, though unconscious, antagonism.

On Sunday afternoon, about the sunset hour, Judge Allston had been wont to go with his children to visit the grave of their mother; but this Sabbath evening, I need hardly say, he was not with them there.

'How cool and shadowy looks that arbor, at the end of the garden, where Miss Allston and the children are! Let us join them, dear Charles,' said Mrs. Allston to her husband, as they two sat at the pleasant south window of their chamber. Judge Allston hesitated a moment, and then said, in a low tone, 'That arbor, dear Cecilia, is the place where my Emma lies buried.' The young wife looked startled and somewhat troubled, but said nothing.

On Monday, Isabel, after showing her step-mother over the house, resigned into her hands the house-keeper's keys, with all the privileges and dignities of domestic authority.

Day after day went by, and Isabel preserved the same cold, guarded manner toward her step-mother, though she often met those soft, hazel eyes fixed upon her, with a half-pleading, half-reproachful look, which she found it difficult to resist. Frank and Emma still remained shy and distant,

and 'the baby,' constitutionally timid, would scarcely look at the stranger-lady, who sought in an anxious, ill-assured way, to win its love and confidence. As little Eddie shrank from those delicate inviting hands, and clung about Isabel, she would clasp him yet closer to her heart, and kiss his bright head with passionate fondness.

On Friday afternoon, Mrs. Allston's piano arrived. This was a great event in the family, for Isabel did not play, though she sang very sweetly, and Frank and Emma had a decided taste for music. Mrs. Allston was gifted with a delicious voice, which she had faithfully cultivated, and she played with both skill and feeling.

All the evening sat Judge Allston, gazing proudly and tenderly upon the performer, and listening with all his soul. Isabel was charmed in spite of her fears and prejudices, and the children were half beside themselves with delight.

The next morning, as she came in from her walk, hearing music in the parlor, Isabel entered, and found her step-mother playing and singing the 'May Queen,' with Emma close at her side, and Frank turning over the leaves of the music. The touching words of the song had already brought tears, and when it was finished, Mrs. Allston suddenly dashed off into a merry waltz, and presently Frank was whirling his pretty sister round and round the room, to those wild, exhilarating notes. When the playing ceased, 'Oh, thank you, *mother!*' said Emma, going up to Mrs. Allston. In a moment, the step-mother's arms were about the waist, and her lips pressed against the lips of the child. That name, and the glad embrace which followed, struck the foreboding heart of Isabel. Her eyes involuntarily sought the face of Frank, and she was not displeased to remark the lowering of his brow and the slight curl of his lip.

But the evening of the very next day, Isabel, on entering the parlor, found Frank alone with his beautiful step-mother, sitting on a low ottoman at her side, as she half reclined on

a sofa, and leaning his head against her knee, while her soft, white fingers were threading his wavy, luxuriant hair. Isabel, giving one startled glance at the two, who were chatting pleasantly and familiarly together, crossed the room, seated herself at a table, and took up a book. Presently, Frank rose, and came and stood by her side. She looked up and murmured, with a slightly reproachful smile, '*Et tu Brute.*' The boy colored, and soon after left the room.

Thus the days wore on; Isabel feeling her treasures wrested one after another from the fond and jealous hold of her heart; sorrowing in secret over her loss, and still pressing her mother's holiest legacy, her child, dear little Eddie, close, and closer to her breast.

One afternoon, when the hour came for their daily ride, she missed the child from her room. After looking through parlor, kitchen, and hall, and calling through the garden, she sought Mrs. Allston's chamber, from whence, as she knocked at the door, she heard the sound of singing and laughter. 'Come in!' said a light musical voice. She opened the door hastily, and there sat little traitorous Eddie, in his step-mother's lap, playing with her long, auburn ringlets, while she sung him merry songs and nursery-rhymes.

'Eddie!' exclaimed Isabel, somewhat sharply, 'you must come with mamma, and be dressed for a ride.'

'No, no,' cried the perverse child, 'I don't want to ride — I'd rather stay with my pretty new mamma, and hear her sing about "Little Bo-peep."'

'No, my dear, you must go with your sister,' said Mrs. Allston, striving to set the little fellow down.

Isabel advanced to take him, but he buried his face in his step-mother's lap, and screamed, 'Go away, go away; I love this mamma best — I won't go to ride with you!'

Pale as death, Isabel turned hurriedly and passed from the room. She almost flew through the house and garden,

to the arbor, to the grave of her mother. There she flung herself upon the turf, and clasped the mound, and pressed her poor, wounded heart against it, and wept aloud.

'They have all left me!' she cried; 'I am robbed of all love, all comfort; I am lonely and desolate. Oh, mother, mother!'

While thus she lay, sorrowing with all the bitterness of a new bereavement, she was startled by a deep sigh, and looking up, she beheld Mrs. Allston standing at her side. Instantly she sprang to her feet, exclaiming, 'Have I then no refuge? Is not even *this* spot sacred from officious and unwelcome intrusion?'

'Oh, forbear, I entreat!' exclaimed Mrs. Allston, with a sudden gush of tears. 'Pray do not speak thus to me! — you do not know me. I seek to love you, to be loved by you — this is all my sin.'

Isabel was softened by those tears, and murmured some half-articulate apology for the passionate feeling which she had exhibited.

'Dear Isabel,' said her step-mother, 'will you hear my little history, and then judge whether I have erred in assuming the relation which I now bear towards you?'

Isabel bowed her head in assent, and Mrs. Allston seated herself in the arbor; but Isabel remained standing, with a firm-set lip and her arms folded.

'I fear,' began Cecilia, 'that your father has not been as communicative and confidential with you as he should have been. I heard from him this morning, with much surprise, that he had told you very little concerning me and our first acquaintance. He said that you never seemed to wish for his confidence, and he could not thrust it upon you. I know that you must wonder greatly how your beloved father could choose a woman like me — poor and without station, or high connections.'

'No,' replied Isabel, coldly; 'on the contrary, I wonder most that you, so young and richly endowed by nature,

could prefer a man of the years and character of my father. I know not what there is in him for a beautiful woman to fancy.'

'Ah, Isabel,' said Mrs. Allston, looking up reproachfully, 'I never *fancied* your father. It is with a worthier, deeper, holier feeling that I regard him.'

Isabel sat down on the rustic seat near her step-mother, who continued, in a low but fervent tone.

'Yes, Isabel; I *love* your father, dearly love him; he is the only man I have ever loved.'

'What!' exclaimed Isabel; 'were you not, then, a widow when you married him!'

'Why no, dear. Why did you suppose it?'

'I heard so — at least, I heard that you were in deep mourning.'

'That was for my mother,' replied Mrs. Allston, with a quivering lip; 'yet, until now, I have not been out of mourning for many, many years. I have seen much sorrow, Isabel.'

The warm-hearted girl drew nearer to her step-mother, who, after a brief pause, continued —

'My father, who was a lawyer of S———, died while I was quite young — a school-girl, away from home, already pursuing with ardor the study of music. He left my mother very little besides the house in which he lived. My only brother, Alfred, a noble boy, in whom our best hopes were centred, had entered college only the year before father died. Then it was that my mother, with the courage of a true heroine and the devotion of a martyr, resolved to remove neither of her children from their studies, but, by her own unassisted labor, to keep me at my school and Alfred in college.

She opened a large boarding house in S———, principally for gentlemen of the bar; and, almost from the first, was successful. I remained two years longer at school, when a lucrative situation was offered me, as a teacher of

music, in the family of a wealthy southern Senator. I parted from my mother, from dear Alfred, and went with the Ashtons to Georgia. There I remained year after year, ever toiling cheerfully in the blessed hope of returning North, with the means of restoring my beloved mother to her former social position, and of freeing her from toil and care for the remainder of her days. This was the one constant desire of my heart — the one great purpose of my life. I thought not of pleasure, I cared not for distinction, or admiration, or love. I thought only of *her;* my patient, self-sacrificing, angel mother.'

Here Isabel drew nearer, and laid her hand in that of her step-mother, who pressed it gently as she continued —

'Brother Alfred, immediately on leaving college, commenced the study of the law. I shall ever fear that he confined himself too closely and studied too intensely. His constitution was delicate, like his father's; and, after a year or two, his health, never vigorous, began to fail. Mother finally wrote to me that she was anxious about him; though she added, perhaps her affection for the beloved one made her needlessly fearful. Yet I was alarmed, and hastened home some months before my engagement had expired. I had then been absent five years; but I had seen mother and Alfred once in that time, when they had met me on the sea-shore.

'It was a sultry afternoon in August when I reached S———. I shall never forget how wretchedly long and weary seemed the last few miles, and how eagerly I sprang down the carriage-steps at last. I left my baggage at the hotel, and ran over to my mother's house alone. I entered without knocking, and went directly to our mother's little private parlor — the room of the household. I opened the door very gently, so as to surprise them. At the first glance, I thought the room was empty; but on looking again, I saw some one extended on the familiar, chintz-covered sofa. It was Alfred, asleep there. I went softly

up and looked down upon his face. Oh, my God, what a change! It was thin and white, save a small red spot in either cheek. One hand lay half-buried in his dark, chestnut curls, which alone preserved their old beauty, and that hand — how slender and delicate it had grown, and how distinct was every blue vein, even the smallest! As I stood there, heart-wrung with sudden grief, my tears fell so fast on his face that he awoke, and half-raised himself, looking up with a bewildered expression. Just then, dear mother came in, and we all embraced one another, and thanked God out of the overflowing fulness of our hearts. As I looked at Alfred then, his eyes were so bright and his smile so glad — so like the *old smile* — I took courage again; but he suddenly turned away and coughed lightly — but *such* a cough! It smote upon my heart like a knell.

'When I descended from my chamber that evening, after laying aside my travelling-dress, I found a gentleman, a stranger, sitting by Alfred's side reading to him, in a low, pleasant voice. That stranger, Isabel, was your father — Alfred's best, most beloved friend.

'I will not pain your heart by dwelling on our great sorrow, as we watched that precious life, the treasury of many hopes and much love, passing away. With the fading and falling of the leaf, with the dying of the flowers, he died!'

Here Mrs. Allston paused, and covered her face with her hands, while the tears slid slowly through her fingers. And she wept not alone. At length she continued —

'I have since felt that with poor Alfred's last dying kiss, the chill of death entered into dear mother's heart; for she never was well after that night. Though she sorrowed bitterly for that only son, so good and so beautiful, she said she wished to live for my sake. Yet vain was that meek wish — vain were my love and care — vain the constant, agonized pleading of my soul with the Giver of life. She failed and drooped daily, and within a year, she was laid beside father,

and very near to Alfred. She died, and left me alone — alone in the wide world! Oh, how often, dear Isabel, have I, like you, cried out with that exceeding bitter cry of the orphan, "Oh, mother, mother!"'

Here Isabel flung her arms around her step-mother, and pressed her lips against her cheek.

'In all this time,' pursued Cecilia, 'my chief adviser and consoler was the early friend of my mother, the generous patron of my brother — your father, Isabel. And when the first fearful days of my sorrow had gone by, and he came to me in the loneliness and desolation of my life, and strove to give me comfort and courage — telling me at last that he needed my love, even the love of my poor, crushed heart — then I felt that in loving him and his, I might hope for happiness ever more. But ah! if in loving him — in becoming his wife, I have brought unhappiness to those near to him, and darkened the light of their home, I am indeed miserable!'

'Oh, do not say so — do not say so!' exclaimed Isabel. 'You have won all our hearts. Have you not seen how the children are drawn towards you — even little Eddie, *my babe?* I have not yet called you by *her* name — I do not know that I can so call you *here*, but I can and will love you, and we shall all be very happy; and, by God's help, "kindly affectioned one to another!"'

'Ah, my dear girl,' replied Mrs. Allston with a sweet smile, 'I do not ask *you* to call me by a name of so much sacredness and dignity; — only love me and confide in me — lean upon my heart, and let me be to you as an elder sister.'

* * * * * * *

The evening had come, and Mrs. Allston, Isabel, and the children were assembled in the pleasant family-parlor, awaiting the return of Judge Allston from his office. Isabel was holding little Eddie on her knee. The child had already repeatedly begged pardon for his naughtiness, and was

as full as ever of his loving demonstrations. Cecilia was, as usual, seated at the piano, playing half-unconsciously, every now and then glancing impatiently out of the window into the gathering darkness. Isabel sat down the baby-boy, and going up to her, said —

'Will you play the "*Old Arm-Chair*," for me?'

'If you will sing with me,' replied Cecilia, with a smile.

The two began with voices somewhat tremulous, but they sang on till they came to the passage —

> 'I 've sat and watched her, day by day,
> While her eye grew dim —'

here they both broke down.

Cecilia rose and wound her arm about Isabel's waist, and Isabel leaned her head on Cecilia's shoulder, and they wept together. At that moment, Judge Allston entered, and after a brief pause of bewilderment, advanced with a smile, and clasped them both in one embrace. He said not a word then; but afterward, when he bade Isabel good night, at the foot of the stairway, he kissed her more tenderly than usual, saying, as he did so, 'God bless you, my daughter!'

THE IRISH PATRIOTS OF '48.

The rebel patriots of Ireland, O'Brien, Meagher, McManus, O'Donohue, and others, at this present time, and in their present position, form a spectacle of fearful interest. In the earnest, concentrated gaze of the world they stand; for them the hearts of millions throb with irrepressible admiration; for them tears of mournful apprehension and indignant sorrow fall, and prayers of passionate entreaty ascend. But from no Christian country goes forth to them a more full and perfect sympathy than from our own, the land of a Washington, the asylum of an Emmett. They seem to us so much the incarnation of the spirit of Irish freedom, that we can but fear that in their exile, or death, she shall be exiled or perish forever. But no — as God liveth, no! Rather shall the sacrifice of their young lives, with all that made them beautiful and glorious, gift their dying country with 'newness of life,' with vigor and power, and a hope grand, solemn, and eternal as the heavens. While she may number such heroic sons among her living, or *her dead*, she may not, she will not despair, though she clank chains on every limb — though she were bound to the earth with a thousand thongs.

Whether these heroes meet the death of shame upon the scaffold, or drag out a wretched existence as the galley-slaves of tyranny, their imperishable names, exalted and sanctified, shall pass into the watch-words of the brave, and

become the rallying cry of liberty throughout the world — in the last great contest of freedom with oppression, shall lead the battle-van like living heroes, and mingle in the grand anthem which rings to heaven in the hour of victory. Oh! immortality of love, and gratitude, and reverence! — oh! godlike apotheosis! — will not the assurance of this bear them up through all, while they toil through sultry days, or sigh through weary nights, where the wild wastes of southern seas stretch around them, or when the more terrible sea of human heads surges about the scaffold, in that hour when the life-blood of their brave hearts must be poured forth, a mournful oblation on the ruined and desecrated shrine of their country's liberty?

Where, in all the annals of history or the records of eloquence, may be found a nobler expression of devoted and undaunted heroism than the last vindication of young Meagher? Grand in its simplicity, beautiful in its truth, and solemn in its prophecy, it must live while a human heart throbs for freedom, or reverences her defenders. How lofty, yet how mournfully tender is the conclusion; his country should lay these words to her heart as dear and sacred things, to be pondered oft and treasured forever: —

'My lords, you may deem this language unbecoming in me, and perchance it may seal my fate; but I am here to speak the truth, whatever it may cost. I am here to regret nothing that I have ever done, to retract nothing that I have ever said. I am not here to crave, with lying lip, the life I consecrate to the liberty of my country. Far from it even here, where the thief, the libertine, the murderer, have left their foot-prints in the dust; here, in this spot, where the shadow of death surrounds me, and from which I see an early grave in an unannointed soil open to receive me; even here, encircled by these terrors, that hope which beckoned me to the perilous sea on which I have been wrecked, still consoles, animates and enraptures me. No! I do not despair of my poor old country — her peace, her liberty,

her glory. For that country I can now do no more than bid her hope. To lift this island up — to make her a benefactor to humanity instead of what she is — the meanest beggar in the world — to restore to her her native powers and her ancient constitution — this has been my ambition, and this ambition has been my crime. Judged by the laws of England, I know this crime entails the penalty of death.

'But the history of Ireland explains my crime, and justifies it. Judged by that history, I am no criminal' — (and turning round toward his fellow-prisoner, McManus) — 'you are no criminal' — (and to O'Donohue) — 'you are no criminal, and we deserve no punishment. Judged by that history, the treason of which I have been convicted, loses all its guilt — is sanctioned as a duty — will be ennobled as a sacrifice. With these sentiments, my lord, I await the sentence of the court. Having done what I feel to be my duty; having spoken now, as I did on every occasion during my short life, what I felt to be the truth, I now bid farewell to the country of my birth, my passion and my death; that country whose misfortunes have invoked my sympathies; whose factions I sought to still; whose intellect I prompted to a lofty aim; whose freedom has been my fatal dream. I offer to that country, as a pledge of the love I bear her, and the sincerity with which I thought and spoke, and struggled for her freedom, the life of a young heart; and with that life all the hopes, the honors, the endearments of a happy and an honorable home. Pronounce, then, my lords, the sentence which the law directs, and I trust I will be prepared to meet it, and to meet its execution. I trust, too, that I shall be prepared with a pure heart to appear before a higher tribunal — a tribunal where a Judge of infinite goodness, as well of infinite justice, will preside; and where, my lords, many, many of the judgments of this world will be reversed.'

How *dare* England even *condemn* such men to death at

this time, when the roused elements of justice and freedom are rocking and convulsing the world! — the day when the whole air is filled with strange, fearful sounds and confused voices of warning and dismay! There is a volcanic element at work in Ireland still — darkly and silently at work, but which shall yet

> 'Break on the darkness of her thick despair,
> Like Etna on deep midnight — lighting up,
> With lurid glow, oppression's pall-like clouds;
> And pouring madly forth a lava tide
> To scathe and whelm the seats of ancient wrong!'

Let England beware! Patriotism is an immortal spirit; heroism an eternal truth. The political as well as the religious martyr but gives a higher beauty, a more solemn grandeur to the cause for which he dies. Eighteen hundred years ago, on Calvary's sacred mount, was taught a sublime lesson of self-sacrifice, which is but repeated whenever and wherever man dies for man.

It is in vain to say that the sacrificed life of the patriot is ever *thrown away*. His blood, whether poured upon the battle-field, or reeking from the scaffold, is not drank up by the insensible earth and then forgotten; but from every drop may be said to spring an armed defender, or a fervid apostle of the faith he taught; or it is exhaled to heaven and descends in a dew of terrible vengeance upon his enemies. His death quickens the life of nations. His memory fills the spirit of youth with grand aspirations, kindles a quenchless fire in his heart, puts an invincible strength into his arm: it becomes to the brave almost an object of adoration; they turn to it in the darkness of strife for high hopes and heroic promptings, and in the brightness of success with grateful joy and pride: it is written on their heavens, at night in stars, at noonday in rainbows.

Yes, true it is, that since the world stood, since God ruled in heaven, no life given for liberty has been utterly

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lost, no cry, or aspiration, or defying shout for freedom has died with the heart from whence it came, though breathed from the dying lips of the exile, or whispered by the prisoner in his cell, or sent forth with his last strength, on his last breath, by the soldier when he went down alone, amid thousands of the foe. The immortal spirit of freedom from the fallen brave, passes into and animates patriot hearts, through the ages, and it gains new power and majesty with each new incarnation.

But, as when we contemplate the crucified one and the martyred saints of old, we see them with their majestic glories round them, wearing their 'crowns of rejoicing,' encircled with the halos of divinity, and behold not the wreath of thorns, the scourge, the piercing spear, the rack, the fire, the flood, and all the infernal inventions and varieties of torture, — so now, as we fix our gaze on patriot heroes and freedom's martyrs, we speak of them in words of triumph, for the moral height on which they stand seems a very 'mount of transfiguration,' and wrapped about in its glory they seem exalted above earth, its weakness, ties, and transient associations. Ah! we see not the mocking and scourging of their degradation, the crucifixion of their manhood, the racking of the spirit, the tiger-fangs at the breast, the molten lead-drops slowly burning into the brain, all, all the fearful tortures of their *human* nature — intensely human — for from their perfect humanity their heroism took its life.

Could we look into the depths of their hearts, and behold how dear to them is the life they are about to resign for the murderer's fate, or the slow death of exile; could we remember with them its early promise, and romance, and ideal beauty, or the grand aspirations and splendid dreams, and manly struggles of its prime; could we know all the hopes, the honors, the endearments 'which made that life beloved,' and all the sorrows, buried loves, and vain, sweet visions that hallowed it, then we might measure the height and depth of their sacrifice.

Could we look into the cell of the condemned, in the deep midnight, when the gaze of curiosity and enmity was excluded, when the tide of outward life was stilled, or beat against the prison-walls with faint murmurs, then could we behold the mighty spirit of vitality, the unconquerable love of life tugging at the heart-strings of the doomed patriot; could we witness his vain efforts to crush it down by the power of heroic endurance; could we see the convulsive quiver of the lips, the sweat-drops oozing from the brow, as the stern conflict goes on; and oh! could we hear him, as thoughts of deeper and more whelming agony beat at his heart, groan forth the names of his dear ones, or *whisper* them in a tone like that of dying tenderness, in a love stronger than death, a love overcoming all the fears and sufferings of self; or see him lift his eyes heavenward, with a gaze so burningly intense it might almost pierce the stony roof of his dungeon, and breathe for those loved ones the prayer of a breaking heart; could we see all this, we might measure the height and depth of their sorrow.

Could we look into the darkened homes of those who hold them dear; could we mark the gray-haired sire, bowed towards the earth, as though impatient for its grave-rest; could we mark how, at morning and evening prayer, his lip trembles and his voice falters at the sacred words, '*Thy will be done;*' could we look into the face of the mother, and see by its pallor and its tears, that the heart was breaking within her; could we mark the sister's anguish, the brother's agonized sympathy, the bitter wailing of the child, the fainting, the despair, the unutterable grief of the wife; the lonely weeping, and frightful visions, and wild prayers of her nights, and the sick gaze she opens on the dawn which brings no hope to her worn spirit; could we contemplate the fair, young life of the betrothed maiden, so suddenly laid desolate, struck down and broken like a rare vase once filled with bloom and sweetness, shattered and lying in beautiful fragments before us, with all its morning

flowers trampled in the dust: could we see all this, we might measure the height and depth of the enormity of that condemnation which rends so many clinging ties, immolates so many loves, fills so many homes with the voice of weeping, and flings upon so many paths thick shadows from the wing of death.

To perish 'upon the gallows high,' or endure a life-long exile, what a fate for those proud spirits who so lately saw in their enraptured visions, a career of heroic struggle and glory before them, and their beloved country redeemed and disenthralled, taking her old place among the nations! Oh, God! can these things be! Alas! we know that they are now, but how *long* shall they endure? Yet let us still the impatient voices of our hearts, for we know that the Author of liberty, the Divine source of right and justice, liveth and ruleth, and that all will yet be well.

Oh! royal England, may not thy great heart be even yet touched with compassion, and thou be constrained to offer a full and perfect forgiveness to those who have so bravely, perchance *madly*, rebelled against thy dominion. But, if thou wilt show no relenting, but continue hard and merciless to the end, if thine onward march is to be over crushed spirits and ruined homes, as heaven is above thee, the day of thine own fall, the day that shall see thee also overwhelmed, shall come at last!

'And not by all thy glory then,
By armed hosts arrayed,
By pomp, and power, and mighty men,
Can God's right arm be stayed!'

Then shalt thou feel the earth heaved beneath, and the skies darkened above thee! Then shall thy foes exult, and thine allies tremble; then, from the warm south, the chill north, the free wild west, and the golden east, shall ring shouts of triumph; from the isles of the sea shall go up pæans of rejoicing; and then shall the angel of freedom appear, and

roll away the stone from the sepulchre of Ireland's national spirit, bidding it arise to a glorious resurrection; while the armed watchers over a sleep they deemed eternal, stand aghast, drop the swords from their palsied hands, and faint in their armor.

When thus Ireland, thy freed sister, begins anew her national existence, may she be warned, by thy fall, against pride, cruelty, oppression, extortion, and that defiant forgetfulness of God, which is the soul of all tyranny!

'A MERE ACT OF HUMANITY.'

A SLIGHT SKETCH.

'Health to the art whose glory is to give
The crowning boon that makes it life to live.'— HOLMES.

START not, my fastidious reader, when I announce that the young gentleman, in whose favor and fortunes I would enlist your friendly sympathies, as the hero of this sketch, is, or rather *was*, a *medical student!* Now I am very well aware that medical students are proverbially 'hard cases' — wild, spreeing, careless, skeptically inclined young gentlemen, whose handkerchiefs smell of ether, and whose gloves are strongly suggestive of rhubarb; whose talk runs large, with bold jests on grave subjects, sly anatomical allusions, and startling hints at something

'Mair horrible and awfu',
Which e'en to name wad be unlawfu','

and whose very laughter has a sort of bony-rattle about it.

But our friend, Will Ashley, fortunately belonged not to the Bob Sawyer and Ben Allen class of Esculapian disciples. He was a man of refinement, intellect, education, and principle — pleasing address, fine person, and good family. Republican as I am, I can but think much of *good blood* — pure and honorable blood, I mean. He had no bravado, no pretension, no recklessness, no skepticism about him. He chose his profession at the first, from a real, natural leaning that way, and pursued it with true enthu-

siasm and untiring constancy; and this partiality and devotion have been rewarded with the happiest success. Dr. Ashley is now regarded by his many patients, with a remarkable confidence and affection. To them, there seems 'healing in the very creak of his shoes on the stairs,' his cheerful smile lights up the sick room like sunshine; his gentle words and sympathetic tones are as balm and 'freshening oil' to hearts and minds, wounded and distempered with the body, and his bright laugh and playful wit are a positive tonic to the weak and nervous and fearful. But I am anticipating; my story has perhaps the most to do with the student-life of Ashley.

When William was quite young, a mere boy indeed, he became much attached to a pretty cousin of his own — a gentle, dark-eyed, Southern girl, who made her home for some years with his mother and sister, in the quiet, New England city of H——, where she was attending school.

Jessie Archer was, in truth, a lovely creature; with a heart full of all good and kindly feelings; with a soft, endearing manner, but with very little strength of character, or stability of purpose. She tenderly loved her Northern relatives, and parted from them at last, from her cousin William in particular, with many tears and passionate expressions of regret. She was not positively betrothed to this cousin — such a measure would have been opposed by their friends, on account of the extreme youth of the parties — but she knew well his love and his dear hope; that he looked upon her as his future bride, and she was well content with this understanding.

As a matter of course, and lover-like necessity, William Ashley corresponded with his cousin. At first, the letters on both sides were frequent, long, and confidential; but after the first year of absence, those of Miss Jessie changed gradually in their tone, and became 'few and far between.' But William, who was faithful and believing, made a thousand kind excuses for this, and continued to write out

of his own affectionate and changeless heart. But at length his Jessie ceased to write altogether. Two months went by, and then poor Ashley, in much distressful anxiety, wrote to her, entreating to be told the cause of her strange silence. There came a reply at last — a brief reply, written in the dear, familiar hand, but bearing for a signature, a strange name. She had been a fortnight married to a wealthy Virginia planter.

This home-thrust at his heart by a beloved hand; this sudden annihilation of his dearest hopes, by her whose sweet source and centre they had been, almost prostrated the young student, mind and body. He was proud, sensitive, and twenty-one; he had the heart and was at the age to feel acutely, to suffer and despair. His ambition died out — his energies flagged — then his appetite went by the board; his eye grew spiritless, his step heavy, and his cheek pale. 'He must give up study,' said his mother. 'He must take a journey,' said his sister, speaking one word for him and two for herself. This last proposition, which was strongly pressed, was finally acceded to; and the young gentleman set forth, dispirited and ill, under the care, ('protection,' she called it,) of his charming sister, Ellen. They went directly West, for a visit to the Falls; the very journey which William had always looked forward to as his bridal-tour. Now it seemed but to depress and sadden him the more; he was restless, moody, and abstracted — the very worst travelling-companion possible to have. Ellen found it exceedingly difficult to divert him from his melancholy thoughts and tender recollections, 'pleasant and mournful to the soul.' The fine scenery along their route, constantly reminded him of the double pleasure he had anticipated in first viewing it with his beautiful bride.

At Buffalo, our travellers took the afternoon boat for Chippewa. It was a bright and breezy day, early in July — water, earth and sky were lit up gloriously by the declining sun, as they swept down that grand, immortal river. As

the brother and sister stood on deck, silently drinking in the rare beauty of the scene and hour, they noticed a party near them, distinguished amid all the crowd, by a certain quiet elegance of dress and manner, with a bearing of perhaps unconscious superiority. This was a family party, and consisted of an elderly gentleman, Mr. Harley, a wealthy banker, and an honorable citizen of New York; his wife, a sweet, motherly-looking woman; their daughter, Juliet, a fair and delicate girl of eighteen, and their only son, Master Fred, a lad of nine or ten.

Ashley was a thorough republican — poor and proud; and being now more than usually inclined to coldness and reserve, instinctively shrunk from all contact with this party, in whom he at once recognised the air patrician and exclusive. But toward evening, Mr. Harley made some courteous advances, and finally succeeded in getting up quite a free and animated conversation with his young fellow-traveller, with whose well-bred air and thoughtful countenance he had been attracted and impressed. They discoursed on the magnificent scenery around them, then on the battles and sieges, bold generalship and grand fighting which had made classic ground of the wild Niagara frontier; and Ashley, who was an admirable talker, soon became earnest and even eloquent, in spite of himself. All at once, in looking up, he met the beautiful blue eyes of Miss Juliet fixed upon him with evident interest and admiration. The young lady dropped her gaze instantly, while a deep blush suffused her bright, ingenuous face. An involuntary thrill of pleasure agitated the heart of Ashley, and his cold eye kindled with a new fire; but as thought returned — the thought of all the fickleness and coquetry, and heartlessness of woman, his brow clouded, he bit his lip, and with a few hasty words, turned abruptly, and drawing his sister's arm within his own, walked to the side of the vessel, and there stood, silently and moodily, gazing down into the darkening waters and off into the deepening twilight.

Owing to some detention, the boat was later than usual, so that it was quite dark when they landed at Chippewa. On leaving the boat, Mr. Ashley and his sister found themselves directly behind the party with whom they had been conversing. Mr. Harley looking round, and seeing them, began making some inquiries respecting the hotel of which they had made choice, when Master Fred, who, in his boyish independence, was walking alone, suddenly stumbled and fell — fell from the broad plank over which they were passing, into the river below. There were screams and shouts, and rushings to and fro, but no rescue was attempted, until Ashley, breaking from the clinging hold of his sister, leaped boldly into the deep, dark water. For a few moments, which seemed an age to the spectators, he searched in vain along the narrow space between the vessel and the wharf, but finally he espied the lad's head appearing from under the boat, caught, and drew forth the already insensible child, and, greatly exhausted himself, swam back to the plank with his precious burden. They were drawn on board together with joyful shouts and earnest thanksgiving.

As Ashley stood in the gangway, staggering and half blind, the crowd cheering and pressing around him, his sister flung her arms around his neck, and hung upon him, laughing and weeping hysterically. But the poor fellow was faint and chilled, and strove to release himself from her passionate embrace. But just as he stood free, he felt his hand clasped, but gently, timidly, and looking round, saw Miss Harley at his side. She hastily raised that cold, wet hand to her warm, quivering lips, and kissed it gratefully, while her tears, her irrepressible tears, fell upon it, as she murmered — 'God bless you! God in heaven bless you!' and then hurried away to attend upon her brother, who had been carried back into the cabin. The little lad soon recovered sufficiently to be able to join the party, who together took their way to the Clifton House.

That night, after supper, which he had served in a private

parlor, Mr. Harley sought the room of Ashley — his heart overflowing with gratitude toward the young hero, and his thoughts busy with plans of generous recompense. At the door he met a servant bearing away a wet travelling-suit, which sight quickened even more his warm and kindly feelings. He entered, to find Mr. Ashley wrapped in a dressing-gown, sitting by a table, his head bent down on his hands, a plate of light food, almost untasted, and a cup of tea, half drank, pushed back from before him. He was looking even paler and more spiritless than usual. In fact, our friend was completely exhausted by the excitement and exertion of the evening, and consequently deepened in moodiness and reserve. He rose, however, as his visitor entered, and bowing politely, begged him to be seated. But Mr. Harley came forward, took his hand, and pressing it warmly, looked kindly into that pale, quiet face, his own countenance all a-glow, and tears actually glistening in his deep-set, gray eyes. Ashley cast down his own eyes in painful embarrassment, which Mr. Harley perceiving, took the proffered chair, and strove to converse awhile on indifferent topics. But he soon came round to the subject nearest his heart; dwelt long and at large on his paternal joy and gratitude, not seeming to heed the impatience of his sensitive auditor, and finally closed with, —

'I trust that there is some way in which I can *prove* my gratitude — in part reward you for your generous heroism. Tell me, my dear young friend, can I repay you in any way?'

To Ashley's jealous ear there was a tone of patronage — an insulting jingle of the banker's purse in these words, at which he involuntarily drew himself up, and curled his short upper lip; and when Mr. Harley earnested repeated his question, thus:

'Is there no way in which I can serve you?' he replied with a sort of nonchalant hauteur.

'Yes; by never mentioning this little circumstance again.

I but did for your son what I would do for any fellow-creature. It was *a mere act of humanity*, I assure you.'

Mr. Harley, quite taken aback, chilled, and withal deeply hurt, rose at once, and with a stately bow and a cold 'good-night,' parted from the rescuer of his child, the young hero, with whom five minutes before he would have divided his fortune. Tired and indifferent, Ashley flung himself upon his bed, and slept soundly till late in the morning; then rose with a headache, made a light breakfast, and hurried down to Table-Rock with his sister, who had been up since day-break, impatiently awaiting his appearance.

Ashley was long lost in that first contemplation of the grand scene before him; his soul seemed born to a new life — a new world of beauty, and power, and dread, over-whelming sublimity.

The day was wondrously beautiful, and floods of sunlight were mingling with the waters, and pouring over that stupendous precipice; into the darkest deeps fell the fear-less, glad sunbeams, sounding like golden plummets those terrible abysses. There hung the rainbow, and Ellen, as she gazed, remarked a wild-bird, who seemed sporting in the spray, pass through the illuminated arch, and become glorified in its midst; and it seemed to her like an innocent, confiding spirit, coming near to the might and grandeur of Deity, through the beautiful gateway of love.

Ashley was at length roused from his trance of high-wrought rapture, by feeling a small, timid hand laid on his arm, and turned to see Master Fred standing at his side, with a faint glow on his cheek, and an affectionate pleasure shining in his sunken eye. The lad, to-day something of an invalid, was accompanied and half-supported by a servant. Ashley felt an instinctive attraction toward this child, who was a fine, intelligent boy, by the way, and talked with him more kindly and familiarly than he had ever felt disposed to converse with the elder Harley.

On leaving the rock, the Ashleys overtook Mr. Harley

with his wife and daughter. Juliet blushed painfully, as her eye met that of William, but she bowed and smiled, as he bade the brother and sister, 'Good morning.' Mr. Harley merely lifted his hat, but Mrs. Harley, who had been so absorbed the evening previous by her intense anxiety for her son, as almost to forget his brave rescuer, now, dropping the arm of her husband, and grasping the hand of the young student, poured the whole story of her boundless gratitude, of her deep, immeasurable joy, into his *not* willing ear. But after all, the blessing of that mother sunk into his heart — a good heart, though somewhat wayward, and sadly out of harmony with life just now.

A short time after this, Ashley again saw Miss Harley. They met in a fearful place, behind the sheet, on Termination Rock — the secret, dread abode, the dim, awful sanctuary of sublimity.

Even then, Ashley, exalted by poetry, solemnized by grandeur as he was, could but remark the miracle of beauty which made the young lady look lovely as ever in the rude, grotesque costume, the clumsy water-proof dress provided for this adventurous expedition. He next noticed the fearless, yet awe-struck enthusiasm, the high, rapt expression of her face, as, sheltering her eyes from the storm of spray with her fair hand, she gazed upward, to where the huge columns of water, dark-green, and snowy-white, leaped over the shelving precipice, and plunged with a thunderous roar into the black abyss at her side.

In after days he often thought of that fair creature, as she thus appeared — so young, so delicate, yet so brave — so lost to herself, almost to life, in a deep trance of awe and adoration. He often thought of her thus, as his last sight of her; for after this they parted; he and Ellen passing over to the American side, saw no more of the Harleys during their brief stay at the Falls.

Ashley was, almost in spite of himself, much improved in health and spirits by travel; and on his return resumed his

studies with a sort of dogged devotion, if not with all his old enthusiasm. Yet sometimes, as formerly, the vision of a fair being would come to disturb and distract his thoughts — would flit across his humble room, be almost palpably present to his waking dreams. But it hardly seemed the 'lovely young Jessie,' the 'beloved of his early years;' this was a fairer, slighter form, clad, oddly enough, in a heavy dress of yellow oil-cloth, with a sort of hood, which, half-falling back, revealed a sweet face, all glorified by sublime adoration. He saw — how distinctly he saw, the deep, abstracted eyes, the bright, parted lips — ah, those lips! whenever he recalled *them* by some mysterious association, his eye would fall on his own right hand — a tolerably symmetrical hand, surely, but with nothing more peculiar about it, that I could ever see.

The fall succeeding the journey to Niagara, William Ashley received his diploma, and the next spring opened an office in his native city. Not possessing wealth, or much family influence, and being young and modest, he had at first few, very few calls. But he was always at his post, never employed his leisure unworthily, or was idle or desponding. He studied as diligently as ever, and waited patiently for those patients whom he rested assured, in the future — the fair, golden future — were 'bound to come.'

It happened that the young physician's way home from his office, lay past, and very near to the elegant residence of Mr. N——, a wealthy and somewhat distinguished citizen of H——; and, pouring through the open windows of this mansion, he one night heard the sweetest singing that had ever met his ear. It was a clear, fresh contralto voice, artistic in execution, yet sweet, and full of feeling.

Ashley, a fine singer himself, was passionately fond of music; and he lingered long before that house, walking up and down beneath the thick shadows of the grand old elms.

This was but the beginning of pleasure; night after night, for some weeks, found the young physician in the same

spot, when he was almost always so happy as to hear that rare, delicious singing, thrilling and quivering through the still and dewy air. It was generally accompanied by the piano; but sometimes he would see a gay group on the piazza, and among them a slight figure in white, looking very fair and delicate in the moonlight; then there would come the tinkling of a guitar, and sweet love-lays of Italy, or wild ballads of Spain.

And thus it went on, till Ashley, the invisible listener, had become altogether enchanted, spell-bound — *in love with a voice*, till fast and far in the dim distance, faded away that late familiar vision in yellow oil-cloth and falling hood, and fair, kindling countenance. He now spent as many hours over his books as ever, but his thoughts, alas! were far enough from the page; for, to tell the truth, and expose his boyish folly, he was constantly dreaming out the form and features of the dear, unknown — of her with the voice. Unlike his former self, he now looked searching at the fair promenaders whom he met on the street, and he there saw pretty young ladies enough, but no one in whom he recognised his idea of the sweet singer.

At length the hour of good fortune came alike to the physician and to the lover.

Just at sunset, one pleasant evening, a young horseman came dashing up to Dr. Ashley's office, to summon him to a lady who had dislocated her ankle in springing from her horse. Our hero's heart beat quick as the messenger directed him to the house of Mr. N——. The doctor was shown into a small parlor, where, on a lounge, clad in a white wrapper, reclined his first patient. A wealth of rich, golden hair, somewhat dishevelled, first attracted Ashley's eye; there was something strangely familiar in those bright curls, and he was not taken altogether by surprise when Mrs. N—— presented him to her niece, '*Miss Harley*.'

The lady was lying with her hands over her face, to conceal the tears drawn forth by her acute suffering; but at

the mention of the doctor's name, she removed them, and looked up eagerly, smiling in the midst of her pain, with pleasure and surprise.

But this was no time for more than a simple recognition, and the next moment saw the doctor bending professionally over the throbbing and swollen foot of the sufferer.

The setting of the dislocated joint caused this young girl excruciating torture; but she bore herself through all with heroic patience — the silent resignation of a true woman.

Yet when all was over — the ankle bound up, and a composing draught administered, as the doctor took leave of his interesting patient, he saw that her cheek was deathly pale, and that her lips quivered convulsively.

From that time, for some weeks, day after day, the young physician might have been seen (by Mrs. N——) kneeling by the side of Miss Juliet's couch — bending over that poor foot, bathing and dressing it, watching with intense interest the subsiding of the swelling, and the disappearance of the discoloration, till it became at last white and delicate, like its mate and former fellow-traveller.

It is strange how, through all this time, the late music-mad young gentleman existed without listening to the beloved voice, for now, through the windows of that parlor, through the vines and roses of that piazza, no sweet singing floated out into the moonlight.

I told you, dear reader, that Dr. Ashley used to kneel by Juliet's side to dress her ankle; but when that was better — very much better, almost well, indeed, and clad in silken hose and slipper — it happened that once, when quite alone with his fair patient, at the dreamy twilight hour, the doctor suddenly found himself, by the force of habit, I suppose, in his old position. This time Miss Juliet bent over him till her hand lay on his shoulder — till her long, bright curls touched his forehead, till they mingled in with his own dark locks. She said but a word or two, and the young practitioner sprung up, impulsively and joyfully, and

took a prouder position by the side of his beloved patient. His arm was soon about her slight waist — to support her, probably, as her recent indisposition had left her but weak; her hand was in his own; and as he held it thus, he mentally observed — 'Quite the quickest pulse I have ever felt.'

Miss Harley called herself well, but she did not seem perfectly so, while she remained with her relatives in H——; at least her physician called more and more frequently, nor did it appear that her poor ankle ever quite regained its strength; for when she took her evening strolls with Dr. Ashley, they were observed to saunter along slowly, and she was seen to lean heavily on the arm of her companion.

It is said that there are men who think that a slight lameness imparts a new interest to a lovely woman, and Dr. Ashley was probably one of these.

One fine morning, early in September, Mr. Ogden Harley, the rich banker, and respectable citizen, was seated in his cushioned arm-chair, in his elegant library, in his princely residence in Waverley Place, in the city of Gotham. He was looking as easy and comfortable as usual — as well pleased with the world, and its ways in general, and its ways toward himself in particular; and even more than usually happy and genial.

Mr. Harley was not alone on this morning. There was then and there present a young man, rather tall, and quite handsome, modestly, yet elegantly dressed — (our friend, the doctor, to let you into the secret, dear reader) — who, with a very red face, and in a manner half proud, half fearful, was just making a confidant of the old gentleman — telling him a love-story of his own, in short. The good man seemed greatly interested in this history, badly told as it was; and at its close, he rose, quite hastily for one of his aldermanic proportions, and going up to his visitor, and laying his hand kindly on his shoulder, said,

'With all my heart — with all my heart! I will give you

my Juliet, and place her fortune in your hands; for I honor and like you, young man.'

Ashley, quite overcome, could only stammer out,

'Oh, Mr. Harley, my dear sir, how can I ever repay you for this goodness — this great kindness?'

'*By never mentioning this little circumstance again!*' replied Mr. Harley, with a roguish twinkle of the eye. 'I saw, my dear boy, what a sad condition you were in, and this is "A Mere Act of Humanity, I assure you."'

EFFIE MATHER:

A TALE OF NEW ENGLAND.

CHAPTER I.

'With Scripture-texts to chill and ban
The heart's fresh morning hours,
The heavy-footed Puritan
Goes trampling down the flowers.' — WHITTIER.

WILL my readers send their thoughts back with mine some thirty years, and look in with me upon a spacious old mansion, in a secluded town, lying in a pleasant New England valley? It was a Sabbath afternoon, in June. The declining sun shone clearly through the open windows of a handsome parlor, looking out on an extensive garden, and fell on an interesting family group; the members of which may perhaps be best presented in single portraits.

The father, David Mather, was a tall, thin, hard-featured man of about forty, with firmset, smileless lips, and a cold, unsympathizing eye. He was wealthy, and possessed much influence in his native town; was at the head of all school-committees, calls for town-meetings, &c.; was the Post-master, a Judge of the Court, and a Deacon in the Church. He was a Calvinist after the strictest sect of the Puritans; a lineal descendant of that good, old, Quaker-hating and witch-hanging race; zealous apostles of the gospel of wrath; preachers of awe and fear and austere living; sworn foes of the beautiful and agreeable; despisers of

music and flowers; men lightly esteeming women, and having small indulgence for the laughter and frolic of children; men of whom it has been said by an eloquent New England writer: —

'To look with indifference upon the glories of the visible universe, and to despise those graces of the outward and inward life that invest the Christian character with an indescribable charm, were, in their narrow opinion, proofs of godliness. Their God was the sovereign of an infinite desert, whose burning sands and sharp rocks were stained with the blood and tears of the trembling pilgrims who came to do homage at his throne.'

Deacon Mather's family government was conducted with a lordly imperiousness and a cold severity, which commonly awed down all opposing wills into passive, if not cheerful submission. Obedience he ever required; ready, unquestioning, perfect obedience. Hesitation were rebellion, — remonstrance high treason.

Deacon Mather was a man of prayer. A full hour of every morning and every evening were sacrificed on the family altar, which was the most ever laid thereon, for little of devotion and earnestness could there have been in prayers repeated standing, and without variation of word, or tone, every day through thirty or forty years.

Mrs. Mather was rather a handsome woman, with a fine intellectual brow, and a large, soft black eye, but pale and languid. Her whole countenance and air were expressive of a perfectly subdued and submissive spirit; a sad, unhoping, uncomplaining resignation. It was said that she had been a brilliant, happy, high-spirited woman in her youth, but having been brought into subjection to a stronger will and a severer character, she had lost first her gayety, then her spirit, and finally seemed almost to have merged her individuality in that of her husband.

The eldest son, James, was strikingly like his father. He had the same colorless cheek, the same sober brow, the

cold, deep-set eye, and firm, thin lips. In character, also, he seemed a perfect reproduction. Unnaturally serious, unsocial, and unyielding, he was, even in boyhood, precise and Puritanical — an observer of forms, a great respecter of small proprieties. He was, at the time of which we speak, about sixteen years of age, and was the pride and hope of his father.

In strong contrast with this boy-man, was the second son, Walter, a handsome, healthful lad, of about twelve, with a keen, clear eye, full, laughing lips, and an unusual degree of independence in the carriage of his head. Walter was gifted with a proud and liberty-loving nature, but his good sense and good temper commonly kept down all unfilial demonstration of indignant feeling against the domestic oppression to which he was subjected. The most he was ever guilty of was a petulant betrayal of boyish impatience at confinement and reproof. He was a merry, careless lad, neither very studious nor industrious, but passionately fond of fishing, skating, and all the usual sports of boyhood. His love of play and hate of books and work, added to that bold free spirit which would occasionally flash out, caused him to be more keenly watched, and more hardly dealt with than his elder brother. Many of his natural tastes were thwarted; many were the deprivations and disappointments he was called to endure in the absurd attempt to 'break his will,' which only strengthened, secretly and sullenly, at unreasonable exactions and a tyrannical show of power.

Much like her favorite brother, Walter, in many respects, was the only daughter, Effie, a singularly beautiful girl of ten. But hers was a still deeper and stronger character. She possessed an active, imaginative intellect, a sensitive and generous heart, but a quick and passionate temper. She was wild, restless and daring; self-willed, but not stubborn; more whimsical than wilful, a thoughtless and wayward, but a thoroughly original, and a truthful child;

a lover of mischief, frolic and free air, and a vehement little hater of restraints and despotic governments. She was one to have been dealt with by a gentle and reasonable authority, in a sort of tender firmness; to have been led, rather than driven; influenced, rather than controlled. In this way she would probably have been reared, had her education been left to her mild and sensible mother. But scarcely was she out of her cradle, ere she was brought under her father's iron rule; her little sports, her dress, and her earliest studies were regulated by his will, and the first passionate outbursts of her temper were punished with terrible severity.

Effie was, as I have said, very beautiful. She was tall and rather large for her age; her complexion was dark, yet lively and changing; her features were remarkably regular; her eyes black, but softly shadowed by thick, long lashes; her hair was luxuriant — in childhood curling, but as she grew older, slightly waving above her broad, clear forehead. For her romantic name she was indebted to her mother, who, a short time before the birth of her little daughter, had been reading (by stealth) 'The Heart of Mid-Lothian,' and it proved in many respects a most appropriate name.

But to turn to the group in Deacon Mather's parlor. They had all attended both morning and afternoon service, and were now seated near those pleasant open windows, not for repose and quiet social enjoyment; not to look forth and read the most ancient Evangel of God's love in the fair book of nature; not to behold 'the beauty of His holiness' in the nodding flowers and swaying boughs and bending grass, in the glancing waves at play among the reeds, and in the sunset glories flooding all the western hills. No, each one sat with a serious Sunday face, and with a Sunday book in hand. The Deacon held 'Scott's Family Bible,' open at Leviticus. Mrs. Mather read 'Edwards on the Affections,' and James frowned over 'Fox's Book of Martyrs,' while Walter and Effie, sitting together, on a sofa,

nearest the windows, held before their tired eyes the 'Westminster Catechism.' To appearance they were puzzling their young brains over the doctrine of the Trinity, but probably they thought little of the theological bearing of the dry hard text which they were required to repeat *verbatim et literatim*. There was in the air of these children an evident restlessness, though they dared make no audible manifestation of discontent. When a light, fresh breeze came hurrying in and irreverently rustled and turned the grave leaves of their Catechism; when the shadow of a swaying bough fell on the page; when the robin lit on a slender spray, which bent and trembled more to the strong gushes of his music than beneath his slight weight, as he poured forth his unconscious praise to Him who had guided his lone flight through pathless skies back to his northern home, and there called forth the young leaves again to shield his nest; when the sound of the rivulet came to their eyes, laughing low, as though half afraid of breaking the still Puritan Sabbath; then would the cheeks of the children flush and their frames quiver with impatience to be out amid those airs of freedom and life, amid all those sights and sounds of beauty and joy.

The day had seemed unusually long, even for a Sabbath, for the night before they had been sent to bed early, and under a cloud, for having been caught at play in the orchard, a full half hour after sunset. Now, ever and anon they would send eager looks out toward the west, to see if that slow, tiresome sun was not setting, and Sunday, with its wearisome duties and dull solemnities, coming to an end at last.

At fourteen, Effie Mather was an interesting and a striking, but scarcely a lovable girl, though herself of great capacities for loving. Pride, and will, and passionateness, so far from having been subdued by Puritanical rule, had been fixed and strengthened in her nature.

Hers was a strong, rather than a fine cast of mind;—

her intellect was inquiring and daring, rather than trusting and reverential. She was a person of many moods, — at one time prudent and thoughtful to seriousness — at another wild, defiant and reckless. Between her father and herself there was a natural and unceasing antagonism, displayed on the one hand in unreasonable requirements and restrictions, and on the other in the quick curl of the scornful lip, the indignant flash of the eye, the heaviness of the unwilling step — in all the ungraciousness of a forced and soulless obedience. Between herself and her eldest brother there was also little of harmony. He had about him that cold imperiousness, that imperturbable calmness, so intensely irritating to a passionate nature. But her mother and her brother Walter she loved idolatrously, and to them she was ever generous and gentle, and yielding. She early sought to share in the domestic cares and labors of this mild and saddened mother, and to cheer and comfort her in her hours of discouragement and unhappiness; and ever ready to laugh, or weep with this brave and handsome brother, to favor his plans for pleasure, and conceal his faults and transgressions.

James Mather, who had neither the looks, nor the tastes, the follies, nor the virtues of the boy, was ever leagued with his father against his idle, school-hating, hunting and fishing brother, and his pert, passionate, and romping sister; and as a natural consequence, a defensive alliance was formed by the two culprits, against the common enemy. As a natural consequence, they became adepts in the art of concealment, in *acting* falsehoods, while strangely enough they were too brave and conscientious to *utter* an untruth on any occasion.

Effie had naturally a great fondness for poetry and romance; but her father's express prohibition limited her reading to the Bible, Pilgrim's Progress, Scott (Thomas), Edwards, Doddridge, Watts, Mrs. Rowe, Young's Night Thoughts, Cœlebs in Search of a Wife, The Triumphs of

Temper, Rasselas, Paradise Lost, Pollok's Course of Time, and a choice few biographical and historical works. One day, when our heroine was just in her teens, in searching through an old trunk of her mother's, she came across an odd volume of Shakspeare. This proved to her an inestimable treasure; it stirred her heart with strange, bewildering emotions, and filled her brain with 'charmed singing,' new imaginings, and visions of love and beauty. One dreary, blustering afternoon in midwinter, she sat in a comfortable arm-chair, before a blazing fire, reading Midsummer Night's Dream, — so lost in its fairy enchantment, so lapped in the Elysium of fancy and poetry, that she did not remark the opening of the door, did not hear the approach of footsteps. Her father stood over her. He read a few lines of the book before him, the book of plays and abominations, then suddenly caught and flung it into the midst of the fire. With a shriek of dismay, Effie sprang forward to rescue her treasure, but a heavy hand was laid on her shoulder, she was thrust back into her seat, sternly reprimanded, and forbidden to take a book of that description into her hand again.

Effie went with this new grievance to her brother Walter, who sympathized with her to that extent, that the night following he brought to her chamber a complete edition of Shakspeare, borrowed from a village friend. In this unlawful way, Burns, and Pope, and Scott, and Byron, with innumerable old novels and plays, were procured and stealthily read in that little chamber. In after years, Effie was heard to say that never had she read with such utter absorption, such an intensity of interest, such heart-leaps of excitement, such a terrible zest, as at that season, painfully conscious as she was of transgression, and always fearful of detection. In return for Walter's considerate kindness, Effie allowed him to come to her chamber, where his father and brother seldom intruded, and there to smoke as many forbidden cigars as suited his adolescent aspirations.

When James Mather was eighteen, he entered college at New Haven, with a view to the ministry. Walter had no better prospects before him than a life behind the counter, a business peculiarly unsuited to his roving, adventurous spirit. He once asked his father to procure for him a midshipman's warrant, through the influence of a friend at Washington; but his proposition was met with such a storm of anger and reproof that he never dared to renew it, but faithfully strove to content himself with the occupation assigned to him.

The winter that Walter was seventeen, it happened that a French exile established a dancing school at L——, which was very well supported by the world's people, to the great scandal of the more godly. Walter knew his father too well to ask his permission to attend this, but could not resist the temptation to become clandestinely a pupil of Mons. Durande. It chanced that the window of his chamber opened on a piazza, from whence he could easily descend by sliding down one of the pillars, which he had but to climb on his return. So, night after night, when his parents believed him keeping remarkably good hours, and sound asleep in his chamber overhead, he was keeping remarkably good time to the profane music of the profanest of instruments, and becoming quite *au fait* of the *chasse* and *balance*, *dos-a-dos*, *chaine Anglaise*, &c. It is hardly necessary to say, that Effie from the first aided and abetted in this pleasant piece of wickedness, and that she was herself instructed by brief morning lessons in the upper hall, or in her own room, in all that her brother had acquired in his evening's practice. All went smoothly for a month or two, when a zealous brother in the church visited Deacon Mather, expressly to warn him respecting his godless son. It was about ten o'clock at night when he came to discharge this Christian duty, so painful to a pious heart. Speechless with astonishment, Deacon Mather hurried up to Walter's room, and not finding him there, caught his hat,

and, pale with 'holy rage,' strode down the street to the dancing saloon. When his father entered, Walter had just handed up to her place at the head of the set, a pretty, blue-eyed young girl, of whom he had always been very fond; he was bending down to whisper in her ear some boyish compliment, when a stern hand was laid on his shoulder, and he was dragged ignominiously from the room.

That night, Effie was waked from her first slumber by what seemed to her the sound of blows, coming up from the room beneath, but as she did not hear Walter's voice, nor any groan, or outcry, she thought she had been mistaken. She did not yet know her brother. Within a half hour he came to her chamber, with a tearless face, but pale, even to the lips, and older looking by years, than she had ever seen him. Rapidly, but calmly, he told her the story of the night's outrage and disgrace; then, setting down his lamp, he bared his arms and shoulders, and showed the long red marks of the rod. Across his right hand had fallen the most severe stroke, and from the cruel wale the blood was still oozing slowly. Holding this up to the light, Walter said in a tone of bitter, concentrated passion — 'When I forget that blow, Effie, may God forget me!'

After a pause, while his sister wept silently, Walter resumed in a hoarse, abrupt voice, 'And now, Effie, I must bid you good bye — I am going away — going to-night — my valise is already packed — I have a little money, and shall be miles from home before morning.' 'Going away!' cried Effie, — 'Where?' 'Why, first, to uncle John's in New York. He is rich, you know, and perhaps he will give me employment. Anyhow, I can find some way to live. I should die here — my heart would choke me, it is so big and hot with shame and anger. Say good-bye for me to mother — I could not bear to part with her — give her my dearest love — and — and, Effie, *ask her to pray for me.*' Then, catching his sister to his heart, he kissed her many times, and the first tears he had shed lay on her cheek when

he was gone. About midnight Effie heard him softly open his window, step out on the piazza, and slide down the pillar. She slipped out of bed, stole to the window and looked down. It was a very bright night and the earth was covered with snow; so she saw him distinctly passing through the garden, carrying his valise on his shoulder. At the gate he paused, and looked back at the house and over the grounds — then turned and ran swiftly down the road. Ah, how often in after years, sleeping and waking, did Effie see her brother as she saw him then!

The next morning, as soon as the flight of Walter was known, Effie was questioned concerning it; but neither the violent threats of her father, nor the gentle persuasions of her mother, could wring a word from her lips, and it was not until she believed her brother safe from immediate pursuit that she revealed all, and gave his last message to her weeping mother.

Walter arrived safely at New York, but, coming under such suspicious circumstances, was not received by his wealthy relatives with a very flattering cordiality. Thinking, from what his uncle said, that he was about to return him to his father, under a safe escort, he watched his opportunity, and escaped from the house, early one morning, and, valise in hand, went down to the wharf, where finding a vessel which was to sail for Europe that day, he bound himself to its master, to serve for a year, before the mast. He had only time to write a line to his sister, telling her that he was going to sea, but not giving the name of the ship.

James Mather wrote to his father, on this event, after this wise: —

'I would advise you, my dear sir, to make no inquiries concerning the perverse youth. Leave him to himself, and he will soon return, like the prodigal son, to his father's house, sorrowing.'

And now, at all times, Deacon Mather's judgment

coincided with that of his eldest son, and no least effort was made to reclaim the wanderer.

Three or four times during the next eight months, Effie and her mother received letters from Walter. These were characterized by a sort of forced cheerfulness, and a slight tone of bravado little deceptive to those anxious, loving hearts. Then came a long silence, and then, little more than a year from the time of Walter's leaving home, there came a brief letter which I will lay before my reader. It was addressed to Mr. Mather, and ran thus:

'Marine Hospital, Liverpool, March 7th, 18—.

'My Father: — I have been in this place now about two months, confined by a sort of slow fever, brought on by the hardships and exposure I have been called to endure in my sea-faring life. The physicians have all along encouraged me, and have even now some hopes of my recovery; but I *know* that I shall die, and that soon. I feel all giving out within — my constitution, which, perhaps, you will remember was never very strong, sinking and breaking up. I have no more strength nor courage — I have no life left, only a little breath.

'Father, I do not wish to give you pain, but there are a few things which I must say before I die, even though they may seem like reproaches. I never meant to be a bad son to you, but you were always too stern, and harsh, and unsympathizing, toward me. It was this severity which rendered me disobedient and disingenuous — which has crushed my pride and broken my heart. Had you dealt less hardly by me, I might now have been at home, happy and respectable, and well, instead of being what I am, a poor sailor-boy, dying in a foreign hospital, with no mother or sister to nurse, or comfort me, to wipe away the cold sweat which even now lies thick upon my forehead. Oh, father, it is hard to die alone! But tell mother that I put my trust in Jesus, and try to pray. And tell her that the

nurses here are very good and attentive, and one of the physicians, Dr. Euston, exceedingly kind. He will take charge of this letter, and send it when I am gone. Enclosed I send mother some locks of my hair. Tell her that I cut them from above my temples — the very locks she has brushed and curled so often.

'I do not feel conscious, father, of having done you wrong, but if I have been too unfilial, and proud, and passionate, surely great is my punishment. But let us forgive one another, and may God forgive us all! I would part in peace with brother James. Were he here now, I would grasp his hand with that kindly affection in which he never seemed to believe.

'Give my dear last love to mother and Effie, and tell them they cannot know how much stronger, and deeper, and more unspeakably tender, is this *dying love* than any that the happy and healthful may feel.

'Farewell.

'WALTER.'

Accompanying this letter was a kindly note from Dr. Euston, stating that poor Walter died on the 12th of March.

When Deacon Mather had read that letter he let it fall on the floor beside him, and covered his face with his hands, saying not a word. His wife took it up, and she and Effie read it as best they could. In the first wild tempest of sorrow which swept over them, they scarcely noted the father's presence or manner, but that night, as Effie watched by her poor mother, who was fainting and ill, she heard him walking, hour after hour, up and down the hall without, groaning heavily. The next morning, however, he was calm, though he looked paler and older than usual, and Effie noticed that the hand he extended to take his coffee trembled much.

Walter, without intending it, had terribly avenged himself. His vanquished spirit, in taking flight, had shot a

Parthian arrow which pierced to the heart of his father. But the stern man covered the wound, and none saw the bleeding.

CHAPTER II.

'Votary of doubt! then join the festal throng,
Bask in the sun-beam, listen to the song,
Spread the rich board, and fill the wine-cup high,
And bind the wreath, ere yet the roses die!' — HEMANS.

'Father in Heaven! Thou, only Thou cans't sound
The heart's great deeps, with floods of anguish filled,
For human life too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, oh Father, if thy child,
Rocked on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinned in her despair!' — HEMANS.

SOME years had passed by. Deacon Mather, who had been for a time somewhat softened by his son's death, had regained all his former sternness; Mrs. Mather had grown calm and resigned, James Mather was settled in the ministry, and Effie was in love, actually engaged, though without the consent or knowledge of her parents.

For all our heroine's ambition and wild untamable spirit, her choice was no other than a poor young clergyman, the lately appointed pastor of a small congregation in her native place — a man of much talent and elegant person indeed, but chiefly distinguished for his bold and earnest preaching of a liberal faith; the pure gospel of love; for the cheerfulness of his philosophy, and the active benevolence of his life.

Effie, with all her faults, had at times aspirations painfully intense after a larger and holier life, a life of the intellect and the affections, and longings for assurance and peace. But she ever felt the need of some stronger spirit to strengthen and support her in the hard ascending path of self-sacrifice and duty, of a heart whose love would shed

brightness upon it, and cause cheering flowers to spring from rocky places.

So it was that she scarcely waited to be assured that she was loved by Charles Leonard ere she let her heart go out toward him, as the one, the only one who could turn her from the false and frivolous, to a life of beneficent action, worthy and true and tranquilly happy.

Contrary to the wishes and advice of her lover, Effie, knowing her father's aristocratic and religious prejudices, delayed acquainting him with her engagement. She had met Mr. Leonard at the house of a common friend, where they both spent much time. Seeing that Deacon Mather had little respect for his liberal and heterodox sentiments, and less partiality for him personally, the young clergyman seldom visited at his house.

Matters were in this state when the Rev. James Mather came home for a brief visit. It happened that one evening, as this good man was walking in a grove near his father's place, engaged in devout meditations probably, he saw before him Effie and Mr. Leonard, slowly strolling along and talking most earnestly. He drew near, and overheard (accidentally, of course,) part of a conversation which left him no doubt of the melancholy state of affairs. Then moved by imperative duty, he suddenly caught the arm of his perverse sister, drew it within his own, rudely separating her from her companion, and hurried her home.

Here followed a scene. Effie was accused before her father by her brother — upbraided, reproved and warned by both. But she stood up bravely against them, and told 'some certain truths,' in language little remarkable for mildness or humility; she boldly asserted her independence and avowed her resolution to marry the man of her choice, though he were friendless and unknown, poor and heretical.

The next morning the fair rebel found the door of her chamber locked on the outside; her breakfast was sent up

to her, and she was told that she should not leave the room until she had given up her will, and resigned herself to the decision of her father. Effie seemed no wise frightened; she even laughed lightly at this threat, and bore herself bravely for some days. Finally, becoming impatient to hear from Mr. Leonard, she wrote to him, confiding her letter with many earnest injunctions to a servant girl, who promised faithfully to deliver it into his own hands, but who having had previous instructions, proved false, and conveyed it to her master. On the other hand, the letters of Mr. Leonard were suppressed, and without a word of explanation, all intercourse between the lovers effectually broken off. Effie stood out firmly for nearly a month, but at last, wearied by the entreaties of her mother and the ceaseless reproaches of her father, jealous and half maddened at hearing no word from her lover, she yielded, and wrote him a cold letter of dismissal. She received a reply that afternoon; it was not explanatory, scarcely regretful; it was a brief and dignified, yet a kindly letter of farewell. Thus was the sacrifice consummated.

The next morning the door of Effie's chamber was thrown open, and she was restored to her old freedom. For a day or two, she walked all through the house and garden in a sort of listless restlessness, and then took to her bed, ill of a fever. So ill was she at one time, that her father, utterly despairing of her life, consented to send for Mr. Leonard, for whom she called constantly and most piteously in her delirium. But the young clergyman had left town a week before, and gone no one knew whither. Yet Effie's hour was not come. It was not hers to close her tired eyes on life so early in the day. Slowly and it seemed unwillingly she arose from the bed of pain whereon grief and despair had laid her.

As soon as she was sufficiently restored to travel, her father took her to New York, where he left her to pass the winter with his aristocratic relations.

Here a new world opened before Effie. Though she had felt all soul-life crushed out of her by her late sorrow, she found that there was another life left her, one infinitely poorer and narrower, yet possessing some fascination for one of her variable nature; a life of ambition, excitement and pleasure; and into this she threw herself with heartless abandon. From the first, she saw herself an object of great admiration, and this was pleasant. She had naturally fine taste, she rapidly caught ideas of style and fashion, and by the unusual liberality of her father, and the kindness of her city friends, she was able to dress with richness and elegance as became her brilliant beauty and the grace and noble proportions of her figure.

Among her many suitors, there was one whom Effie regarded from the first with admiring respect. This was Mr. Warren, a merchant of princely fortune, and of distinguished family, a native of her own State, though for some years past he had resided in Paris, and was now only visiting in New York. He possessed a cultured, rather than a great intellect, varied accomplishments, much beauty of person, graceful manners, and was amiable and honorable in character.

Deacon Mather sat by his fireside, with a peculiarly proud and pleased expression spread over his countenance, holding an open letter in his hand, from which he had just been reading to his gentle wife.

'And so, Mr. Mather, this suitor of our Effie is wealthy.'

'Immensely so, and bearing one of the oldest and most honorable names in the State.'

'Do you know what his religious opinions are?'

'His is a good orthodox family, of Puritan descent, madam.'

Effie was married to a man of whom she was proud, to whom she gave her wreck of a heart, and who loved her with sincerity and generous devotion.

Soon after their marriage, Mr. Warren and his beautiful bride sailed for France, where they intended to reside for some years. During the voyage, Effie suffered much from sea-sickness, and found in her husband the tenderest and most unwearied of nurses. One afternoon, he was sitting by her berth, while she slept, and was reading. Effie awoke and regarded him for some moments in silence, then asked languidly, 'What book is that you read, Henry!'

'A work by Voltaire, my love.'

'Voltaire!' cried Effie, in dismay — 'why, he is an infidel writer, is he not?'

'So he is called — he certainly puts small faith in the traditions and superstitions of Christianity.'

Startled and agitated, Effie looked her husband earnestly in the face, and asked,

'Are *you* an Atheist?'

'Why, my love, I hardly know what I am. I cannot call myself a believer, yet I have not made up my mind fully to reject all ideas of religion. I acknowledge that I am very skeptical, but I am truly sorry if my avowal gives you any pain.'

Effie was silent for a moment, then replied — 'No, I am glad you have told me this. I like your frankness and independence. You do right to investigate and explore for yourself; only now let us examine this subject together.'

From this time, while they remained on shipboard, Voltaire and Rousseau, Godwin and Shelley, were their daily companions, and very soon their bold speculations and subtle sophistries, their sarcasms and denunciations, exercised over Effie's unsettled mind and morbid feelings a terrible fascination. Unconsciously she exulted at every stout blow of argument, or keen shaft of satire aimed at that theology whose spirit she believed had oppressed her childhood, darkened her youth, and crushed her woman's heart, as in an iron gauntlet. On reaching Paris she diligently applied herself to acquire a better knowledge of the

language, that she might be able to study the great French philosophers in the original. Her interest never slackened — she read, and conversed and inquired as eagerly as ever a troubled soul sought for Christian truth, till she felt herself altogether assured — till Effie, the Puritan's daughter, was an atheist!

She exulted and gloried in her new faith, or, rather, want of faith — she was an enthusiast, a zealot in unbelief. She strengthened and confirmed her husband and many others in error, by her rare eloquence, her wit, and her daring, impetuous spirit. She was ever surrounded in society by a circle of philosophers, wits, poets and orators, and her ambition was gratified by the homage which her intellect and beauty commanded. As all belief in a future life became to her a dream of the past, a mere child's fable, she grew more eager for the honors and pleasures of this. Her love of admiration became a passion; she sought to perfect herself in brilliant accomplishments, and made an absolute study of dress, and equipage, and luxurious living. She was a French woman in all save *amours;* for these she was too cold and proud. She honored her husband, though she loved him not, and heard with scorn, or utter indifference the sentimentalities and dramatic appeals of her admirers.

Thus lived Effie Warren through five years, in a giddy whirl of excitement and dissipation, and then, at the urgent entreaty of her husband, returned with him to America — returned with faded beauty, and broken health, but most ill with the soul-sickness of *ennui.*

Late one Saturday afternoon, in September, in a small New England village, some twenty miles from L——, a group was gathered round an elegant travelling carriage which had broken an axle and was arrested in the midst of the street. It was near sunset, and remembering their whereabouts, the travellers saw at once the impossibility of

having their carriage repaired until the following Monday. Mr. Warren handed out his pale and languid wife, who, on her part, was dismayed at the prospect of spending a New England Sabbath at a low village inn, and, supporting her tenderly, walked up the elm-shaded street, — his servants following with the baggage.

On the way, Mr. Warren remarked a remarkably noble-looking young man approaching, with a lady leaning on his arm. Suddenly Effie started and uttered an exclamation peculiarly French. The stranger, in passing, met her eye, paused and gazed at her with a heart-gaze which pierced through splendid dress and foreign manner, and faded beauty, and changed expression, and exclaimed, 'Effie Mather!' 'Charles Leonard!' said Effie, extending her hand, with a bright smile, a smile of other days. Then followed introductions of Mr. Warren and Mrs. Leonard; then came earnest proffers from the young clergyman and his wife of the hospitalities of their cottage home. These invitations were not refused after the travellers had caught sight of the humble village inn, — and thus it was that Effie found herself the guest of her old suitor — her only love.

The pleasant parsonage was situated a little out of the village, on the banks of a small stream, and almost buried in trees and vines. The parlor, into which the guests were shown, was simply furnished, but a piano and a guitar, a few fine pictures, some pretty vases and statuettes, and a profusion of flowers, gave to it an air of grace and artistic elegance.

Effie saw with some surprise that the wife of Mr. Leonard was not altogether unlike herself. There was much the same style of face, but more delicacy of form and more softness of manner.

Mrs. Leonard had one child, an infant daughter, who was brought into the parlor in the course of the evening. 'What do you call your babe?' asked Effie, smiling softly at the beauty of the child. 'Charles named her Effie,' replied Mrs. Leonard.

Effie looked involuntarily and half inquiringly up into the pleasant eyes of the father — a tide of sweet, sad emotion flooded her heart, and the first genuine blush of feeling she had known for years crimsoned her cheek.

Ah, had Effie herself been a mother, she might not have been so lost in error. 'Little children' in their love and innocence are such eloquent preachers of the Divine Master who blessed them.

The evening passed agreeably in a conversation where Mr. Leonard's intellectual power, purity of principle and warmth of feeling, the culture and affability of Warren, the refinement and varied acquirements of Effie, and the faith and beautiful enthusiasm of Emily, were alike unconsciously displayed.

The travellers, somewhat fatigued, retired early. Mr. Warren seemed to fall asleep at once, but Effie was restless, was haunted by mournful memories and disturbed by passionate regrets. She had thought all the older emotions of love and tenderness had long ago perished and been buried deep beneath pride and philosophy, ambition and pleasure — but now her heart seemed giving up its dead.

Suddenly a soft, sweet strain of melody rose from the room beneath. It was Emily, singing her evening hymn. Then followed the deep, earnest tones of the young minister, in the evening prayer. Effie raised her head and listened, and though she could hear no words distinctly, that fervent voice sank into her soul, and when it ceased, she buried her face in the pillow and wept as she had not wept for years. She had abjured, as an oppression and a superstition, the holy faith made vocal in that hymn — she had wholly denied the God and Saviour acknowledged in that prayer; why wept she, then, till far into the night, with a fearful sense of desolation and despair?

The day following, for the first time since leaving America, Mr. and Mrs. Warren found themselves in a Protestant church. Mr. Leonard preached. The deep, rich tones of

his voice filled the house like the notes of an organ. Ever, as fell from his lips a noble sentiment, or a divine hope, Effie would look on the countenance of the young wife at her side, and mark it kindle with a quick sympathy, a chastened pride and love pure as an angel's — till, to hide her own emotion, she was forced to draw closely over her face the thick folds of her costly veil.

Mr. Leonard had only morning and evening service, and in the afternoon, accompanied his guests in a stroll along the pleasant banks of the stream. On their return, Emily played some grand pieces from Handel and Beethoven, very finely; but Effie 'did not play sacred music well,' she said. The next morning, however, she sat down and played 'Von Weber's Last Waltz' with exquisite feeling, giving with mournful expression —

> 'The cloud of sadness in a heaven of beauty —
> The sob of anguish in a heaven of sound.'

This was her farewell.

From the day she reached her father's house, and found herself amid old scenes and associations, Effie became more frail and spiritless. Though she had but a slight cough, she was so evidently in a decline, that all saw she would not be able to endure a winter at the North. She yielded a passive consent to the wish of her husband to go at once to the South. In parting, she listlessly took the hands and mechanically kissed the cheeks of her father and brother, but she clung long about the neck of her mother, weeping. When she was lifted into the carriage, she sank back upon the cushions, and closed her eyes, and thus remained till far out of the village.

At the close of her weary journey, Effie found herself in a fair and quiet home, surrounded with luxury and loveliness. But it needed more than the ever-blooming flowers, the orange groves and soft airs of Florida, to give strength to that exhausted frame, to bind up that broken spirit; more

than all the kindly ministrations of nature, more than the daily offering of a great love, whose very devotion seemed full of mute reproach. Effie's true life died out years before; the false one was but going now.

So rapidly she failed, that ere the winter had passed, she was confined almost altogether to her couch, though she was carefully and elegantly dressed every day.

It was a bright morning in March. The night previous Effie had suffered much from a hemorrhage of the lungs, but she now slept quietly, while her husband, pale and anxious, watched by her side. Suddenly she awoke, and Mr. Warren observed a strange light in her eye, and a strange energy in her voice, as she desired him to summon her dressing-maid.

After ringing for Annette, Mr. Warren left the chamber and walked up and down the piazza, in front of the house, for nearly an hour. Then he was recalled to the sick-room, by the little maid, who looked troubled when she gave the message. As he entered the chamber, he paused in astonishment and dismay. There sat Effie, in an elegant *fauteuil*, arrayed as for a ball, or *fête*. She wore her most magnificent court dress, of gold-wrought satin and richest lace. On her brow was a tiara of brilliants; her slender arms and fingers and her sunken neck were gleaming with jewels. She sat erect, with an indescribable air of pride and defiance.

'Great Heaven! Effie, what does this mean?' cried Warren.

'It means, Henry, that this is a great day. It means that I have made myself ready to receive my royal guest — *Death!* Before this hour has passed, I shall be no more — *no more.* I could not lie in my bed, sobbing and shrinking like a frightened child; I would meet my conqueror with calmness, in the triumph of my philosophy, with the pride of a spirit free and unbroken to the last. *You* weeping, Henry,' she said, seeing her husband's uncontrollable emo-

tion, 'this is weakness in you — *be a philosopher*. Believe me, it is not hard for me to die. I am very weary, and long to repose deep in the bosom of Mother Earth, where the struggle and the hurry and the noise of life shall never come. I have tasted of life's most tempting goblets; love, and pleasure, and power, and knowledge, and now I thirst only for that last charmed draught of sleep and forgetfulness, called death.

'Tell my mother, Henry, that her love was warm at my heart, even at the last hour; and tell my father that I passed away happy and tranquil, *in the full belief that death is but an eternal sleep*.'

At these words, Warren, who was kneeling by Effie's side, overcome by grief and a nameless dread, bent his face upon her knee, and sobbed aloud. Effie laid her already cold hand upon his head, saying in a scarcely audible voice, 'Poor Henry! Poor Henry!' For some moments the sorrowing husband remained thus; then feeling that hand growing colder and heavier on his brow, he raised himself and looked up, *on the face of the dead*.

The summer succeeding the death of Effie found Henry Warren in his paternal home, in Massachusetts, broken in health and spirit; a hopeless and comfortless mourner, who had seen the one light of his life go down in thick darkness which promised no morning. He was finally roused from the apathy of his grief by the illness of his aged mother, for whom he had ever had an uncommon affection. Mrs. Warren was a woman of noble character; gentle, but firm; of large sympathies, liberal principles, and earnest piety. Though now a great sufferer, from a most painful disease, she was never heard to utter a murmur or complaint. Strong was her faith, childlike her submission, and 'untroubled flowed the river of her peace.'

Day after day watched Henry Warren by the side of his sick mother, his dying mother. There, for the first time for

many years, he read God's word, and there heard a wise and beautiful interpretation of its sacred mysteries.

Oh, how, in such hours, was he borne back to his innocent and happy childhood; to the pure hope of his youth, ere a cold skepticism came to blight the opening summer of his life! But now again was Heaven's truth falling like freshening dew on that desolated life; now he heard in times of stillness the old faith knocking at his heart; now he felt God's angel wrestling mightily with his spirit.

He knew that his mother prayed for him. Often at night, when she thought him asleep in the room adjoining her own, did he listen to her dear voice pleading with Heaven for the salvation of her son, and deep in his heart he responded 'Amen!'

One Sabbath afternoon, a short time before she died, Mrs. Warren desired to receive the sacrament. The pastor came, and the simple supper of the Lord was spread in that 'upper chamber.' During the prayer of the good minister, Henry, kneeling by the side of his mother, made there his silent and solemn consecration, and when it was finished, he arose and said:

'Mother, I believe in God — in Revelation — I trust in Christ Jesus; let me partake of this holy sacrament with you!'

'Oh, God, I thank Thee!' murmured that mother, with clasped hands and tearful eyes; and Heaven was with that little group, blessing and sanctifying anew the symbols of redeeming love.

Chastened with gratitude and hope was the grief of Henry Warren for his beloved mother. Few were the tears shed for that aged saint, who in triumph had finished her course, and whose countenance wore even in death, a sweet and placid smile — the sign of perfect peace — the assurance of immortality.

APOLLONIA JAGIELLO.

During a late visit to Washington, it was my good fortune to become acquainted with Mlle. Jagiello, the Hungarian heroine, who was then staying at the house of her friend, M. Tyssowski. Becoming much interested in her, I requested to be allowed to write a sketch of her 'strange, eventful history;' knowing that, in so doing, I should not only give myself a rare pleasure, but gratify my countrywomen, to most of whom the brilliant career of the brave woman-soldier is more a dazzling dream of romance than a simple reality. To assist me in this pleasant work, a friend of Mlle. Jagiello, Major Tochman, of Washington, was so kind as to furnish me with some memoranda of facts, which she had communicated to him; and upon this authority I shall proceed in my brief biography. These notes are not as full as I could desire in regard to the private life and personal relations of the heroine; but I understand that there are reasons why matters of this kind should not now be made public.

Apollonia Jagiello was born in Lithuania, a part of the land where Thaddeus Kosciusko spent his first days. She was educated at Cracow, the ancient capital of Poland, — a city filled with monuments and memorials sadly recalling to the mind of every Pole the past glory of his native land. There, and in Warsaw and Vienna, she passed the days of

her early girlhood. She was about nineteen when the revolution of 1846 broke out at Cracow. 'That revolution,' says Major Tochman, 'so little understood in this country, although of brief duration, must and will occupy an important place in Polish history. It declared the emancipation of the peasantry and the abolition of hereditary rank, all over Poland; proclaimed equality, personal security, and the enjoyment of the fruits of labor, as inherent rights of all men living on Polish soil. It was suppressed by a most diabolical plot of the Austrian Government. Its mercenary soldiery, disguised in the national costume of the peasants, excited against the nobility the ignorant portion of the peasantry in Gallicia, which province, with other parts of ancient Poland, had to unite in insurrection with the republic of Cracow. They were made to believe, by those vile emissaries, that the object of the nobility was to take advantage of the approaching revolution, to exact from them higher duties. In the mean time the civil and military officers of the Austrian Government circulated proclamations, at first secretly, then publicly, offering to the peasants rewards for every head of a nobleman, and for every nobleman delivered into the hands of the authorities alive. Fourteen hundred men, women, and children, of noble families, were murdered by the thus excited and misled peasantry, before they detected the fraud of the Government. This paralyzed the revolution already commenced in Cracow.

'The Austrian Government, however, did not reap the full fruit of its villany; for when the peasants perceived it, they arrayed themselves with the friends of the murdered victims, and showed so energetic a determination to insist on the rights which the revolution at Cracow promised to secure to them, that the Austrian Government found itself compelled to grant them many immunities.'

This was the first revolution in which Mlle. Jagiello, who was then in Cracow, took an active part. She was seen on horseback, in the picturesque costume of the Polish soldier,

in the midst of the patriots who first planted the white eagle and the flag of freedom on the castles of the ancient capital of her country, and was one of the handful of heroes who fought the battle near Podgorze, against a tenfold stronger enemy. Mr. Tyssowski, now of Washington, was then invested with all civil and military power in the Republic. He was elevated to the dictatorship for the time of its danger, and by him was issued the celebrated manifesto declaring for the people of Poland the great principles of liberty to which we have already alluded. He is now a draughtsman in the employ of our Government.

After the Polish revolution which commenced in Cracow was suppressed, Mlle. Jagiello reassumed female dress, and remained undetected for a few weeks in that city. From thence she removed to Warsaw, and remained there and in the neighboring country, in quiet retirement among her friends. But the revolution of 1848 found her again at Cracow, in the midst of the combatants. Alas! that revolution was but a dream; it accomplished nothing; it perished like all other European revolutions of that year, so great in grand promises, so mean in fulfilment. But their fire is yet smouldering under the ashes covering the Old World — ashes white and heavy as death to the eye of the tyrant, but scarcely hiding the red life of a terrible retribution from the prophetic eye of the lover of freedom.

Mlle. Jagiello then left Cracow for Vienna, where she arrived in time to take a heroic part in the engagement at the faubourg Widen. But her chief object in going to Vienna was to inform herself of the character of that revolution, and to carry news to the Hungarians, who were then in the midst of a revolution, which she and her countrymen regarded as involving the liberation of her beloved Poland, and presaging the final regeneration of Europe. With the aid of devoted friends, she reached Presburg safely, and from that place, in the disguise of a peasant, was conveyed by the Hungarian peasantry carrying provisions for the Austrian army, to the village of St. Paul.

Among many dangers and hardships in crossing the country occupied by the Austrians, after swimming on horseback two rivers, she at last, on the 15th of August 1848, reached the Hungarian camp, near the village of Eneszey, just before the battle there fought, in which the Austrians were defeated, and lost General Wist. This was the first Hungarian battle in which our heroine took part as volunteer. She was soon promoted to the rank of lieutenant, and, at the request of her Hungarian friends, took charge of a hospital in Comorn. Whilst there, she joined, as volunteer, the expedition of twelve thousand troops, under the command of the gallant General Klapka, which made a sally, and took Raak. She returned in safety to Comorn, where she remained, superintending the hospital, until the capitulation of the fortress.

She came to the United States in December last, with Governor Ladislas Ujhazy and his family, where she and her heroic friends received a most enthusiastic welcome.

I know that some of my gentle and delicate countrywoman may shrink from a contemplation of the martial career of Mlle. Jagiello, or regard it with amazement and a half-fearful admiration. But they must remember for what a country she fought, with what an enemy she contended. Loving Poland with a love which had all the strength and fervor of a religion, and hating its haughty and brutal oppressors with all the intensity of a high and passionate nature, when the hour of uprising and fierce struggle came at last, could she do otherwise than join her brothers? To cheer them with her inspiring voice; to strike with them for the one glorious cause; a great purpose, making strong her girlish arm, and the dawn of a great hope brightening in her eyes. Ah! those beautiful eyes! How often must her brave followers, when sad and disheartened, have turned to them for cheer and guidance, drinking fresh courage from those fountains of light.

The eagerness with which our heroine took part in the Hungarian revolution, proved that her patriotism was not confined within the narrow limits of her native land; that she loved freedom even more than Poland. In the situation which she so readily filled in the hospital at Comorn, as the patient nurse of the wounded, and the comforter of the dying, she revealed beneath the heroism of the soldier the tenderness of the woman — a heart within a heart. The hand which had clenched the sword with a firm grasp, and been stained with the base blood of the Austrian, looked very soft and fair as it smoothed the pillow of the sick, or held the cooling draught to fever-parched lips; and the eye which had looked steadily on the mad rush, the flame and tumult of the fight, and flashed its beautiful defiance in the face of the advancing foe, grew wondrous pitiful as it gazed upon the bleeding and prostrate patriot, and dropped fast tears on the dead brow of a fellow-soldier.

The daughters of Poland and Hungary are a grand race of women. They do not assume the garb and take the arms of the soldier, nor do his terrible work, because they are stern, and hard, and warlike by nature, but because all that is dear to them on earth — home, honor, liberty, and love — are at stake. They fight with and for the best loved of their hearts — their great hearts, which cannot comprehend a feeling that would cause them to shrink from the side of a father, a husband, or a brother, in the hour of extremest peril. Their courage, after all, is of that quality which

> 'Is but the tender fierceness of the dove,
> Pecking the hand that hovers o'er its mate.'

Many were the heroines actively engaged in serving the cause of freedom during the Hungarian struggle. Not alone in the saddle and under arms, but in ways and capacities not less honorable, though perhaps less imposing. General Pragay, in his work on Hungary, says:

'No sooner had Windischgrätz gratified himself with

executions by the dozen, and guarded the bastions of Vienna with cannon, than he marched his disposable force, amounting to seventy-two thousand men, upon Hungary. It was quite impossible to resist such a power in extending cantonments, and after several unimportant actions, Gorgey ordered a general retreat to Raab, in the middle of December. Here intrenchments were thrown up, *on which the noblest ladies worked with their delicate hands.*'

A sister of Kossuth served during the war as general superintendent of hospitals; Mlle. Mary Lagos served as adjutant in the brigade of General Asherman. She was taken prisoner and her fate is unknown. Mlle. Carol served as captain; she was a niece of General Windischgrätz, and fought twice against the Austrians commanded by her uncle. She was taken prisoner in a battle fought against the infamous Haynau, and shot by his order.

Not vainly have those glorious women dared, and struggled, and endured, and died. The world needs such lessons of heroic devotion, of the soul's greatness triumphant over mortal weakness; and their names, wreathed with the rose, the laurel, and the cypress, shall be kept in sweet, and proud, and mournful remembrance, while heroes are honored, and great deeds can rouse human hearts, and while the tyrant is hated of man and accursed of God.

Mlle. Jagiello is now with us. She seems to regard the land of her adoption with admiration and affection, though looking on its beauty and grandeur through the tearful eyes of an exile.

Those of my readers who have never seen the Hungarian, or rather Polish heroine, may be interested in hearing something of her *personnel.* She is now about twenty-four, of medium height, and quite slender. Her arm and hand are especially delicate and beautiful, and her figure round and graceful. She is a brunette, with large dark eyes, and black, abundant hair. Her lips have an expression of great determination, but her smile is altogether charming. In

that the woman comes out; it is arch, soft, and winning — a rare and indescribable smile. Her manner is simple and engaging, her voice is now gentle or mirthful, now earnest and impassioned; sometimes sounds like the utterance of some quiet, home-love, and sometimes startles you with a decided ring of the steel. Her enthusiasm and intensity of feeling reveal themselves in almost every thing she says and does. An amusing instance was told me when in Washington. An album was one day handed her, for her autograph. She took it with a smile; but on opening it at the name of M. Bodisco, the Russian ambassador, pushed it from her with flashing eyes, refusing to appear in the same book with 'the tool of a tyrant!'

Yet, after all, she is one to whom children go, feeling the charm of her womanhood, without being awed by her greatness. She bears herself with no military air; there is nothing in her manner to remind you of the camp, though much to tell you that you are in the presence of no ordinary woman.

The life of a soldier, with its dangers and privations, with all its fearful contingencies, was not sought by Jagiello for its own sake, nor for the glory it might confer, but was accepted as the means to a great end. She believed that the path of her country led through the Red Sea of revolution, to liberty and peace, and stood up bravely by the side of that country; her young heart fired and her slender arm nerved with a courage that knew not sex.

As the women of America have given their admiration to her heroism, they will give also, and more abundantly, their sympathy to her misfortune. She bears to our shores a weary and an almost broken heart. May she here find repose and consolation, while awaiting that brighter day, which shall as surely dawn for her unhappy country, as freedom is the primal right of man, as oppression is a falsehood and a wrong, and as God is over all.

THE VOLUNTEER.

CHAPTER I.

'And so, Margaret, you will not promise to use your influence toward obtaining this appointment for me?'

'Ah, Herbert, do not urge me! I cannot do this thing consistently with my own sense of duty; and I am amazed and shocked that you should so far forget your often avowed principles as to desire to engage in this most unrighteous war — a war without one just cause, or one noble object; but waged against an unoffending people, in the rapacity of conquest, and for the extension and perpetuation of human slavery. You surely are not hoping thus to win true glory.'

'But I am ambitious of *distinction*, which I *must* have, and which I can gain in no other way that I can see.'

'And why this sudden thirst for distinction? This intense ambition is certainly a new development of your character, and it troubles me more than I can tell. Why is it that you desire a great name more than ever before?'

'If you cannot guess, if you must be told, dear Margaret, it is that I may stand on an equality with you. Now, your wealth and position humiliate me.'

'Does my *love* humiliate you, Herbert?'

'No, dearest.'

'And, yet, is it not of infinitely greater worth? All the wealth and honors of the world could not buy it.'

'I know that, Margaret; but, before the world, I cannot be lifted up even by your dear arms to a position I have not earned. I cannot consent to receive every thing, where I would give all. I forgot my manly pride in the one absorbing sense of my love, when I sued for your hand; but it has since made itself remembered; and you have felt, without understanding it, in what you have called my 'strange moods.' Your noble love is to me the crown of life, yet I can never wear it in peace, until the world shall acknowledge my right to it.

'Now, as I have said, your influence with your uncle may gain for me the command of a volunteer company. I have a bold heart and a strong arm, and, in a short time, I am confident I can gain distinction as a soldier.'

'And lose my esteem. Herbert, I never can consent to this; and I tell you frankly, that what little influence I possess I shall use *against* this mad enterprise of yours. Forgive me if I pain you, dearest; but out of the very love I bear you I must oppose you in this. I speak only of love, though I might speak of rights and claims too strong, too solemn, to be lightly set aside.'

'Then I must bid you good morning, and try my fortune elsewhere.'

It was in the elegant parlor of a handsome house in one of our Western cities, that the above conversation took place, between a pair of betrothed lovers, on a morning in the year 1846.

Margaret Neale was an orphan, and the heiress to great wealth. She was the ward of an uncle, with whom she resided. Herbert Moore was a poor, obscure boy when he first fell under the notice of the father of Margaret, who employed him in various capacities, gave him a fine mercantile education, and, a short time previous to his own death, advanced him to the post of confidential clerk. In this situation, which was continued to him after the death of his patron, Herbert was able to support himself well, and

to assist his widowed mother, who had but a small income of her own. He was a young man of fine intellect, of a warm and generous heart, but of a quick, passionate temper, and, as we have seen, of an excessive and morbid pride. His native independence was not subdued, but rather augmented, by the great obligations under which he had been placed by the kindness of Mr. Neale ; and when, after the death of his benefactor, he was thrown much into the society of the beautiful heiress, it was 'against his very will and wish transgressing,' that he loved her and told her of his love. And this he never would have revealed, had he not read, in the involuntary blush, the downcast eyes, and the low, trembling voice of Margaret, the sweet secret of her own gentle soul. After the avowal had been made, and the first raptures of the accepted lover were past, Herbert Moore began bitterly to reflect on the light in which he might be viewed as the betrothed of Miss Neale — he, the penniless *protegé*, almost the creature of her father. He feared being thought a mercenary, poor-spirited schemer, who had made use of extraordinary opportunities of access to the lovely young heiress to gain her affection and her fortune, giving nothing which the world would deem an adequate return. These thoughts fretted and stung the proud heart of the sensitive young man, until he almost looked upon himself as an upstart and an adventurer.

Had Herbert Moore regarded the matter in a just light, he would have seen that his best vindication and assurance lay in the well-understood character of Margaret Neale. The parents of our heroine were Scotch, of the true old Covenanter stock, and from them she inherited some strong and peculiar characteristics. Though a sweet and loving woman, she possessed a vigorous mind, a clear judgment, and a hearty independence — traits and powers which, of themselves, raised her far above the suspicion of being blinded by a romantic passion, or duped into the acceptance of an unworthy love. Such was the high estimation in

which she was held by all who knew her, that any man whom she might have honored by the bestowal upon him of her hand and fortune, would, from that circumstance alone, have been deemed worthy of all respect.

I trust that my reader will not think altogether ill of Herbert Moore that he did not thus understand the character and position of his affianced bride. To him she was all devoted love and clinging tenderness, and he did not perceive that her nature was to others more boldly defined; that in society she was strong, impressive, decidedly, though delightfully, individual. Herbert's very gratitude to his former patron seemed to impress upon him the unworthiness of taking advantage of his position in the family, to win the hand and with it the immense fortune of the heiress. He must not be harshly censured for his fault — a fault which sprung from a generous root, and one with which few young men, like him, handsome and penniless, can be charged.

From long brooding over the subject of his relations towards Margaret Neale, there came upon Herbert Moore a burning desire to make for himself a name, which even in the eyes of the world, might balance the fortune of his bride. Yet how was this to be accomplished? Though possessed of various talents, Herbert Moore was fully aware that he had no positive genius for any department of science or art. He was not a brilliant scholar, though educated and well read. He was not a poet, though truly poetical. He was not an artist, though of fine artistic tastes. Nor was he a musician, though he sung pleasantly at evening parties.

Just at this perplexing period, there was great excitement throughout the country upon the Mexican war. Our hero's native State raised a regiment of volunteers, and his native city was called upon for a company. To the command of this company young Moore aspired, though in heart he utterly condemned the objects and conduct of the war. Mr. Neale, the uncle and guardian of Margaret, was a man of fortune and great influence in his city and State, and, with

his countenance, Moore had no doubt of his appointment. But this 'aid and comfort' the old gentleman, at his niece's request, declined giving to his young friend; softening his refusal, however, by the kindest professions and advice, and by saying that the house of Neale & Co. could not spare their head clerk.

After a few weeks, during which Moore was still bent upon his warlike purpose, having some hope from other quarters, the appointment was given to the son of an old soldier, a young man of decided military propensities. The consequence was, that Moore, in a sudden fit of passion and mortification, enlisted as a private in the company he had wished to command.

Margaret Neale, with whom of late he had had but brief and constrained interviews, was informed of this piece of madness by her pastor, old Mr. McDonald, who had been as a father to Herbert and herself since their childhood. Margaret was quite overwhelmed by the sad news, and sent the good minister to her lover, to persuade him, even yet, to abandon his wild undertaking. When Mr. McDonald returned the next morning, he shook his head sadly, as he placed in Margaret's hand the following letter:

'My dear Margaret, — If I may yet once more call you thus — once more, and for the last time, I shall so presume.

'I failed to obtain the appointment which I desired; failed partly, if not entirely, through your adverse influence; and, in my first disappointment and chagrin, I have taken a rash step, but I will abide the issue, and submit to the penalty. I return you your troth — too high an honor, too priceless a treasure, to be possessed by a poor volunteer — an adventurer — a soldier in the ranks. My own must remain with you for ever. Though I go from you under a cloud, though you turn from me with coldness, despise and forget me, I am still yours — yours in life and in death; and the thought of no other love shall ever visit this sad heart, than that which for a brief season uplifted it to heaven.

'My poor mother! Need I commend her to your care and affection? I dare not ask you to be to her as a daughter, for the sake of our past love; but for her own dear sake, and remembering your forgiving tenderness, I dare even ask this of you.

'I leave my mother in the enjoyment of, I trust, a comfortable income from her own little property and mine; so her care will only be for me, her unworthy son.

'And now, farewell! I have no strength with which to part with you otherwise than thus, even should you condescend to grant me an interview. If I ever return, it will be with the hard-earned honors which may make me even your peer, in the world's sight. If I return not, then you may know that in a soldier's obscure and crowded grave, under a foreign soil, there moulders away a heart which to its latest throb held you dearer than its life-blood.

'Think as kindly of me as you can, for, oh! Margaret! if I have erred in this step, it is from my love, which, though so proud and impetuous, is all as tender and devoted. If I have brought sorrow to your heart, forgive! for, believe me, the sharpest grief, the sternest agony, is mine.

'May God be with you!

'HERBERT MOORE.'

To the above letter, Margaret Neale returned this reply:

'MY DEAR FRIEND: — In a very few words I must give you my sorrowful farewell. My soul is too much shaken and my heart too cruelly torn with contending emotions for clear thought or calm speech.

'I take back the plighted troth you return to me — for you no longer seem the man to whom so lately I joyfully and trustingly gave my love and my faith.

'You are mistaken. Not from your *love* you do this wrong, but from your *pride* — your hard, unlovely pride — and dearer to you than my esteem and affection is your own fierce and fiery independence. For the triumph of your

haughty will, and from a poor fear of the mean suspicions of the world, you have been willing to lay a crushing sorrow on a heart which has loved you only too well. God forgive you, Herbert! God forgive you.

'Your mother, for her own sake, shall be dear to me, and also for the sake of our lost love.

'I bid you a last adieu! If you return from war and conquest, you will doubtless come as the renowned hero, to others — as the stranger, to me. At the last, I must speak the truth at my heart, and say, that in my eyes, as in the eyes of all lovers of justice and freedom throughout the world, all the honors gained by the actors in this most unholy war against a sister republic will be so many disgraces. Oh, believe me! laurels won on such battle-fields may never light the brow with true glory, but only darken it with curses.

'But I know that it is vain to talk thus to you at this late hour. The path you have chosen you will resolutely pursue. Herbert, I do not yet repent me of my opposition to your first project. I did what I thought right — God will care for the result.

'With a prayer to Heaven for your preservation through the fearful dangers which you must encounter — a fervent pleading which is the deepest cry of my heart — I bid you farewell! MARGARET NEALE.'

It was on a chilly and cloudy morning that the embarkation of the —— regiment of volunteers took place from the wharf of the city of ———. Sad and touching beyond description were some of the scenes which then passed on the river banks, and on the thickly thronged boats. There a gallant officer gently unwound the arms of his fainting wife, and put her from the heaving breast whereon she would lean no more; and here a bold young soldier strove, with a quivering lip, to release himself from the clinging embraces of his little brothers, and wrung the hand of his old father for the last time.

Herbert Moore had parted from his mother at her humble little home, but many of his friends accompanied him to the boat, and bade him farewell with much show of feeling. Just before the vessel put off, a close carriage drove down to the wharf, and the venerable Mr. McDonald came on board to take his misguided young friend by the hand, and bid him farewell. This affected Herbert more than any thing, and when he parted from the kind old man, his voice faltered and his eyes filled with tears. When Mr. McDonald returned to the carriage, he found the silken curtain withdrawn from the window, and, leaning back against the cushions, sobbing convulsively, was the dear child of his heart, Margaret Neale. The good pastor laid his hand tenderly upon hers, but said nothing. They drove a little way down the river, and then paused — for, with a burst of martial music, and with banners flying, the boats started. On the foremost, clad in the light-blue uniform of the common soldier, and with his blanket wrapped about him, stood, leaning against the pilot-house, a slight young man, scarcely beyond boyhood, with a face singularly handsome, but saddened and gloomy. This was Herbert Moore, the ardent aspirant for military glory. Poor boy!

He now watched the carriage of Mr. Neale with an indefinable interest, a strange, sad yearning, though he did not know that it held Margaret. He could not see the mournful face at the window — those streaming eyes looking their last love upon him — those quivering lips murmuring brokenly his name, only his name.

But the last shouts died away on the shore — rapidly and proudly those noble steamers swept down the river — the sound of the music came more and more faintly — the smoke-wreaths rose smaller and lighter — the banners gleamed in the far distance and disappeared.

On the morning of the embarkation, the captain of the company into which Herbert Moore had enlisted received a letter, enclosing a check for one thousand dollars, which ran thus:

'Dear Captain Elliston, — I am directed by a near friend of Herbert Moore, a private in your company, and a young gentleman with whom, I believe, you are acquainted, to place in your hands the enclosed sum, for his benefit. This is to be used in any emergency — in sickness, or privation — or in case of his death, to defray the expenses of restoring his body to his friends. But, under all circumstances, the fact of the money having been placed in your hands is to be carefully concealed from the young man. Let him suppose that all extraordinary aid comes from his captain and friend.

'Believing that you will readily pardon any trouble which this commission may give you, I remain yours, truly,

'Hugh McDonald.'

CHAPTER II.

We must briefly chronicle the events in the soldier life of Herbert Moore. He saw the hard, rough side of his profession ere he had been a month in the service. The hardships to which he was at once exposed, and his forced companionship with the coarse and vicious men of his regiment, many of whom were soldiers from desperation and a brutal propensity for pillage and bloodshed — and the absence from almost every breast of true chivalric feeling, and the love of glory — were surely enough to disenchant him most effectually.

He first saw actual service at the bombardment of Vera Cruz. Stationed at one of the guns, (for he belonged to the artillery,) he bravely went through with his part; but at the close of the siege, and on the surrender of the city fortress, he, strangely enough, did not find himself counted as one of the heroes, or in any special manner distinguished above his fellows.

In the capture of this city, our hero saw war in all its

most fearful horrors and dread calamities. Hoping to give some help or comfort to the wretched sufferers, he passed through the crowded hospitals — through the churches, convents, and private houses, converted into hospitals for the time — and witnessed scene after scene of mortal agony, bereavement, and desolation. He saw the chapel wherein knelt the praying nuns, when into their midst burst the shell, on its errand of death — mangling those fair forms and draining the blood of those innocent hearts. But he was most touched by a scene he witnessed on the evening of the day of surrender. Near the altar of one of the churches, into which he chanced to enter, lay a young Mexican, richly dressed, and of a noble air, but apparently very near death. One arm was disabled, and 'his breast was all but shot in two.' Beside him knelt a beautiful girl, with large Spanish eyes, and most abundant dark hair, which had fallen from its band and was flowing over her shoulders. She had bound up the wounded arm in her mantilla of black lace, but that great wound in the breast, welling up incessantly its dark crimson tide, she had evidently despaired of stanching. She was weeping passionately, and calling on her husband, or her betrothed, in the delicious love-language of Spain. It seemed that her Fernandes could no longer speak, but he looked his piteous love from his death-shadowed eyes, more eloquently than it could have been spoken in words; and once, when that poor girl bent down to kiss the lips which strove vainly to articulate even her name, her long, glossy locks swept across his bleeding breast — this seemed to trouble him, and he lifted them in his hand and tried to wind them about her head. It was like that death-scene in Browning, when the dying lover says —

> 'Still kiss me! — care
> Only to put aside thy beauteous hair,
> My blood will hurt!'

At the terrible battle of Cerro Gordo, Herbert Moore performed prodigies of valor, and was twice wounded, but again, mysteriously, the praises of generals and the honors of the service passed him by, to fall on names already known, on epauletted shoulders.

There was an incident connected with this battle which happened to our hero, but which he did not relate until a year or two had passed. Near his post, there fell, toward the close of the struggle, a Mexican officer, mortally wounded. Moved by a humane impulse, Moore ran to his assistance. As he stooped to raise the head of the dying man, a young son of the Mexican, thinking he came for plunder, caught up his father's dripping sword, and gave Moore a severe cut across the forehead. So it happened that the first wound which the chivalric volunteer received in his Mexican crusade was from the hand of a boy, avenging the death and defending the body of his father. But before Moore could clear his sight from the gush of blood which blinded him, a brutal fellow-soldier, who had witnessed the scene, with a fierce oath, thrust his bayonet into the breast of the poor lad, who, with one wild cry, fell forward upon his wounded father, and the blood of the two mingled, as they died.

At Puebla, our hero lay for several weeks in the miserable hospital, sick from his wounds and with chills and fever. Here, but for the kind attention and what he deemed the wonderful liberality of Captain Elliston, he must have died of want and neglect. As it was, he recovered, and joined the army on its march for the capital city. At the storming of Chapultepec, the gallant Captain Elliston fell, and, while supporting his dying friend in his arms, Moore received a rifle-ball in his side, which stretched him on the turf. Captain Elliston was already insensible, and soon died, but, bleeding and struggling in his agony lay young Moore, trampled on by contending foes, by the flying and the pursuing, till there was a lull in the storm of battle — till its thun-

ders ceased and the fierce conflict was past. He was then borne, with hundreds of his fellow-soldiers, to a temporary hospital, where he underwent the torture of having the ball extracted from his side; and when, on the day following, the American army took possession of the Mexican capital, our hero, exhausted and feverish, made his grand entrée in a baggage-wagon. Little did he see of the glory and the triumph — little did his sad heart exult even at the shouts of the victorious troops when they poured into the Plaza Grande, and the star-spangled banner was hoisted over the National Palace. To the hospital he was again consigned, to wear away week after week in lonely suffering and privation, such as he had never known before. And this was his share of the glory and the spoils — the long-promised 'revels in the Halls of the Montezumas.'

From this sickness Moore never wholly recovered while in Mexico; and so miserable was he in body, and so often wandering in mind, that he had no distinct recollection of how he returned to the city of New Orleans, on his way home, with the remnant of his regiment. There they were detained some time, by illness, and waiting to receive their wretched pay, but finally disembarked amid the shouts and enthusiastic cheering of a motley crowd of citizens — Frenchmen, Jews, sailors, flatboatmen, and negroes. Perchance a fair Creole shuddered as she looked at them, and thought of their deeds of blood and sacrilege, and crossed herself like a devout Catholic — or a dark brown Spaniard scowled at them from beneath his huge sombrero, and cursed them between his shining teeth. But all the most respectable citizens, all true American patriots, (as patriots go,) delighted to honor the bold fighters, maimed, and sick, and ill-clad, as they were — and all doubtless felt, as their distinguished guest, the great American statesman, had felt, when with a youthful ardor warming his chilled veins, and the old lion *crouchant* in his nature thoroughly roused, he declared that he himself 'would like to kill a Mexican.'

Just before the steamer left the Crescent City, the friends of a gallant young officer came on board, to present him with an elegant sword, as a tribute to his bravery. When the chief citizen closed his flattering speech, and stepped forward to present the shining blade, lo! the hero had no sword-arm with which to wield it! But he grasped it in his left hand, and waved it over his head, while his sunken eye gleamed, and a hot flush kindled in his sallow cheek, and a deafening shout went up from the admiring crowd.

Four days after this proud, animating scene, that young officer lay in his coffin, his one arm lying across his breast, and that sword — oh! splendid mockery! — glittering at his side.

CHAPTER III.

Nearly two years of sorrow and care had passed over the head of Margaret Neale, shadowing her fair brow, and dimming somewhat the morning brightness of her smile. In all those weary months, she had seemed to the world much as of old — calm and cheerful, and sweetly forgetful of herself; but those beneath the same roof with her might have told of sleepless nights, of hours of melancholy abstraction, of the deathly whiteness of her lips at the news of any recent battle in Mexico, and of the fearful shrinking of her sight from the list of the killed and wounded.

From her former lover, Margaret had never heard directly, and but seldom through his mother, to whom she was most affectionately and faithfully devoted, yet with whom she did not often converse on the subject nearest the hearts of both.

Mrs. Moore had last heard from her son by a line from New Orleans, and was now daily looking for the arrival of the boat in which, if still surviving, he would return to his native city.

It was late on a chilly and misty night that a gallant

steamer, having on board some three hundred soldiers, coming up the Ohio, neared the city of ———. What a fearful contrast did those men present to the fiery-hearted young adventurers who had once embarked from that shore, amid the waving of banners, the peal of martial music, and the cheering shouts of thousands!

Standing in groups upon the upper deck, looking impatiently toward the city, speaking little and in low tones, were the returned volunteers — pale, gaunt, haggard, and disfigured men — shamefully shabby and dirty in appearance, forlorn and miserable in the extreme.

On the forward part of the lower deck stood three rude coffins, containing the bodies of soldiers who had died on their passage up the Mississippi — officers, for such privates as had died, had been buried with little delay and no ceremony on the river banks.

On a large coil of cable, in the bow of the boat, and where the red light of the furnaces gleamed on his thin and pallid face, lay Herbert Moore, looking full fifteen years older than at the time when he left his native city and set out for the wars. Never, he afterward declared, had he suffered more, even in the hospitals of Mexico, than he endured in this passage from New Orleans; from sickness, neglect, cold and starvation. For the first time for many days he had now dragged himself from his miserable berth, to watch in pain and exhaustion, and apart from his comrades, the approach to that dear home he had so wantonly abandoned. His heart was agitated with the most painful anxieties for the dear ones there, for not one letter had ever reached him in camp or hospital. He knew not if his mother yet lived — and Margaret, of her he dared not think; he felt unworthy to breathe her name, even to himself.

Nearer and nearer shone the lights of the city; a shout was sent up by an expectant crowd on shore, and feebly answered by those on board. In a few moments more, the

boat lay at the wharf; her planks were thrown out, and the eager friends of the returned volunteers crowded around them. Almost every poor fellow had some one to take him by the hand and call him by his Christian name, and cordially welcome him home. Some there were who came to look around vainly, and vainly call on beloved names; and one young boy, who came to meet his father, when something was told him in a low voice by the captain, ran and flung himself on one of those rude coffins, and cried aloud in the agony of a sudden grief.

But group after group the soldiers and their friends went on shore, until, with the exception of two or three sick in their berths, Herbert Moore was the only man left on board. No one came for him; he was forgotten, abandoned, utterly friendless! A feeling of awful desolation came over him — a dread sinking of the soul into the lowest depths of loneliness and despair. He drew his worn cap over his eyes, wrapped his tattered blanket about him, stretched himself out, and prayed that he might die!

A hand was laid gently on his shoulder — he looked up, and the good pastor, Mr. McDonald, stood at his side. The old man gazed searchingly in the face of the soldier a moment, and then folded him in his arms. Herbert could not speak, but he caught the hand of his venerable friend and raised it to his lips, in the excess of his humility and grateful joy. Half unconsciously, the young volunteer was carried on shore, in the arms of a stout serving man, and placed in a carriage, which was waiting for him and his friend. Weak and faint, he was sinking helplessly back against the cushions, when gentle arms were wound about him, and his head was drawn tenderly against a soft bosom.

'Mother! is it you?' asked the young soldier, in a trembling voice, for it was so dark that he could not see the face bending over him. There was no word given in answer, but a delicate hand glided over his emaciated face, and fast tears fell on his pale, scarred brow.

'Ah,' he murmured, 'I think I know the touch of that hand. *Margaret, is it you?*'

'Who should it be but Margaret, dear Herbert?' she replied, bending down, and kissing the cold, tremulous lips of the poor volunteer. Then Herbert buried his face in Margaret's bosom, and wept like a child. Love, sorrow, shame, disappointment, discouragement, and a great joy which was yet half sadness — all the long-suppressed feelings of his soul had way, in that passionate burst of tears.

On reaching the house of Mr. Neale, Herbert found his mother awaiting him with open arms, and weeping with excess of grateful happiness. She had been in delicate health for some months past, and Margaret had taken her home, making herself the nurse and almost constant companion of her beloved friend.

Herbert was borne at once to his chamber, and laid upon a bed from which he was not to rise for a weary length of time. The agitation and joy of his return were too much for his exhausted frame. He suffered a relapse, and for many weeks lay at the very gates of death, in a state of utter, blank insensibility and childish helplessness, or raving in delirium — fighting his battles over again, or shrieking from the thirst and burning fever of long marches.

But through all this painful season, there was one fond, brave heart ever near him — one friend, faithful and strong in a love mightier than madness, or death, who stood beside him in ministering kindness, or bent above him in prayerful watching. In hours of complete prostration, when the soul of the sufferer slept a dull, lethargic sleep, and all others despaired, there was one who still hoped — whose fast faith would not give way; and in those hours of frenzy when his own mother shrunk from him in fear, that gentle, yet courageous one would fix her soft, mild eyes upon his, with a divine spell of loving power; and the wondrous soothing sweetness of her voice calmed the mad tumult in his brain, as the voice of the Prince of Peace once stilled the tempest, and smoothed the face of the sea.

As Herbert slowly recovered, he was like a child in his unquestioning submission to Margaret, and in his dependence upon her for courage and consolation. But after a while, as memory returned, and every thing came back to him, he began to shrink with shame and self-reproach from her kindness. To find himself thus reduced to be an object of mere benevolent interest — to have her thus compassionate and care for him, in the angelic charity of her nature, after she had ceased to love him, was indeed the bitterest drop in the bitter cup he had been called upon to drain. He pondered long, sadly, and with burning cheeks, upon this, and as day after day he walked slowly up and down his chamber, leaning on the arm of his friend Mr. McDonald, he would sternly resolve to leave the hospitable roof of Mr. Neale, and to no longer tax the generous kindness of Margaret's forgiving heart. But as day after day there would come a gentle rap at his door, and Margaret would enter, to inquire after his health, in a cheerful, cordial tone — or to bring him some delicacy prepared by her own hands — or a basket of fresh flowers — or to read to him from a new book, or passages from the poets who had been favorites with them both in the dear old time — what wonder that his brave resolves failed him, were utterly forgotten ?

In those sweet mornings, as he reclined on his luxurious sofa, when the cold light of the winter sunshine fell upon him pleasantly, as warmed by passing through curtains of rose, with his head leaning on his mother's shoulder, clasping her thin, white hand in one still thinner and whiter, but with his dark, deep eyes fixed on another face than hers, and with the silver waves of that delicious voice flowing over his heart and soul — ah ! what wonder that he had not strength with which to go forth from the Paradise into which he had crept shivering and sick, forlorn and broken-hearted. But fiercer and more incessant grew the struggle in his breast, until summoning all his courage, and nerving himself with a true pride, he thus wrote to Margaret :

'My best and dearest Friend: I know that I should crave forgiveness for once again addressing you; but on your generosity you have taught me to rely with a perfect trust, which you will not harshly construe into presumption.

'I must leave you, Margaret, now that I am so much better. I must return with my mother to our cottage home, and no longer be a tax on the kindness of your friends, or subject you to observation and idle remark, or myself to the charge of unmanly dependence.

'I proudly left the mistress of my heart. I resigned, for a time, her love, bestowed upon me freely, in the wondrous beneficence of her great nature, for the mad chance of winning a distinction with which I might claim it as an equal — and I return, long after she has ceased to love me, return poor and unknown, to be the recipient of her bounty, the object of her charities — to owe to her my very life. Is not the measure of my humiliation full? Is not my penance accomplished? Do not say I write bitterly; there is no bitterness in all my soul towards you. I accept my punishment with the more meekness, almost with joy, that it comes at last from a hand so beloved.

'For all your angelic goodness I dare not attempt to thank you. The world has no language through which to convey to your heart the gratitude of mine. But it will find its way to you, in hours of loneliness and silence, and breathe into your spirit its deep, inarticulate blessing — the blessing of one ready to perish — lifted by your hand from an abyss of humiliation and despair, into the light and hope of a better life. Yes, dear Margaret, a higher and worthier course than I have yet pursued seems opening before me. I am resolved to put down forever that imperious and arrogant ruling spirit, pride, and to set my foot on that gilded form of selfishness called ambition — for to these did I not sacrifice Heaven's divinest good, life's most inestimable blessing? Henceforth I will speak and act more boldly and ardently for the great principles of the age, for justice and freedom,

and every form and manifestation of God's eternal truth, without hope of favor, and without fear of the world. I cannot now conceive of any honor or reward which could tempt me to renounce a faith, or a purpose, however unpopular it might be, which I had once received into my heart — or of that degree of moral cowardice which would cause me to shrink from the advocacy of the right, were hosts arrayed against it. Dear Margaret, is it not something to have come to this, even through my sore disappointment, humiliation, and suffering, from that dark time when I went forth discrowned of your love, hopeless, reckless, and defiant?

'The hardship and sickness which have broken down my physical constitution, taken the youthful glow from my cheek and the light from my eye, and rendered me the wreck and shadow of my former self, have, I hope, in all humility, given health to my spirit, and a more enduring strength to my character. I have been taught a deeper reverence for woman, a higher estimate, a more adoring worship of love — even that love, that "pearl of great price," which I, like a perverse and reckless child, flung from me into a sea, which rendered not back from its still depths the treasure of my impoverished soul.

'Dear Margaret, I was never worthy of your love. I loved you too passionately and fitfully. At one moment, I would bow before you with the adoration of a devotee — and the next, stand over you with folded arms and imperious brow. I rebelled against the dominion of your love, when I should have resigned myself to it as to an angelic influence, sent to surround me with an atmosphere of truth, and peace, and real greatness. I should have seen that, in bestowing it upon me, you lifted me above the low breath of the world, and made me your companion and your peer. I should have felt, through all my soul, that he upon whose breast had dropped your queenly head, had been crowned with a glory and exalted by a joy to which all the honors

and pleasures in the great world's gift were poor and tasteless. But I was a boy, Margaret, a wayward, thoughtless, and short-sighted boy, whose faults you have long since forgiven, though your justice and womanly dignity condemned the offender.

'I hardly know why I have written this, except it be to reveal to you what suffering and your goodness have done for me. I go forth into life anew — not, as at first, leaping joyfully forward, as to run a merry morning course, on a festive day — nor, as at that other time, when, in the noontide of fiery passion, I dared mad chances, and made of existence a scene of fierce conflict, within and without. It will be, henceforth, like a night journey, shadowed and somewhat chill, but fresh, and lit by the light of holy stars, pure hopes, and high purposes; they come forth even now, in the twilight of my despondency, are rounding into distinct and radiant forms, and setting their bright watch for me in the skies.

'I know that my repentance and good resolves come too late. I know that it is at the eleventh hour that I go to do my Master's work. But something tells me that He will even now and thus accept me; and that you, who have learned of Him, will have faith in me, and bid me be of good cheer.

'And now, dear sister of my soul, *farewell!* I write not the word as once I wrote it, half in love and half in bitterness; but with most reverential tenderness, and the deepest devotion of my nature. Do not think me hasty, or too impatient to be free from the obligations you have laid upon me. I am so much better, that even my mother says I shall be quite able to go home to-morrow. The blessings of the widow and her son — her son, restored to her from the dead, shall remain with this household — shall rest upon you, dearest Margaret.

'HERBERT MOORE.'

For the half hour after Herbert had sent the above letter to Margaret, he sat in his cushioned arm-chair, by the writing-table, with his head bowed on his hands. It was evening, and there was a pleasant fire on the hearth, and the whole room had a bright and cheerful air. But Herbert was sadder and lonelier than ever — his breast heaved with suppressed sighs, while a few large, irrepressible tears slid through the emaciated fingers pressed against his dark, sunken eyes. Some one rapped timidly at the door. Herbert, thinking it a servant, called, 'Come in!' and did not rise. There was a quick, light step in the room, and looking up, Herbert beheld Margaret! Before he could rise to meet her, she was kneeling, half-playfully, by the side of his chair, her fair hand laid on his arm. Her beautiful eyes were swimming in tears, soft, reproachful tears; but a loving and joyful smile was playing about her bright parted lips.

'And so,' she said, 'you would dismiss your faithful nurse! Ah, wilful and perverse child, what mad fancy is this?'

'But, Margaret, I am better, nearly well, indeed, and so can spare you as a nurse.'

'But, Herbert, I cannot spare my patient.'

'Oh, Margaret!' cried Herbert, as he rose, and lifting her from her kneeling posture, looked earnestly in her eyes, 'tell me what you mean by those words — they are too blessed for belief — I reel under them — can God be so good to me? — can it be possible that you love me once more?'

'Why, Herbert, I have never ceased to love you through all; though, had you returned as the conquering hero, you would never have known of this; and the hand, proudly *demanded*, would have been yet more proudly withheld. But now, I glory in telling you that you still possess the sole love of my heart. I glory in your worthiness, in your noble

aspirations, in your victory over self, in your regeneration, and all I am and have is yours, yours alone.'

'God be thanked for this unspeakable happiness! Oh, Margaret, come nearer to my heart! yet nearer, Margaret!'

A slow familiar step is heard in the hall without, and the next moment there enters the good pastor.

'And how is our patient to-night?' he asks — 'Ah! very much better, I perceive. Why, I have not seen such a bright face for a month. What sparkling eyes? and, on my word, he has a positive color!'

'So much better is he, father,' says Margaret, smiling, 'that he grows proud and independent, and talks very complacently of dismissing his nurse.'

'But only,' answers Herbert, 'that she may reappear in another character; and,' continued he, turning to Mr. McDonald, 'on you, my dear sir, I must depend to give her back to me in that new and better character.'

'With all my heart,' replies the minister, on whose mind the welcome light breaks at once. 'But what says my Maggie to this?'

But vainly he questions and looks around. Margaret is no longer in the room. The door is ajar, and though the light fall of such footsteps may not be heard, down the dim hall goes the gleam of a white dress, and the door of a pleasant chamber, belonging to a certain dear young lady, is opened and shut quickly.

THE POETRY OF WHITTIER.*

Any talk about these poems seems most uncalled for in a journal in which so many of them have appeared, and whose readers so thoroughly understand and appreciate the peculiar powers and excellences of the author. But then, again, the columns to which these poems first gave a rare and attractive grace, should not be the last to hail and chronicle their appearance in a more enduring form — and, from those readers who know our author best, we are assured we may expect the readiest and heartiest respond to our word of praise.

Before proceeding with our article, however, we will, if we may be indulged in so unprecedented a digression, give our readers a glimpse of our own present surroundings. We are on the seashore — the rock-bound coast of our poet's own glorious State. It is the sunniest yet softest of summer mornings, when the glory of heaven seems descending to wed with the beauty of earth. Between us and the ocean stands a dark pine-grove, but beneath and between the long branches swayed by the fresh morning wind, we can see the gleam and dashing of the waves, and the sound they give forth as they beat against the rocks comes softened and rounded to our ear. What time and scene could be chosen so in harmony with our subject — the poetry of the volume before

* Songs of Labor and other Poems. By John G. Whittier. Boston: Ticknor, Reed, & Fields.

us! — now fresh and invigorating like the airs of morning, clear and cheering as the summer sunlight — now mournful and prophetic, like the murmur of the solemn pines — and now like the sea itself, rolling in upon us thought after thought of large volume and earnest power. In times of peace they come calm and continuous, with a steady, shoreward march, and with brightness on their crests — but when heaven is darkened by the exhalations of earth's wrongs and ills, when a stiff moral breeze is up and blowing, then they come dashing and surging, flinging their spray about, and making all tremble again with the great shock of their meeting.

The poetry of Whittier is eminently healthful and beneficent in its spirit. It exalts moral truth and sanctifies labor — it is the expression of a great humanity, and is ever in truest harmony with nature. More perhaps than any other poet, Whittier is remarkable for the obviousness of his meaning and the directness of his thought. He decorates little by gilding or garlanding, and conceals nothing in mists and shadows — he never loiters by the way, or suffers himself to be beguiled into pleasant and winding bye-paths. He seldom seeks to address our highest, most *cultivated* comprehension — is not exclusively the companion of our exalted moods — his largest thought may be received by a child in knowledge — he is the poet of every-day. He speaks to the hearts of the people a language they never fail to understand — stirring or tranquillizing, sweet or grand, it is always simple. His thoughts do not come to us by slow and subtle ways — they flash upon us — we meet them face to face, and we say: — 'Ah, we have known you before! — in a dim, unformed state you have floated around us, and been the companions of our best hours, and, though you have taken form and new beauty since then, you are no strangers.'

The democratic principles of our poet are most shown in the Songs of Labor — the philanthropic and religious in the poems which follow; but all are characterized by an ardent love of freedom, a deep reverence for humanity, and a great

trust in God. Never were poet's gifts more heartily and unreservedly consecrated to the purposes of Heaven and the need of man. Wherever the poet may find himself — into whatever realms of imagination he may rise, into whatever depths of thought he may descend — he never loses himself in the mazes of vague conjecture, or passes beyond the atmosphere of prayer and praise, or sinks away from divine love and reliance, and the bonds of human fellowship are ever strong upon his spirit. It is his intense humanity which makes his enthusiasm so contagious and inspiring. We read with glowing lips and kindling eyes — our thoughts chime to his thoughts — our hearts seem to throb to the measure of his verse, and leap to the bold outbursts of his impassioned feeling. But, then, his poems of contemplation and sentiment have about them an indescribable sweetness — a sort of Sabbath-quiet, most captivating and subduing. They succeeded his stern and stormy lyrics of freedom and reform, like the morning song of birds after a night of tempest, or the evening harping of David after a day of battle.

But it is time we spoke of the volume before us more in detail.

The Dedication is one of the sweetest poems in the book; yet there is in it a sort of half-mournful *acceptance* of life which saddens us. While yet in the prime of manhood, with the strength and heat of summer in his heart, and its generous fruits around him, he places himself amid the shadows and scant foliage, and pale few flowers of latest autumn. Thus:

> 'Few leaves of Fancy's spring remain:
> But what I have I give to thee,
> The o'er-sunned bloom of summer's plain,
> And paler flowers the latter rain
> Calls from the westering slope of life's autumnal lea.
>
> 'Above the fallen groves of green,
> Where youth's enchanted forest stood,
> The dry and wasting roots between,
> A sober after-growth is seen,
> As springs the pine where falls the gay-leaf'd maple wood!'

Now this is very beautiful, but, to reverse the old saying, there is in it '*less* truth than poetry.' It is a needless anticipation — a taking of time by the forelock with a most uncalled-for and irreverent haste. The poet may have commenced his descent from the sun-bright summit of life, but while he fancies himself quite under the hill, he is yet on the first slope, where the light is still golden, though more mellow than of old; the flowers warm with a richer than the early bloom, and where the abundant fruits of thought, labor, and experience, are just ripening to his hand. He has yet to gird on the arms of his greatest power — the wells of deepest wisdom and the fountains of refreshment are along his *future* way — a way that broadens, and lengthens, and does not grow barren, and 'bleak,' and 'wintry,' but loses itself in light and rest, not in shadow and tempest. The great and faithful soul is never left to know a bare and cold and desolate season, but his going hence, after a large and earnest life, is like a glad and triumphant harvest-home — when he goes from the fields whereon he has toiled in weariness or in hope, in sunshine and in rain, without lingering and without haste, and when like generous sheaves, golden and fully ripe, 'his works do follow him.'

Of the Songs of Labor, we know not which to praise most; for, in speaking of them, any thing less than praise is quite out of the question. Spirit and form — the original idea, the scope given to it and the voice in which it is heard, all gratify and satisfy us. Perhaps The Huskers is the most ballad-like and picturesque, but about all the others there is the true lyric sound and swing — a force and vitality which fill one with as genuine an enthusiasm for honest labor as the lays of Scott ever inspired for feats of arms and knightly encounters. Yes, all honor to the poet who has thus not only assigned to 'hardy toil' the attractive grace of his healthful sentiment, and the beauty of Heaven's consecration, through the patient labor of Jesus,

> 'A poor man toiling with the poor.'

but claimed for it an almost royal dignity — pride, and courage, and heroic endurance, which put to shame the pretensions and achievements of warriors.

We must indulge ourselves in extracting a few favorite stanzas from THE SONGS OF LABOR. These from the SHIP-BUILDERS strike us as especially spirited and beautiful:

'Ho! strike away the bars and blocks,
And set the good ship free!
Why lingers on these dusty rocks
The young bride of the sea?
Look! how she moves adown the grooves,
In graceful beauty now?
How lowly on the breast she loves
Sinks down her virgin prow!

'God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Beside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurl'd,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!'

The following verse from the SHOEMAKERS contains a truth sufficiently well known to some women and all poets:

'The foot is yours; where'er it falls,
It treads your well-wrought leather,
On earthen floor, in marble halls,
On carpet or on heather.
Still there the sweetest charm is found
Of matron grace or vestal's,
As Hebe's foot bore nectar round
Among the old celestials!'

Here is a vivid home picture from THE DROVERS:

'When snow-flakes o'er the frozen earth,
Instead of birds, are flitting;
When children throng the glowing hearth,
And quiet wives are knitting;

While in fire-light strong and clear
Young eyes of pleasure glisten,
To tales of all we see and hear,
The ears of home shall listen.'

Here is a verse from THE FISHERMAN, which Campbell would have been proud to own:

'Where in mist the rock is hiding,
And the sharp reef lurks below;
Where the white squall smites in summer,
And the autumn tempests blow;
Where, through gray and rolling vapor,
From evening until morn,
A thousand boats are hailing,
Horn answering unto horn.'

We have always considered Whittier the happiest of poets in scriptural figures and allusions. Here is one from the same poem, which charmed us greatly:

'Our wet hands spread the carpet
And light the hearth of home;
From our fish, as in olden time,
The silver coin shall come.'

In THE HUSKERS there are no verses that we can well detach. Its quaint and delicious pictures are seen best in a gallery by themselves. Yet we must break a stanza, to give one rare and pleasant passage:

'Till broad and red as when he rose, the sun sunk down at last,
And like a merry guest's farewell, the day in brightness passed.'

The verse following may be given entire:

'And lo! as through the western pines, on meadow, stream and pond,
Flamed the red radiance of a sky set all afire beyond,
Slowly o'er the Eastern sea-bluffs a milder glory shone,
And the sunset and the moonrise were mingled into one!'

THE LUMBERMEN, the last, is perhaps the finest poem of

the series. The following verse, in the description of the mountain-land where toil the lumbermen of Maine, is one we greatly like:

'Where are mossy carpets better
Than the Persian weaves,
And than Eastern perfumes sweeter
Seem the fallen leaves;
And a music wild and solemn
From the pine-tree's height,
Rolls its vast and sea-like volume
On the winds of night.'

But *this* is, after all, a greater verse, for in so few lines it impresses us with a moral truth and delights us with an exquisite fancy:

'Cheerly on the axe of labor,
Let the sunbeams dance,
Better than the flash of sabre,
Or the gleam of lance!
Strike! with every blow is given
Freer sun and sky,
And the long-hid earth to heaven
Looks with wondering eye!'

Among the poems which follow, On Receiving an Eagle's Quill from Lake Superior, is certainly one of our chief favorites. It is a succession of grand pictures — a sort of panoramic poem. Next, we find Memories — earlier written than the other we have mentioned, but unsurpassed by any in sweetness and quiet beauty.

The Legend of St. Mark. — Ah, from no poem whatever, have we received so much of strength, and peace, and heavenly consolation! In the lone and weary night-time of the spirit, when thick darkness walls us round — in the hour of extremest agony, when the cry of the forsaken is breaking from our lips — in the strife with wrong, when the arm fails and the heart faints, because the oppressor is strong and the wrong-doer victorious for a season, what

wondrous life and power, what renewals of the early faith, are in words like these:

'Unheard no burdened heart's appeal
Moans up to God's inclining ear;
Unheeded by his tender eye
Falls to the earth no sufferer's tear.

For still the Lord alone is God!
The pomp and power of tyrant man
Are scattered at his lightest breath,
Like chaff before the winnower's fan.

Not always shall the slave uplift
His heavy hands to Heaven in vain;
God's angel, like the good St. Mark,
Comes shining down to break his chain.

O, weary ones! ye may not see
Your helpers in their downward flight,
Nor hear the sound of silver wings
Slow beating through the hush of night.

But not the less gray Dothan shone
With sun-bright watchers, bending low,
That Fear's dim eye beheld alone
The spear-heads of the Syrian foe.

There are, who like the seer of old,
Can see the helper God has sent,
And how life's rugged mountain side
Is white with many an angel tent!

They hear the heralds whom our Lord
Send down his pathway to prepare;
And light, from others hidden, shines
On their high place of faith and prayer.'

THE WELL OF LOCH MAREE is a poem of like character — bringing strength and healing from the primal fountains of life to whosoever will drink.

The tribute to his noble sister is one of the few glimpses which the poet has given us of his home-relations and

affections — and, perhaps, for that reason especially charming. But it is fine poetry, as well as gentle and touching sentiment.

Autumn Thoughts, from 'Margaret Smith's Journal,' is a quaint, mournful, and most musical poem, which chimes on one's ears like distant vesper-bells.

Elliott and Ichabod form a most striking contrast as they stand together in this volume. Both are elegiac poems, but that on Elliott is a terrific outburst of indignant grief, of fierce and fiery sorrow, which is more a defiance than a lament, and which peals out, and rings and rattles like a discharge of musketry over the grave of the Corn-Law Poet; while the Ichabod is a low and solemn dirge, wailing for shrouded honor and perished faith, and the broken promise of a lost manhood. There are strange and awful notes in the requiem, which tell you that the death was suicidal.

This wonderful poem, throughout the slow march of its subdued and solemn thought, teaches us the great truth, that genius, however lofty, unsurrounded and unsustained by a rich and beneficent life, is but a cold, and hard, and heaven-defying attribute — a tall pillar in a desert of sand, giving no shelter and casting little shade — a rallying point for tempests and a mark for the lightning.

A bold and strong poem is that entitled The Men of Old. Of like character is The Peace Convention at Brussels. Then follows The Wish of To-Day, which once read must hymn on in the heart and brain ever after. And yet it is the simplest of poems — gentle and serious, sorrowful, yet earnest — the yearning of a weary heart for the peace which the world cannot give, the pleading of a contrite spirit — the consecration of a life. There seem tears upon the page, and low sighs breathe along the lines. We hear only the meek voice of resignation, unquestioning and unconditional. We see no longer the man struggling and resolving, but the submissive child, yielding his will

wholly and forever, and hiding his tearful face in the bosom of his Father.

Evening in Burmah is a thoughtful and touching poem, suggested by a passage in one of the letters of Henry Martyn, the heroic young missionary. The opening stanza is truly grand:

'A night of wonder! piled afar
With ebon feet and crests of snow,
Like Himalaya's peaks, which bar
The sunset and the sunset's star.
From half the shadowed vale below,
Volumed and vast the dense clouds lie,
And over them and down the sky,
Paled in the moon, the lightnings go.'

Seed Time and Harvest, brief and simple as it is, is one of those poems the writing of which is God's worship; for it embodies that spirit of 'grateful service' and cheerful faith which is most acceptable to Him.

The last poem in the volume, some lines to a friend, On Receiving a Basket of Sea-mosses, is one of great beauty and suggestive thought. It is musical, and light in form, graceful and fanciful, yet through this, as through the stronger and graver poem preceding, flows the reverent, religious soul of the poet — that soul which is never so shadowed by the mysteries of life, or so roughened by its tempests, that it may not reflect heaven, and bear its eternal truths like stars upon its bosom.

And now, if our readers will indulge us in a few more brief comments, we will leave this volume to their own consideration. They will find it, for a collection of miscellaneous poems, a singularly continuous and compact volume. Yet it is not genius violently projected in one only direction — there are various channels, but one ocean to his thoughts. Here are changes and varieties and phases of feeling, but a certain conscientious earnestness pervades and permeates the entire work. There is in it little of the poetry of fancy,

none of passion, except it be moral passion, and in no instance is strength or purpose sacrificed to the mere love of the beautiful. Indeed, beauty seems rather to find expression incidentally, and unavoidably, than to be the aim and intention of the poet. Mr. Whittier has a hearty detestation of all cant and sentimentalism, and his poetry is refreshingly free from the mist and mysticism of the transcendental school, and the sublime guess-work of metaphysics. We are mistaken if he ever makes extensive explorations into the spiritual world: he is no seer of visions, or dreamer of dreams, and his prophecies are given more as interpretations of the will of Heaven, and clear expositions of the immutable laws of God, than as new and special revelations. Nor does he pass into and search through the human soul, with the lamp of his luminous thought, but rather stands before it, and calls on its powers and aspirations to come forth, 'as one having authority.' It may be that in his firm grasp on the real, our poet too often suffers to escape him the ethereal and fleeting forms of the ideal. In his verse the intellect is always felt, in strong vigorous strokes — the heart beats through it — it has blood and bone and muscle, but the divine and wondrous mysteries of the spirit find in it more unfrequent and imperfect expression. It leads us into a garden, green and pleasant with the foliage and flowers and fruits of nature, and bright with a clear morning sunlight, rather than gives us torch-light glimpses of spiritual abysses, of caverns hung with strange gems, half in deepest night and half intolerable brightness. It is not poetry for the few — the learned and refined alone; nor are we called by it as by ancient song to recline on the mount of the gods, and partake their delicate and intoxicating food. On a holier mount, and following a diviner example, stands the Christian poet, the poet of the people, and breaks the bread of the poor, and feeds the famishing multitude.

THE DARKENED CASEMENT.

CHAPTER I.

'What lit your eyes with tearful power,
Who lent you, love, your mortal dower,
Like moonlight on a falling shower?
Of pensive thought and aspect pale,
Your melancholy sweet and frail
As perfume of the cuckoo flower?' — TENNYSON.

FREDERIC PRESTON was the eldest son of a respectable merchant, in one of the most important seaport towns of New England. He was a young man of fine personal appearance, a warm and honorable heart, and a spirit singularly brave and adventurous. From his boyhood his inclinations had led him to a sea-faring life, and at the age of twenty-six, when he is presented to the reader, he had already made several voyages to the East Indies, as super-cargo in the employ of the house in which his father was a partner. He was now at home for a year, awaiting the completion of a vessel, which was to trade with Canton, and which he was to command.

Preston had, for all his love of change and adventure, a taste for literature — always taking a well selected library with him on his long voyages — was even, for one of his pursuits, remarkable for scholarly attainments; yet, he sometimes wearied of books and study, and, as he had

little taste for general society, often found the time drag heavily in his shore-life. Thus it was that he one day cheerfully accepted the invitation of his mother to accompany her to a school examination, in which his sister was to take a part.

Our young gentleman was shown a seat in front, near the platform on which were arranged the 'patient pupils' — 'beauties, every shade of brown and fair.'

He gazed about rather listlessly for a while, but at length his attention became fixed on a young lady who stood at the black-board, proving with great elegance and precision a difficult proposition in Euclid. He was observing the admirable taste of her dress, the delicacy, and willowy grace of her figure, when suddenly, while raising her arm in drawing a diagram, a small comb of shell dropped from her head, and a rich mass of hair fell over her shoulders.

And such hair! it was wondrously luxuriant, not precisely curly, but rippling all through with small glossy waves, just ready to roll themselves into ringlets, and of that peculiar, indescribable color, between a brown and a bright auburn.

Preston, who felt that the possessor of such magnificent hair must be beautiful, waited impatiently for a sight at the face of the fair geometrician; but, without turning her head, she stepped quietly back, took up the comb, quickly re-arranged her hair, and went on with her problem. It was not till this was finished, and she took her seat among the other pupils, that Preston had a full view of her face. He was more keenly disappointed than he would have acknowledged, when he saw only plainness, in place of the beauty he so confidently expected. Yet Dora Allen was by no means disagreeably plain; her features were regular and her complexion extremely fair. She was only thin, wan, and somewhat spiritless in appearance. Her face was 'sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought' — with thought her young eye seemed shadowed, her brow burdened. But there was a sweet and lovable spirit looking out from the

depth of those dreamy eyes, and hovering about those quiet and almost colorless lips, which told the observer that her rare intellectual attainments had not stood in the way of her simple affections, to hinder their generous development.

Frederic Preston liked Dora Allen's face somewhat better as he regarded it more closely, and when, at the close of the exercises, this young lady was called forward to receive the highest honors of the institution — when she advanced timidly, and bowed modestly, to be crowned with a wreath of rose-buds and lilies of the valley, while a sudden flush kindled in her cheek, flowed into her quivering lips, and illuminated her whole countenance, she grew absolutely beautiful in his eyes.

Our hero was not sorry to learn that Miss Allen was the most intimate friend of his sister Anna, from whom he soon ascertained that she was an orphan, within a few years past, adopted by an uncle, a clergyman of the place — that she was about eighteen, — of an amiable, frank, and noble disposition, yet chiefly distinguished for her fine intellectual endowments and studious habits.

I will not dwell on what my shrewd reader already anticipates — the love and marriage of Frederic Preston and Dora Allen. I will not dwell on the sad parting scene, when, within six months from 'the happiest day of his life,' Captain Preston set sail for Canton, his brave spirit strangely cast down, the once gay light of his eyes quenched in tears, and with a long tress of rich auburn hair lying close against his heart.

On account of some business arrangements which he was to make at Canton, he must be absent somewhat more than two years. He desired greatly to take his young wife with him, but feared, from knowing her delicate organization, that she could not endure the voyage. He left her in a pretty cottage-home, which he himself had fitted up for her, in sight of the harbor.

Dora had living with her a widowed elder sister, whose

society and assistance were much comfort to her, in her otherwise most lonely lot.

Among the many letters which Captain Preston received from his loving and constant wife during his absence, there was one which he read with peculiar joy — with tears of grateful emotion. For this was not alone from the bride of his bosom, but from the mother of his child. Thus wrote Dora:

'Our boy is four weeks old to-day, and my heart is already gladdened by his striking resemblance to you, dearest. He has your fine olive complexion, your large black eyes, and dark, curling hair. I call him *Frederic*, and have great joy in often repeating the beloved name.'

It was early on an April morning that the merchantman 'Bay State' came into ——— harbor. Scarcely waiting for daylight, Captain Preston took his way homeward. He found only Mrs. Mason, his sister-in-law, up; but received from her happy greeting the assurance that all was well. With his heart on his lips, he softly stole up to Dora's favorite room, a pleasant chamber which looked out on the sea. He entered and reached her bedside unheard. She was yet sleeping, and Frederic observed that her hair had escaped from her pretty muslin cap, and was floating over her neck and bosom — then looking closer, he saw peering through it two mischievous black eyes — a pair of bright, parted lips — a rosy, chubby, dimpled little face — yes, caught his first view of his infant boy through a veil of the mother's beautiful hair. Then, with a light laugh, he bent down, clasped them both, calling their names, and in a moment seemed to hold all heaven in his arms.

CHAPTER II.

'I see her now — I kneel — I shriek —
I clasp her vesture — but she fades, still fades ;
And she is gone ; sweet human love is gone !
'T is only when they spring to Heaven that angels
Reveal themselves to you.' — BROWNING.

FROM that time the voyages of Captain Preston were not so long as formerly, and he often spent many months, some times a year or two, with his family. He frequently spoke of resigning his sea-faring life altogether, but was ever concluding that he was not yet in a situation to render the step a prudent one for his business interests. Finally, when he had been about fifteen years married, he set out on what he intended and promised his family should be his last voyage. He was at this time the father of three children ; the son, of whom we have spoken, a healthful, high-spirited boy ; and two daughters, Pauline and Louise — the first greatly resembling her father, the second very like the mother.

Captain Preston was pained to leave his gentle wife, looking paler and more thin than usual, and to observe, for she said nothing of it, that she was troubled with a slight cough. Yet he was of a most hopeful spirit, and even as he heard her low voice, and saw her faint smile, so much sadder than tears, he trusted that the coming summer would bring her health and more cheerful spirits.

Mrs. Preston had usually a remarkable control over her painful emotions, and was peculiarly calm in all seasons of trial ; but at this parting she clung long and closely about her husband's neck — it seemed that she could not let him go. She buried her face in his bosom, and wept and sobbed in irrepressible anguish.

At last, unwinding her fond arms, he resigned her, half-fainting, to the care of her sister, hastily embraced his

children, and rushed from the house. He heard his name called in a wild, pleading voice, yet he dared not look back, but ran down the long garden-walk, and paused not till he had reached the road. He lifted his eyes to that pleasant window looking out on the sea, and there stood Dora, weeping and waving her slender white hand. He drew his cap over his eyes, turned again, and hastened down to the harbor.

During this last absence, Captain Preston received but one letter from his wife — but this was very long — a sort of journal, kept through the spring and summer succeeding his departure. In all this, though Dora wrote most pleasantly of home affairs, and very particularly of the children, she made no mention of the state of her own health, and this he knew not whether to regard as matter of assurance or apprehension.

At length he was on his homeward voyage — was fast approaching his native shores. Never had he looked forward to reaching port with such eager, boyish impatience — never had his weary heart so longed for the rest and joy of home.

But a severe storm came up, drove them off their course, and kept them beating about, so that for some days they made no headway. One night — it was a Sabbath night — Captain Preston completely exhausted, flung his cloak around him, and threw himself down on the cabin-floor for a little rest, for he could not lie in his berth. It was full midnight — his eyes closed heavily at once — he was fast falling into sleep, when he thought he heard his name called very softly, but in a tone which pierced to the deeps of his heart. He looked up, half raising himself, and *Dora was before him!* Yes, his own Dora, it seemed, with her own familiar face, still sweet and loving in its looks, though it seemed strangely glorified by the shining forth of a soft, inward light. Again she spoke his name, drew nearer, and bent down, as though to kiss his forehead. He did not feel the pressure of her lips,

but he looked into the eyes above him — her own dear eyes, and read there a mournful, unspeakable tenderness — a divine intensity, an eternity of love. He reached out his arms and called her name aloud; but she glided, faint smiling, from his fond embrace — the blessed vision faded, and he was alone — alone in the dim cabin of a storm-rocked vessel, with the tempest shrieking through the cordage, with the black heights of a midnight heaven above, and the blacker depths of a boiling sea below.

Frederick Preston did not sleep that night. In spite of all the efforts of his reason, his heart was racked with anxiety, or oppressed with a mortal heaviness.

In the course of the following day the storm abated, and they afterwards crowded all sail for land; yet it was a week ere they cast anchor in —— harbor. It was ten o'clock at night, and Captain Preston was immediately rowed to shore. Without waiting to speak to any one, he hurried up the road towards his cottage. As he drew near the bend in the road, by the clump of pines, he said to himself that if all were well at home, there would surely be a light shining from that window of Dora's chamber looking out on the sea. But as he came in full view, he paused, and dared not look up, while the thick, high beating of his heart seemed almost to suffocate him. At last, chiding himself for this womanish weakness, he raised his eyes — *and all was dark!*

He hardly knew how after this he made his way up the garden walk, to the cottage, nor how, when finding it all closed, he still had strength to go on to his father's house, where he was received with many tears, by his parents, his sisters, and his children. The deep mourning dress of the whole sad group told of itself the story of his desolation. For some time, he neither spoke nor wept, but supported by his father, and leaning his head on his mother's breast, he swayed back and forth, while his deep, incessant groans shook his strong frame, and burdened all the air about him. Finally, in a scarce audible voice, he asked:

'When did she go, mother?'

'Last Sunday, near midnight, my son.'

'Thank God, it was she, then! I saw her last! She came to me — her blessed angel came to bid me farewell. Oh, that divine love which could not die with thee, Dora, Dora!'

Then with a light over his face, which was almost a smile, he turned to his poor children, gathered them to his embrace, and wept with them.

Mrs. Preston, who, as we have said, had ever been fragile and delicate, had at last died of a rapid decline. She had been confined to her room but a few weeks, and to her bed scarcely a day. She passed away with great tranquillity of spirit, though suffering much physical pain. Her children were with her at the last, and her patient serenity, and holy resignation, seemed to repress the passionate outbursts of their childish grief till all was over.

It was not until some time had passed that Captain Preston felt himself able to open a large package placed in his hands by his mother, and which Dora had left for him — sealed up and directed with her own hand, the very day before she died.

At length, seeking his own now desolate home, and shutting himself up in that dear familiar chamber, with the pleasant window looking out on the sea — there where he had seen her last — where she had breathed out her pure spirit — where her form had lain in death — there he lifted his heart to God for strength, kissed the seal and broke it. Before him lay a rich mass of dark auburn hair — Dora's beautiful hair! With a low cry, half joy, half pain, he caught it, pressed it to his lips and heart, and bedewed it with his abundant tears. Suddenly he observed that those long, bright tresses were wound about a letter — a letter addressed to him in Dora's own familiar hand. He sank into a seat, unfolded the precious missive, and read — what will be given in the chapter following.

CHAPTER III.

'Earth on my soul is strong — too strong —
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain — though mighty — vain!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still eternity.' *Hemans.*

THE LETTER.

'FREDERIC, my dearest — pride of my heart — love of my youth — my husband! A sweet, yet most mournful task is mine, to write to you words which you may not read until my voice is hushed in the grave — till the heart that prompts is cold and pulseless — till the hand that traces is mouldering into dust. Yes, I am called from you — from our children — and you are not near to comfort me with your love in this dark season. But I must not add to your sorrow by thus weakly indulging my own. Though it may not be mine to feel your tender hand wiping the death-dew from my brow — though I may not pant out my soul on your dear breast, nor feel your strong, unfailing love sustaining me as I go — yet I shall not be all forsaken, nor grope my way in utter darkness; but, leaning on the arm of our Redeemer, descend into "the valley of the shadow of death."

'And now, dearest, I would speak to you of our children, our children, of whose real characters it has happened that you know comparatively little. I would tell you of my hopes and wishes concerning them — would speak with all the mournful earnestness of a dying mother, knowing that *you* can well understand the mighty care at my heart.

'There is Frederic, our first-born, our bright-eyed, open-browed boy, almost all we could desire in a son. I resign him into your hands with much joy, pride, and hope. Even were my life to be spared, my work in his education were

now nearly done. I have had much happiness in remarking his talent, his enthusiasm, his fine physical organization, his vigorous health, his gay, elastic spirits — and far more in being able to believe him perfectly honest and truthful in character. Oh, my husband, can we not see in him the germ of a noble life, the possible of a glorious destiny?

'Yes, Frederic has some faults, clear even to my sight. I think him too ambitious of mere greatness, of distinction as an *end*, rather than as the means of attaining some higher good. Teach him, dear husband, that such ambition is but a cold intellectual selfishness, or a fever thirst of the soul; a blind and headlong passion that miserably defeats itself in the end. Teach him that the immortal spirit should here seek honor and wealth only as means and aids in fulfilling the purest and holiest, and therefore the highest purposes of our being: to do good — simple *good* — to leave beneficent "foot-prints on the sands of time" — to plant the heaven-flower, happiness, in some of life's desolate places — to speak true words, which shall be hallowed in human hearts — strong words, which shall be translated into action, in human lives. And oh! teach him what I have ever earnestly sought to inspire — a hearty devotion to the right — a fervent love of liberty — a humble reverence for humanity. Teach him to yield his ready worship to God's truth, wherever he may meet it — followed by the multitude strewing palm-branches, or forsaken, denied, and crucified. Teach him to honor his own nature by a brave and upright life, and to stand for justice and freedom against the world.

'I have seen with joy that Frederic has an utter aversion to the society of fops, spendthrifts, and skeptics. I believe that his moral principles are assured, his religious faith clear. Yet I fear that he is sometimes too impressible, too passive and yielding. His will needs strengthening, not subduing. Teach him to be watchful of his independence, to guard jealously his manliness. I know that I need not charge you to infuse into his mind a true patriotic spirit, free from cant

and bravado — to counsel him against poor party feuds and narrow political prejudices. God grant that you may live to see our son, if not one of the world's great men, one whose pure life shall radiate good and happiness — whose strong and symmetrical character shall be a lesson of moral greatness, a type of true manhood.

'Our daughter Pauline is a happy and healthful girl, with a good, though by no means a great intellect. She has a dangerous dower in her rare beauty, and I pray you, dear Frederic, teach her not to glory in that perishing gift. She is not, I fear, utterly free from vanity, and she is sometimes arrogant and wilful. I have even seen her show a consciousness of her personal advantages toward her less favored sister. You will seek to check this imperiousness, to subdue this will — but not with severity, for, with all, Pauline is warm-hearted and generous. You know that she is tall for her age, and is fast putting away childish things. It will not be long now before as a young lady she will enter society. I surely need not charge you to be ever near her — to watch well lest a poor passion for dress and a love of admiration invade and take possession of her mind, lowering her to the heartless level of fashionable life; to teach her to despise flatterers and fops — to shrink from the ostentatious, the sensual, the profane, the scoffing and unbelieving. I feel assured that you will imbue her spirit with your own reverence for honest worth, and your own noble enthusiasm for truth and the right — an enthusiasm never lovelier than when it lights the eye and glows on the lips of a lovely woman.

'For my daughter Louise, our youngest, I have most anxiety, for she seems to have inherited my own physical delicacy, and has moreover an intense affectionateness and a morbid sensibility, which together are a misfortune. Dear husband, deal gently with this poor little girl of mine, for to you I will confess that at this hour she lies nearest my heart. Her whole nature seems to overflow with love for all about her, but the sweet waters are ever being embittered by the

feeling that she is not herself an object of pride, scarcely of affection, to us. She is very plain, you know — yet, look at her, she is not ugly — her plainness is that of languor and ill health. Poor Louise is seldom well, though she never complains, except mutely, through her pallor and weakness. She also inherits from me an absorbing passion for reading and study, and perhaps you will think it strange in me when I call upon you, earnestly entreat you, to thwart and overcome this, if possible — not forcibly, nor suddenly, but by substituting other pleasures and pursuits — thus turning the current of her thoughts.

'Though I do not remember to have ever been very strong, yet I do not think that I had at the first any disease in my constitution. Yet what was the course pursued in my training? It was unfortunately discovered that I was a *genius*, and so I was early put to study; my young brain stimulated into unhealthy action, the warm blood driven from my cheek and lip, the childish light quenched in my eye, by a thoughtful and sedentary life. I wasted long bright mornings over books, when I should have been riding over the hills, or frolicking with the waves — rambling through the healthful pine woods, or fishing from the rocks, inhaling the invigorating ocean breezes. And sweet evenings, instead of strolling abroad in the summer moonlight, I sat within doors, alone, wrapt in deep, vague reveries; and on winter nights I read and wrote, or pored over Euclid, or Virgil, in my close, dull chamber, instead of joining the laughing, chatting circle below, mingling in the dance and merry game.

'Yet, it was not alone my passion for study which prevented me from taking that vigorous exercise, and indulging in those out-door amusements so absolutely necessary for both physical and mental health, but ideas of propriety and feminine delicacy, carefully inculcated and wrought into my character. I have since seen their folly, but too late. Habit and old associations were too strong for the new principles,

'Ah, had my early training been different — had I been suffered to remain a child, a simple, natural child, through the appointed season of childhood; had my girlhood been more free and careless, less proper, and studious, and poetic, I might now have been in my happiest season, the prime of a rich and useful life. But as it is, now, when my husband is at last returning home for his life-rest; when my son is soon to take his first step into the world; when my daughters need me most, at *thirty-five* my course is already run! Oh, Frederic, see that our little pale-faced Louise does not pursue her mother's mistaken course — does not re-live her mother's imperfect existence. Take her out into the fields, on to the beach; teach her to ride, to row, to clamber, to fear neither sunshine nor rain — let fresh air in upon her life, get her young heart in love with nature, and all will be well with the child, I doubt not.

'Your own dear mother has promised to take home our children when I am gone, and have charge of them, with your consent, for some years to come. The education of our daughters you should direct, for you alone know my plans and wishes. As to their marriage, that seems so far in the future that you will scarcely expect me to speak on the subject. I can only say, dearest, teach our children, in the coming years, never to be content with a union which promises less of love, harmony, and trust, than have made the blessedness of ours.'

'I wrote the foregoing, dear Frederic, more than two weeks ago; and now I must say farewell to you, for my hours are indeed few. I think I may not see another morning on earth. I have of late suffered much about midnight, from extreme difficulty of breathing, and something tells me that I shall not survive another such season. But I am not dismayed; God is yet with me in His sustaining Spirit, and I fear no evil.

'And now, my husband, before I go, let me thank and

bless you for all your tenderness and patience toward me, in the years gone by. And, oh! let me implore you not to sorrow too bitterly when I am dead. We have been very happy in one another's love, and in our children — our children still left to you. Can you not say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord!"

'I inclose with this my hair, just severed from my head. I remember to have often heard you say that you might never have loved me but for this happy attraction — my one beauty. I desired my sister to cut it for you, and she tried to do so, but the scissors fell from her hand, and she went out sobbing bitterly. Then I looked around with a troubled expression, I suppose, on our Frederic. He understood it, came at once to my side, and calmly, though with some tears, cut from the head of his dying mother this sad legacy for his poor absent father. Is he not a noble boy?

'I will not say to you, Farewell *forever*, for I know your living faith in God, who will bring us home, where there shall be "no more pain, nor sorrow, nor crying." And, Frederic, if it be permitted, I will see you once more, even here. To me it seems that my love would find you, wherever you might be in the wide universe of God, and that my freed spirit would seek you first — over the deep, through night and tempest, cleaving its way to your side. But as Heaven willeth, it shall be!

'And now, farewell! best and dearest, farewell! My beloved — my beloved! Oh, that I could compress into human words the divine measure of the love which glows and yearns in my heart at this hour! That love the frost of death cannot chill, the night of the grave cannot quench. It is bound up with the immortal life of my soul — it shall live for thee in the heavens, and be thy eternal possession there.

'May God comfort thee in thy loneliness, my love, my husband.

'Again, again farewell! Now, indeed, the bitterness of death is past. And yet, once more, *farewell!*

'Thy Dora.'

DORA'S CHILDREN.

A SEQUEL TO 'THE DARKENED CASEMENT.'

FREDERIC PRESTON.

THOSE who have read 'The Darkened Casement' will remember the dying mother's sketch of her son — in which she represented him as a noble, generous lad, but with the not often co-existing faults of a will too yielding, too great susceptibility to outward influences, and an ambition for worldly distinction too restless and absorbing. To the strengthening of the manly will and the moral principles of his son, and to the chastening and directing of his ambition, Captain Preston, keeping ever in his constant heart the last injunctions of his wife, most conscientiously devoted himself. And great joy must it have been for him to mark, day by day, that fresh, young, plastic nature rounding into grace and beauty, and growing more strong and firm under his wise and gentle influence.

Captain Preston early resolved not to expose his son to the many temptations and dangerous associations of college life, but, being desirous that he should receive a complete classical and mathematical education, placed him under the tuition of a distant relative of his own — a retired clergyman, and one of the most eminent scholars in New England.

So, in a simple, little household, in a quiet inland village, Frederic Preston spent full four years, devoting himself faithfully to study, varied only by occasional visits to his native city, some thirty miles distant.

Captain Preston was often with his son, and when absent was in the habit of writing to him almost daily. It was his wish and advice that Frederic should strengthen his constitution, and confirm his fine health by vigorous exercises and all innocent, manly sports. He also counselled him not wholly to neglect social pleasures; but Frederic was too ambitious and too studious in his habits to have much taste for general society.

The family of Mr. Ellsworth, Frederic's tutor, consisted of himself, his wife, an exceedingly lovely woman, and their youngest daughter, Annie, a sweet girl of fifteen, when Frederic first came to her father's. Annie was one who was always spoken of by her friends as 'a dear, good child;' she was not very beautiful, or brilliant, but she possessed a warm, unselfish, faithful heart, and an earnest, active, comprehensive mind. Like Frederic's mother, she had been from her early childhood passionately fond of reading and study; but, unlike Dora, she was blessed with great physical strength, and firm health. She could pore over her books hour after hour, without banishing the bloom from her cheek, or the light from her eye, and she would rise from the most intense abstraction of study, to join in the usual sports of happy girlhood, or to assist her mother in the cares and labors of the household. She became at once Frederic's companion in his studies, and was but a little way behind him in many, while she equalled him in some.

My reader will scarcely wonder, that as the months and years went by, the study which most deeply and pleasantly interested Frederic Preston was that of the rapidly unfolding character of his fair young friend; for, in their close daily companionship, he came at last to know every trait,

and power, and passion, and aspiration, almost as he knew those of his own nature. Often would the young student pause, lift his eyes from the book before him, and fix them on Annie's noble, kindling face, as she sat opposite to him, lost in her studies, and read in that sweet volume deeper lore and more beautiful truth than geometrical problems contained, or Greek characters expressed. And it was strange, that however absorbed Annie might be by her lesson at such times, she failed not to feel a sudden, sweet disturbance troubling her stilled heart, and jostling her thought from the point where she had fixed it; and involuntarily, with an inquiring smile, she would lift her eyes to his. Glance would meet glance, then be quickly, though scarce consciously, withdrawn.

And thus it was that those two free, unwarped natures, drawn near in their actual lives, and yet nearer by the kindred of the spirit, like two fair young trees, growing up together, gradually and almost imperceptibly leaned towards one another, and their thoughts and aspirations mingled, like intertwining branches.

Slowly and unconsciously ascended each heart into the upper realm, the divine relations of a great and holy affection. So innocent, so tender and childlike was their love, even in the fulness of its beauty and power — so lightly and quietly lay upon each spirit those bonds formed link by link, by congenial pursuits, pleasant daily associations, and gentle nightly dreams, that both were unknowing of the depth and intensity of that love, of the strength and endurance of those bonds.

At last Frederic became aware that he could never shut Annie out of his visions of the future — were they proud or sorrowful, of success or defeat, of poverty or splendor, she was ever at his side, a cheering, guiding, or consoling presence. And ever when his heart burned most for fame, and he listened most eagerly to the voice of a selfish, un-

worthy ambition, he would feel the soft rebuke of her mild eyes, and blush, though none were near.

When Frederic Preston left the village of W——, to pursue the study of the law in his native city, he was not formally plighted to Annie; he had not even given full expression by spoken or written words to the affection which lay upon his heart with the weight of an inestimable treasure. But what need was there of words, when every look towards her was a protestation — every tone a fervent prayer for love? All this she understood, and rested with perfect faith and a measureless content in the assurance thus given her — the eloquent, though unspoken avowal of a love which she returned with all the strength and pure devotion of her nature.

Frederic Preston pursued his legal studies with an eminent lawyer, who became to him a friend as well as a preceptor. Mr. Abbott soon perceived the fine ability, read aright the amiable and manly character of his young student, and bent himself to advance his interests. In the family circle of the Abbotts there was much of true refinement — here Frederic saw fashionable society in its most attractive form, and very soon felt himself entirely at home. He was, as we know, well read; he possessed much native elegance and rare conversational talent; nor was he wanting in those lighter accomplishments which most grace a gentleman.

At the urgent request of Mr. Abbott and his family, Frederic accompanied them to their pleasant summer residence, on the seaside, some five miles from the city, where he continued to spend his office hours.

Many were the visitors at that hospitable mansion, and endless the plans of pleasure; it was a season of rare enjoyment to Frederic, and for several weeks his letters to Annie, which were long, frequent, and most confiding in their tone, were filled with lively descriptions of novel and pleasant scenes, and graphic sketches of character; but, finally,

those letters came less often, and grew strangely formal and constrained, or seemed careless and hurried.

During the first week of his stay at the seashore, he heard much of the expected arrival of a sister of his preceptor, Mrs. Ashton, who was about returning from Europe, whither she had, a year or two previous, accompanied an invalid husband, whom she had buried in Italy. She came at last, and Frederic, who had looked for a pale, thin, sorrowful, middle-aged matron, was agreeably surprised to meet a young and beautiful woman — brilliant and conversable in spite of her weeds. Mrs. Ashton was, in truth, a most superb and fascinating creature. She had all the graces and enchantments which rare beauty, fair talent, many accomplishments, a thorough knowledge of the world, and a most artistic and refined coquetry, could give her. In her marriage there had been scarce the pretence of love on either side. Her husband, an eminent politician and diplomatist, had outlived the season of impassioned feeling when he met her, and honored her with his distinguished alliance. Though absorbed in his narrow pursuits, drowned in politics, he was proud of his wife, cared for her happiness while he lived, and left her an immense fortune at his death. On her part, the wife had been outwardly faithful and duteous — had nursed him patiently through his long illness — shed some tears, and planted a rose-tree on his grave. There had been given no tender child-love to draw nearer those two hearts which had throbbed side by side for years, but between which there was in truth a cold and weary distance.

Mrs. Ashton had consoled herself for the dead life of a loveless and childless marriage, with a leadership in society, by wielding a powerful though secret influence in the political world, and by her enthusiasm for music. She was an artistic singer, and played upon the harp and piano very finely, though with more brilliancy than feeling.

In short, Caroline Ashton had given to the world her life,

her very soul, and the world had rewarded her by making her a large sharer in the most refined of its intellectual and sensual pleasures, and by the bestowal of its most intoxicating homage. She was in full possession of her rare gifts and acquirements — rich, free, and twenty-five — when she cast her beautiful fatal eyes upon Frederic Preston.

He was then little more than twenty-one, but looked some years older, as his figure was tall, firmly built, and fully developed, while his countenance wore a remarkable mature expression. He was handsome, even beautiful, his face being one that failed not to attract admiring attention every where. With Mrs. Ashton's artistic tastes, it was little wonder that our friend found peculiar favor in her eyes from the first. So much was her fancy captivated, though her sense of beauty, and the little romance that yet lingered in her coldly brilliant character, like the few small Alpine flowers that grow among the glaciers — so quick was her recognition of his fine talent and of the wild ambition, so kindred to her own, which sometimes blazed in his eye, and broke from his lips in impatient, almost reckless, expression — that her new and pleasant impressions and vague speculations at last formed themselves into a strange, but well-defined plan. She would bestow her hand and her great fortune upon Frederic Preston — would mould his yet plastic character, develop his genius, concentrate his enthusiasm, aid him by her knowledge of the world, and urge him on to success and fame by the tireless force of her own passionate will. She could not be ashamed of him as he was — she would be unspeakably proud of him when she had made him all she desired.

And Frederic — how stood he affected towards her? For a while he was reserved in his intercourse with her — in truth, was somewhat jealous of a woman who, with all her tact, could not at all times conceal a certain consciousness of superiority. But soon this failed to pique his pride, and

he listened to her soft, even-toned voice, till it became indeed 'the voice of the charmer.'

Mrs. Ashton ever spoke with careless indifference, in a tone of superior wisdom, half pitying, half contemptuous, of a simple life of the affections; but dwelt with kindling enthusiasm on a life of intellectual power, and refined sensual pleasures, as one worthy of the gods.

She spoke of love, as life's morning dream, exceeding sweet and beautiful, yet which must pass away, like the early mist; but of the pursuit of fame and power, as the earnest, worthy, glorious business of the day. She believed in *passion* — she had herself called forth too often that lava-tide of the heart, to doubt its existence; but of a pure, exalting, unselfish, unworldly affection, that deep, mysterious sympathy of the spirit, that close, indissoluble union of life with life, that perfect blending of two natures, one for evermore, she had no real belief or conception.

And Frederic listened to those deadly sophistries which came sliding softly through the most perfect lips in the world — listened and received them into his warm, impressible heart, which seemed to harden about them, and hold them, as a rock holds crystals. And gradually, the little fairy isle of love, and hope, and happiness, once so green and bright in the sea of his future, sunk down and disappeared, and the chill waters of a worldly and selfish philosophy passed over it.

Yet it need hardly be said that Frederic Preston did not love Mrs. Ashton. We know that he *loved* Annie Ellsworth. He gave to his new mistress a half intellectual, half passionate worship; there were no close confidences, no careless familiarity, no companionship, no sweet sense of nearness, between the two. Frederic felt Mrs. Ashton's presence in the quickened action of his heart — she always roused, but never soothed him. The casual touch of her hand sent shocks through all his frame — he first sought, then shrank from the gaze of her eyes, with he knew not

what of apprehension and dismay. Ah, there was strange power in those eyes — power even in the slow fall and upward sweep of the long, dark lashes.

Yet though Frederic Preston did not love Mrs. Ashton, he sometimes imagined that he did; nor could he be blind to her partiality for himself; and well he saw, with his sharpened vision, that with the wealth and influence of such a wife, the realization of the wildest dreams of his ambition was possible. Finally — the truth must be told — he began to congratulate himself on the fact that there existed no positive, formal engagement between himself and Annie, and strove to shut out from his heart the now sad conviction that the poor girl's very life was bound up in his.

It was a sultry night, in the last of August. The air was of that peculiar heaviness which forebodes a violent thunder-storm, and the Abbotts were seated on the vine-shaded piazza, looking at the masses of black clouds which lowered over the ocean, and watching the lightnings which played incessantly along the horizon, now and then dropping down and quenching themselves in the sea.

Mrs. Ashton and Frederic Preston were alone in the drawing-room. Mrs. Ashton sat at the piano, now running her fair hands over the keys, in a wild, fitful manner, and singing snatches of songs — now conversing with her companion in tones more than usually low and silvery. The two had been riding in the woods along the seashore that afternoon, and a graceful wild vine, which Frederic had gathered, now rested on the classic brow of the dark-eyed widow. Never, in all the time he had known her, had she seemed so perilously beautiful to Frederic. There was a soft, dreamy, half-sad expression in her face, which he had never before remarked — a tender languor a thousand times more irresistible than her usual queenly air and triumphant smile. Alas, at that moment, how utterly forgotten was the simple village maiden, his boyhood's love; how utterly blotted from his heaven seemed that fair star, so late his

guiding light! Annie's last letter, breathing in every line a generous trust, untroubled by coldness or neglect, he had left for weeks unanswered. It came to him just as he was about setting forth for a ride with Mrs. Ashton, and he flung it into his desk, where it actually remained for a day or two unread — quite forgotten. Yet there was a time when he eagerly welcomed a letter in that familiar hand, and read it with kindling eyes, pausing only to press it to his lips, ere he broke the seal. Now, as he looked on that splendid woman at his side, with the proud conviction that she might be his, a passionate impulse prompted him to make that avowal which had again and again trembled on his lips, but which had ever been repressed by a strange, unknown power. He bowed over her, sought her eyes, and would have spoken, but that at the moment she began singing a verse of the 'Vesper Hymn to the Virgin.' It was the last hymn which he remembered to have heard his mother sing, and now it struck back the mad words of a false love from his lips, and left him silent, from the sense of an angelic rebuke. But presently it seemed that the dead mother's hand was withdrawn from his lips, that her warning presence passed from his side; for, as Mrs. Ashton ceased warbling one of Barry Cornwall's delicious love-songs, Frederic knelt at her side, grasped her hand, and looking into her eyes, murmured — 'Caroline!' but not a word more could he utter. This was the first time he had ever presumed to call her by her Christian name. Yet, leaving her hand in his, she smiled graciously, saying, 'Well, *Frederic!*'

And he was lost? No, no; salvation came in the form of James, the Irish servant, who entered, saying: 'I beg your pardon, sir, but here is a *letther* just brought by the post, marked "*Deliver immadiately*," and I thought maybe you'd like to read it at once.'

Frederic, struck by a strange dread, caught the letter, tore it open on the spot, and read these hurried lines:

'Dear Frederic: My daughter's life is despaired of.

She is very low with the typhus fever. If you would see her alive, come to us at once. CHARLES ELLSWORTH.'

Oh, human heart! thou fathomless mystery! thou inexplicable contradiction! In one brief moment, from the lowest deeps of Frederic's nature welled up the old love, in a swift, resistless tide of anguish, remorse, and irrepressible tenderness, uprooting and sweeping away the new love, as it were a slight flower — dashing in pieces its proud dreams, as the rising waves scatter in fragments frail structures built by children for pastime on the shore, when the tide is low.

With a hurried adieu, and a partial explanation to his friends, Frederic sprang on to his horse, and set out for W—— at full speed. He had not ridden far before the storm which had been so long lowering in the east came down with great fury. The night was utterly dark, and the half-distracted rider could only see his way by flashes of lightning. His horse was a fine one, and for full twenty miles bore up bravely; but finally, on crossing a little bridge from which the swollen stream had carried away a plank, he fell through, and so injured one shoulder, that his master saw at once that he could proceed no further. So, hastily fastening the faithful creature by the roadside, there being no house or barn near, Frederic resolutely pursued his way on foot. A superhuman strength seemed given him; he scarcely felt fatigue or heeded the tempest, as for five long miles he toiled up and dashed down the hills, bespattered with mud, drenched with the rain, and half-blinded by the lightning! There was a fear at his heart colder than the chill of the rain, and more dismaying than the lightning. Yet he struggled on, hoping only to reach Annie's deathbed, to weep out his sorrow and repentance at her feet, to receive one word, one look of forgiveness, ere she died. And how the past came back! the dear, lost season of innocent joys, simple desires, and purest love. He remem-

bered how, only a year ago, Annie had patiently and tenderly nursed him through a fever like the one which had now prostrated her. Thus, torn with fear and self-reproach, he at last drew near the pleasant familiar house of the Ellsworths. He crossed the lawn, he staggered against the door, and, after a brief struggle for calmness, knocked. The housekeeper, whom he well knew, opened to him. He entered, but for his soul he could not utter a word.

'She is living, sir,' said the woman, who understood his silence; 'but she has been quite unconscious for several hours, and we have no more any hope that she will long continue with us.'

'For God's sake lead me to her!' cried Frederic, and in a moment more he stood in Annie's room — that room once so light and cheerful, but now the shadowed and silent chamber of the dying. All her dearest friends were there — father, mother, sister and brother, weeping and waiting for the coming of the dread angel; but Frederick saw only that one beloved, lying pale and insensible — her blue eyes closed, her brown hair floating over the pillow, her faded lips apart, and the breath struggling up from her breast faintly, and yet more faintly. One white hand lay across her bosom, and Frederic, kneeling at her bedside, bowed his face upon this, and covered it with his tears and his kisses. None sought to reprove or check the outburst of his grief, as he cried —

'Oh, Annie! do not leave me! It is I — Frederic. Look on me once more, my love, once more!'

And she did look on him! He felt that white hand tremble against his lips, then those blue eyes slowly unclosed, and fixed upon his upturned face a glance of recognition, of joy, of love. She spoke not, but slowly lifted her hand and laid it among the damp curls of his hair, tenderly smoothing them back from his forehead. Then Frederic laid his head down by hers, kissed her cheek, and wept

convulsively. Mr. Ellsworth would have removed him, but Annie whispered —

'Let him lie here, father! I shall receive life again from his lips; do not take him away, for he has saved me!'

And he had saved her! From that hour the fever was broken, the disease departed, and dear Annie recovered. Yet for many days her spirit seemed to stand trembling on the confines of the vale of shadows, ere even that mightiest love could draw her back into the light and warmth of life. It was only by filling her heart with the tones of the best beloved voice, that she could be made to forget the celestial music which floated to her ear, when so long she lay deaf to all sounds of earth, and only the mute entreaty of those sorrowful eyes could make her unheedful of fair angel forms still beckoning to her across the river of death.

After a month of the most careful and tender nursing, Annie was able to leave her room, supported by Frederic, almost borne in his arms. He wheeled her arm-chair toward the fire, arranged the pillows about her, and lifting her little feet, placed them on a soft cushion. He read to her in a low voice, from her favorite books, talked to her in a yet lower voice, sweeter things than *she* had ever found in books. He brought her the brightest flowers and the greenest mosses from the autumn woods; and when, one mild day, early in November, she was able to take a little stroll with him through the village, leaning fondly and dependingly on his arm, as his own betrothed wife, he was more happy, and proud, and grateful to God, than he had language to express.

Frederic had faithfully confided to Annie the story of his passion, or rather infatuation, for Caroline Ashton; and she in the wisdom of her own generous nature, regarded it as but a brief usurpation, by the intellect and the senses, of the rightful rule of the heart — a heart which, though for a time a sad truant, weak and erring, had never entirely forsaken its love and her.

On Christmas Eve there was a simple, quiet wedding party assembled in Mr. Ellsworth's pleasant parlor. First, of course, were the bride and bridegroom, Annie and Frederic, looking as nobody had ever seen them look before — handsomer, happier, and more interesting every way. The bridesmaids were Pauline Preston, grown a tall and elegant girl, and 'little Louise,' now no longer 'pale-faced' and plain. The groomsmen were, Mr. Ernest St. John, a young gentleman who looked as poetical as his name would lead one to hope; being a slight, delicate person, with a fair Greek face, expressive, if not of genius, of a noble spirituality far more rare and beautiful — and Mr. Walter Edwards, of New York, a distant relative of the Prestons, a remarkably grave-looking but handsome young man of nineteen, who was just about sailing for Germany, where he was to complete his education.

Mr. Ellsworth was the officiating clergyman, but Captain Preston had the first kiss of the bride, and all were merry and sad at once. There was no woman's smile, at least, that shone not through tears.

One year from that night, there was a grand wedding at the Abbotts', when Mrs. Ashton became again the proud wife of a distinguished statesman. The happy pair set out at once for Washington; but the splendor of that wedding did not soon pass from the memory of some of the guests. Such high-bred elegance was there in the air of the bridegroom, despite his years and portly figure! and such diamonds as the bride wore!

Somewhat more than eight years had passed. Frederic Preston, who from the time of his marriage had been established in his native town, living with his father and sisters, in Dora's own dear cottage-home, had met with fair success in his profession, had been happy, most happy, in his marriage, and was the proud father of three lovely children. He was not yet, however, in any position of power and

honor in the State — not from the want of political abilities and predilections, but because he had chosen to stand forth rather prominently for certain principles more honorable to him than popular with the multitude. Frederic possessed genuine eloquence, conciliating manners, and a noble character; all of which gave him great influence over the minds of the people, speaking even, though he most frequently was, *against* the tide of popular prejudice. So general was the appreciation of the force of Mr. Preston's character, and of his peculiar intellectual power, that many were the temptations which came to him in the shape of secret overtures from parties and political leaders, of place and preferment, if he would abandon his present 'lofty, but impracticable purposes,' and sacrifice his favorite 'abstractions.' To all such propositions Frederic had returned but one reply — an unqualified and indignant rejection. But it happened, at length, there arose an unfortunate difference between himself and some of his associates in the cause to which he had devoted all his energies and sacrificed so many worldly interests; he felt himself wronged, distrusted, and ungratefully forsaken, by those to whom he had long been bound by the close fellowship of a holy, common cause, the brotherhood of a great truth; and, wounded and embittered, he withdrew himself from them for a time. That misunderstanding had seemed but a slight thing in the beginning; but the breach had been widened by thoughtless or designing persons, till it seemed almost impassable. It was then, when so peculiarly open to temptation, that Frederic received a confidential letter, which might have staggered him in his best hours. This was from Mr. Abbott, his former preceptor in the law, now an eminent political leader, high in office. It was written in a kind, a genuinely friendly tone; it was a flattering tribute to Frederic's talent, and an earnest remonstrance against the use to which he was putting it — an appeal, almost an entreaty, to turn, while it was yet time, from the course which he was pur-

suing with more generosity than wisdom, and for the sake of his family and friends to enter upon the enviable career so plainly open before him, and to seize the good fortune which awaited him. It contained most ingenious arguments, to prove that he could even ultimately advance those very truths now so dear to him, by a temporary abandonment of their advocacy. In conclusion, the writer earnestly, though delicately, pressed upon his young friend the acceptance of an honorable and lucrative appointment, and prophecied for him much success and fame, *if only he would be faithful to the principles and interests of his new party.*

More than once Frederic Preston's face flushed as he read this letter. Was it the blush of honest shame, or the rekindling of the old baleful fire? Ah! he hardly knew himself which it bespoke.

At length he sprang to his feet, and strode rapidly up and down his room, the quivering of his lip and the swelling of the veins in his forehead revealing the struggle which was passing in his breast.

He next resolved to seek Annie, though he felt that he should scarce dare to let her see how sorely he was tempted. He found his wife in the room which had once been his mother's — that 'pleasant chamber which looked out upon the sea.' She was sitting with her baby asleep upon her lap, and was busy in reading a manuscript which looked somewhat worn and yellow; and as Frederic drew near, he saw that she was weeping. But, dashing away her tears, and smiling on her husband, she said: —

'I have been reading this last letter of your mother to your father. He has let me take it again. I cannot read it too often. Do you know, dearest, that I think what relates to you the truest and most beautiful of all?'

'Read it to me, love,' said Frederic, striving to banish the half-sad, half-morose look he had worn of late — seating himself beside his wife, and winding his arm about her

waist. And Annie read, in a soft, reverential voice, those touching injunctions of the dying mother contained in Dora's simple story. As she had been moved by one of Love's own divine intuitions, she read with peculiar impressiveness such passages as these:

'O! teach him what I have ever earnestly sought to inspire — a hearty devotion to the right — a fervent love of liberty — a humble reverence for humanity. Teach him to yield his ready worship to God's truth, wherever he may meet it — followed by the multitude strewing palm-branches, or forsaken, denied, and crucified. Teach him to honor his own nature by a brave and upright life, and to stand for justice and freedom against the world.

'Teach him to be watchful of his independence, to guard jealously his manliness. I know that I need not charge you to infuse into his mind a true patriotic spirit, free from cant and bravado — to counsel him against poor party feuds and narrow political prejudices. God grant that you may live to see our son, if not one of the world's great men, one whose pure life shall radiate good and happiness — whose strong and symmetrical character shall be a lesson of moral greatness, a type of true manhood.'

As Annie read, she felt Frederic's head sinking on to her shoulder, and when she finished, his fast tears were stealing down her neck. Flinging aside the manuscript, she folded her arms about him, and wept with him, but said no word. Soon Frederic rose up with a clear smile, kissed the tears from Annie's beautiful eyes, and returned to his library, where he penned a brief letter to his friend, thanking him for his kindness, but decidedly, though mildly, declining the flattering offer which he had made.

That night Frederic Preston made one of a small assembly, where a few brave, true hearts were gathered together in the cause of justice and freedom. There he struck hands again with those from whom he had been for a little time estranged — frankly told them wherein they had

wronged him, and as frankly confessed his own error in yielding to a proud and hasty resentment — pledged his faith once more to the Right, and renewed his early consecration to Freedom.

Frederic Preston may never be rich, or great, as the world counts riches and recognises greatness; but priceless treasures of affection are his, with the reverence of true and honorable natures, and the poor and oppressed 'shall rise up and call him blessed.'

PAULINE PRESTON.

'How beautiful you are looking to-night, Pauline! But then, you always look lovelier to me than any other woman. Ah! sister, do you not joy in your beauty every time you look in the mirror?'

'Why, no, my dear little flatterer. I have become accustomed to it. But, Louise, how is it that you are not yet dressed? Why did you not tell me if you wished to come to the mirror?'

'Oh, no matter! I can knot up my hair well enough, without looking in the glass. I forgot myself in watching you, looping up your curls, and arranging your wreath; but I will make haste now, and not detain *la reine du bal* too long. Please fasten this bracelet. Thank you. Now run down, and tell papa that I'll be ready in a moment.'

It will be seen by the above conversational fragment, that Pauline Preston could hardly escape falling into the error which her mother had apprehended — that of a vain-glorying in her beauty. Nearly all who approached her came with looks of involuntary admiration, if not with words of flattery — while ever at her side was her enthusiastic young sister, with an absolute worship in her eyes and on her lips. Captain Preston did what he could to counteract the dangerous, though often well-meant adulation of others, and, it

may be, prevented his daughter from becoming utterly selfish and heartless, by his kind, judicious counsels, and by keeping fresh in her memory her dying mother's words of warning.

Pauline's beauty was indeed of a rare and striking type. With a fair and singularly radiant complexion, she had yet the pure, classic features, the large, dark, heavily-shaded eyes, and the shining black hair of a Roman girl. She was tall, with a well-rounded form, peculiarly lithe and graceful in its movements.

Pauline could not be called highly intellectual, though she had a mind well cultured and rather practical in its character, with much readiness, tact, and taste. She was abundantly conscious of all her personal advantages, natural and acquired, but was rather proud than vain. She was ambitious, imperious, and often strangely wilful, yet was generous, impulsive, and brave — with wells of passionate feeling in her nature, deep, unseen, and by the world unsuspected.

Ordinarily she bore herself toward her sister with an air of assured superiority, graciously accepting her homage; but were Louise ill, or sad, the goddess straightway descended from her pedestal, to nurse and comfort the child, with all a mother's patient tenderness.

Pauline had much talent and great enthusiasm for music. Gifted with a glorious, soaring voice, and a delicate ear, she made rapid progress in her favorite study, and, finally getting beyond her governess, was placed under the tuition of an accomplished master — Mr. Ernest St. John, the young gentleman before mentioned as one of the groomsmen at Frederic Preston's wedding. Mr. St. John was a true musical genius — a noble interpreter of the divine mysteries of harmony. His music, though of high artistic excellence, spoke even more to the soul than to the ear. His playing exalted more than it astonished, and his sweet, though powerful voice, melted and subdued, as often as it thrilled and

animated. I believe that every singer sings out of his or her own heart; and that they of the world, worldly, may sing brilliantly and purely, but must sing coldly. Their notes fall like hailstones, as hard, yet untreasurable; while the music which flows out of a warm, beneficent heart, in rich and liquid tones, is like a generous summer rain, and every heart which hears is like a thirsty flower-cup, gratefully receiving the plenteous shower, and taking from it renewals of life.

Captain Preston did wisely in placing his daughter under the tuition of Mr. St. John. To a character of rare goodness, of almost angelic purity, the young tutor united a clear, practical mind, manners gentle and persuasive, yet marked by a native dignity with which no one would presume to trifle. Of his genius and personal beauty Mr. St. John was equally unconscious. The first he named 'an enthusiasm;' and, with an artist's love for such manly beauty as belonged of old to the Greek athlete, he never dreamed that the word could be applied to aught in his pale face or slight frame. But to others the graceful delicacy of his form, and the absence of the full-bloodedness of high health from his finely chiselled features, gave to him much of that peculiar purity and spirituality which never failed to impress those who approached him. And yet Ernest St. John was in no way effeminate — but rich in all the strength, and bravery, and honor of true manhood, though mingled with the tenderness of woman, and the fresh-heartedness of the child.

After escaping from the control of a strict and somewhat arbitrary governess, Pauline congratulated herself that under the new *regime* she might follow the bent of her will, and indulge her caprices to her heart's content. But she soon became aware that her tutor, young and handsome though he was, exerted over her a power more absolute than that which lies in words of command and an imperious will — the unconscious sovereignty of a high and noble mind, that seemed never to know a weak or an unworthy impulse, and

the calming, subduing influence of a gentle and equable manner, never disturbed by small excitements, or darkened by moodiness.

Something there was in his presence, which made Pauline ashamed of the thousand little caprices, the girlish affectations, the outbreaks of petulance and impatience, in which she had too often indulged. She began almost involuntarily to check herself in the expression of a worldly ambition which too early had found lodgment in her heart, in the utterance of a false or narrow sentiment, and in any betrayal of that pride and vanity which yet toward others were revealed in her haughty eye, the bearing of her head, her dress, her walk, and even in the light and careless tones of her voice. Yet toward his pupil did Mr. St. John never make use of a word of sarcasm, or stern rebuke. He met her little affectations with a still, peculiar smile, which never failed to send the blood to her very forehead; but when she gave ever so light a voice to a sentiment unworthy the great heart of a true woman, he would fix his soft, brown eyes upon her face, with a half-wondering, half-sorrowful expression, and on the instant she would wish the foolish words unsaid.

What wonder that Pauline's character gradually grew into harmony with Ernest's more harmonious nature? What wonder that the pure, womanly soul which he had thus attuned to diviner melodies than ever were drawn from human voice or cunning instrument, became something infinitely dear and sacred to the young artist? What wonder that the hearts of the two blended, with the blending of their voices?

Yet though the most beautiful relations of affection and confidence existed between the friends, they were not betrothed, or acknowledged lovers. Though Ernest became at last aware that the affection he felt for his pupil was the one great love of his life, he was painfully doubtful of the strength of her regard for himself. He saw her beautiful,

brilliant, and accomplished — he understood her pride and social ambition, and feared that the humble alliance, the quiet home, the tender love — the all he could offer — would fail to satisfy her. So it was, that he let year after year go by, and gave no language to the love which overflowed his soul, and swelled in every pulsation of his heart. And at length, a new, sad motive was given him for silence! His health, which had never been robust, grew more and more delicate, until, after a winter and spring of almost entire confinement, his physician decided that he must spend the next winter in Cuba, if he would preserve his life.

Pauline was twenty that summer — in high beauty and more in demand as a belle than ever before; yet she left her invalid tutor with sincere reluctance, to join some fashionable friends for a season at Newport. Her father at the same time took her sister — who was more poetic in her tastes, and timidly shrank from crowds — on a tour to Niagara and the Lakes.

The season was an uncommonly brilliant one, and Newport was thronged with fashionables. There was the youth just from college, with a high collar and a feeble moustache, striving to hide his real verdancy under the air of a dashing man of the world, verging on the *roué;* and the miss, newly emancipated from school, rapidly becoming ashamed of, and as rapidly losing, her greatest charms — simplicity and ready blushes. There were eager hunters on the scent of heiresses, and solicitous mammas, with daughters exceedingly marriageable, in all points, save a slight moneyed deficiency. There was the belle of many seasons, whose beauty seemed somewhat overdone by long toasting, but who still supported all the honors of bellehood with exemplary spirit, and gallantly hung out her faded colors — with the superannuated beau, still making a successful stand against grayness or baldness of head, and submitting with the best possible grace to the rotundity of figure and rubicundity of visage, coming as the penalty of pleasant

little sins in the way of eating and drinking — still youthful in air, and exquisite in dress, in spite of some frosts of time which had fallen upon his hopes and his whiskers — still 'jolly under the creditable circumstances' of deafness and gout.

There were the usual number of invalids, but less, by far, than Pauline expected to see. She soon learned that few indeed resort to the more fashionable bathing and watering places for rest, or the restoration of health.

A few evenings after her arrival, as Pauline was riding on the beach in an open barouche, with her friend and chaperone, they were passed and repassed by a gentleman in a phaeton, driving a pair of superb grays. There was a foreign look about the turnout, and the air of the gentleman himself was unmistakably trans-Atlantic. His figure and dress were simply elegant, but his face was most peculiar in its character. It was both attractive and repulsive. There was a degree of purity in his clear, olive complexion, and the delicate, well-preserved outline of his handsome features, indicative of refinement; but the half-sad, half-sinister expression of his intense black eyes, the passionate curve of his thin nostril, a certain dissatisfied droop of his mouth, with lips not full, yet soft in their lines, bespoke a voluptuary of the rarest and most dangerous type.

He appeared struck by Pauline's beauty when he first approached, and cast furtive glances at her as he passed, but did not offend by an open gaze; while on her part, Pauline felt her eyes involuntarily following him till he was out of sight, and she returned to her hotel, feeling that there had been some strange fatality in that casual meeting.

On the following evening, Mr. Niel, the husband of her chaperone, entered the drawing-room with the stranger, whom he begged leave to present to his wife and Miss Preston. From his appearance, Pauline had imagined him a French Marquis, an Italian Count, or a Spanish Don, and was slightly disappointed to find him only plain Mr. Elliot,

an English gentleman. Yet it may be that, from this discovery, she felt more at ease in his presence; certain it is that, ere the evening was over, she found herself chatting with him quite pleasantly and familiarly — the vague feeling of apprehension which had troubled her at first sight only coming to her momentarily, when she felt most the strange power of his mocking and melancholy eyes, of his sweet but insincere voice, and the subtle triumph of his smile.

Mr. Elliot, now about thirty-eight, was a gentleman of large fortune and high connections. His father was of pure English descent, but he had been born of an Italian mother, and seemed to have inherited alike her dark beauty and her passionate southern nature. Gifted with extraordinary talent, his family had looked to see him attain to eminence and power in the political world; but toward the life of the statesman he had little leaning; and after a year or two in Parliament, he utterly and forever abjured politics. Too indolent to be ambitious, with a native passion for art, in all its forms, and, it must be said, with an insolent rebellion against the moralities of English society, he, while yet young, virtually expatriated himself, and gave himself up to all the pleasures and freedom of Italian life.

It was said that there was a time when Luigi Elliot might have been saved from a career so unworthy; that a first and pure love had been repaid by inconstancy and dishonor; and that the bitterness and madness of his disappointment had driven him into a life from which his better nature revolted. However that might be, he seemed the insatiable enemy of woman, and terribly did he revenge himself upon many for the falsehood of one. Yet he was not all bad — hopelessly lost and depraved: there were rifts of brightness breaking through the clouds of evil. He was once known to spare a poor girl who loved him wildly, and whom he loved after his way — to spare her when she was wholly in his power, because he suddenly saw in her a look like his one sister — a sister from whom his errors had long

estranged him, and from whom he had just parted in anger. Yet it seemed that the good within him often but gave greater power to the evil, adding the charm of sadness and tenderness to the force of passion. Ah! there is a terrible fascination in a nature so passionate and strong, sweeping on like a swift, turbid torrent of evil, yet bearing on its breast tender sprays and torn flowers and fragments of noble structures, the evidences of original beauty and early aspirations after truth. Is there under God's heavens a sight more fearful than such a wasted and wasting life presents?

And it was under the influence of this accomplished man of the world, this refined *roué*, this unbeliever in love, this betrayer of women, that Pauline Preston had now fallen!

Mr. Elliot having been forced to visit England, to take possession of an immense fortune on the death of his father, had, while there, suddenly taken the fancy to see the New World; a plan which promised, at least, to dissipate for a time the *ennui* which oppressed him. He brought excellent letters, he created a decided sensation wherever he appeared; beauties blushed, mammas looked gracious, and papas propitious, for the auriole of his wealth made such marvellous brightness, that few saw the shadow of his libertinism. But no glance, no smile of beauty, had power to disturb, by a single ripple, the dead calm of his life's now passionless sea, until he met Pauline Preston. At once he recognised something powerful and kindred in the quick blood which fluctuated in her glowing face, the pride of her lips, and the imperious will which rode triumphant in her glances. But most of all, there was in her singing a wild, exulting energy, a glorious, uprising spirit, which swept over him such a flow of emotion as he had never known when listening to the most artistic performance of an Italian *cantatrice*, all passion and no soul.

After winning, by skilful management, the confidence of her friends, Elliot was often at Pauline's side, paying her

the most assiduous, yet delicate, and deferential homage. As for her, though she continued to doubt him in his absence, she now always felt her warning fears vanish before the charm of his presence, before the eloquence of his glance, the persuasion of his smile, and that most dangerous flattery ever addressed to woman, the confidential, self-reproachful tone in which he would sometimes speak of his past life — hinting at sorrows and errors, with the recital of which he would not pain her gentle heart.

It may not be that Mr. Elliot approached Pauline Preston with any purer sentiments or more honorable designs than those with which he had been long wont to approach women; but certain it is, that he soon acknowledged the rare dignity, pride, and purity of her character, and if he had had any base purposes at the first, finally abandoned them. But Pauline he found it impossible to abandon. All the love of which a nature so warped and wasted as his was capable, drew him toward the beautiful American. At last, a strange thought flashed across his mind. Why might he not make her his wife ?. It was time he married. He cared little for rank; he had abundant wealth, and she could not fail to grace any station to which he might raise her. Then, marriage would be a novelty in his life, would rescue him from absolute *ennui* for a season. And so it happened, that the night preceding her departure for home, Pauline saw deposited at her feet, in due form, the heart and fortune of her elegant admirer. She felt that this proposal was made too proudly and confidently, yet for her soul she could not decline it haughtily, or decline it at all, with that man's eyes upon her. He bound her by some strong, mysterious spell; she did not love him, yet his love seemed to come to her with the force of a fatality, a destiny. She felt his passion wrapping her about, like a sheet of flame. It touched her veins, it seemed to lighten on her brain, but her inmost heart was as ice. She felt that those things in her nature with which he had somewhat arrogantly claimed

kindred, were but the wild waves on the now troubled surface of her being, answering faintly to the all-storm of the all-surface of his. But she knew that in the depths there was stillness, and she knew that there was a soul of perfect calm, and deep as all life, to which *that* truly answered. She knew that there was one, and one only, by whose side she had sat hour after hour, in the voiceless communion of the spirit; when the lips were stillest, because the heart spoke most; when the ear of the soul alone might hear 'deep calling unto deep.'

All this Pauline felt, yet she had not courage to say to Mr. Elliot — 'I am proud of your regard, but I cannot be your wife. You attract, you sway me by a power I do not understand, yet I do not love you.' She could only stammer out, that she must see her father before she could decide; and, considering the battle as won, Mr. Elliot had called her his 'dearest Pauline,' had passionately kissed her hand, and folded it to his heart, ere she roused herself sufficiently to bid him good night, leave the balcony on which they were standing, and retire to her room.

On the evening of her arrival at home, a number of Pauline's friends came in, to welcome her back, and she soon found that she had been preceded by rumors of her brilliant conquest. Some gaily offered congratulations, which were as gaily parried by Pauline. Ernest alone made not the slightest reference to the matter, and she scarcely knew whether to be pleased or annoyed by his silence. In the course of the morning she summoned courage to lay her affair before her father, who, as she had expected, left the important decision entirely in her own hands, only counselling her to know well her own heart, and to follow its strongest and highest impulses.

In the afternoon Pauline walked over to the pleasant old homestead of the St. Johns, to practise some new music with her tutor. There was much intimacy between the families, as Ernest's widowed mother had been the dearest

friend of Dora Preston, and had ever felt toward her children a peculiar tenderness. Pauline found Ernest looking paler and sadder than usual, but he welcomed her with the same sweet smile his face had always worn for her. Ah! that sunny smile, so full of faith and love! how often had it shone down the night of that dark influence which so lately had fallen about her. The two strove to chat together gaily, as of old, but with ill success. Pauline seated herself at the piano, and stormed through a brilliant overture; then sung, half playfully, half defiantly, a mocking song of Moore's. After a moment's silence, she looked up into her tutor's troubled face, and, with one of her wild impulses, said, 'Ernest, have you heard the great news of my approaching marriage?'

A faint flush passed over Ernest's face, but he answered quietly, 'Yes, I have heard such a rumor,' then added —

'Will it please you to play this piece?'

'No, it will *not* please me!' said Pauline hastily, rising from the piano, and taking up her hat; but in a moment she added, more softly —

'I do not feel like playing any longer — I am not in a harmonious mood to-day. Adieu;' and she hurried down the garden walk, without even looking back, as she had often done, from the gate. Oh, that she had looked back! so that she might have seen the tears in Ernest's sorrowful eyes — so that he might have seen the tears on her angry cheek. But no matter.

She hastened home — ran to her room, and flinging herself into a favorite arm-chair which had once been her mother's, buried her face in her hands, and sobbed aloud, murmuring passionately and bitterly — 'He does not love me! he never loved me! He spoke as calmly of my marriage as he could speak of my taking a stroll this still evening. He is too proud in his goodness to love *me*, so weak, so full of faults. Oh, God! can he not see that in his love lies my safety, my redemption! Oh, mother,

mother, did you ever sit in this chair with such a heavy heart — with such a despairing, distracted heart as mine?'

The utterance of that dear and sacred name seemed to bring peace to the poor child, for she grew calmer, and at last ceased weeping. But, as she raised her head, her eye fell upon something on the table before her, little calculated to deepen her calmness — a letter in the not unfamiliar hand of Luigi Elliot. With a sudden trembling, too like a shudder passing over her frame, and yet with a gleam of pride in her eye, she broke the seal and read, what the writer called 'only a few simple words,' which her abrupt departure on the night of their interview had prevented his speaking to her.

An artist in the use of his native English, Elliot seemed here indebted to it for forms alone — to have in some subtle manner interfused with the words the soft and passionate spirit of his mother's sweet and melodious Italian — the love-language of the world. It was an eloquent, an impassioned, and a strong outpouring of love — a love full of the glow, the almost fierce intensity, the wildness and the sensuousness of the South.

So like *his* presence was that letter, that Pauline grew pale and powerless over it; she saw the fatal sweetness of his smile, looked down into the unfathomable darkness of his eyes, as she read.

Ah, what pictures he painted of the life to which he would lead her! 'Go with me,' he said, 'to England, and see the glorious old Fatherland — see the great world in all its splendor — your peerless beauty was born to illumine palaces and courts! Go with me to gay, delightful France — your perfect organization was meant to take in joy through all the senses! Go with me to Switzerland, and behold Nature in all her terrible beauty, her unapproachable grandeur! Go with me to Italy — and see art in its divinest creations, life in its richness, fulness, and freedom!'

Late that night, alone in her chamber, sat Pauline, pale,

but quite calm, penning a brief letter of *acceptance* to Luigi Elliot. On the table by her lay the beginnings of two or three letters bearing his name — which, dissatisfied with, she had flung aside. The one now before her she somewhat hastily finished, enveloped, directed, and sealed. This done, she sat for some moments in a deep reverie, then opening her desk, she took from thence a small package of papers, tied with a rose-colored ribbon. These were Ernest's letters and notes, with some few little poems of his — every line he had ever written to her. She read them all, as well as her tears would let her — then taking the first, a pretty birth-day tribute, she held it in the blaze of her taper till it was burned to ashes. Ah, she could do no more, but gathering the others to her heart, she cried —

'I cannot burn them to-night — my tears would put out the flame! I must keep them a little while longer — it will not be wrong to keep them till I have parted from *him* for the last time. Then I will burn them all, and my love with them — and wear the ashes on my heart always.'

Murmuring such wild words as these, Pauline flung herself down on her couch, and exhausted by the fierce strife of contending emotions, sobbed herself to sleep.

And Pauline dreamed.

It seemed to her that her bridal day had come, and that she stood in her mother's chamber, before the mirror, arraying herself for the altar. A dress of shining satin and exquisite lace fell about her in rich folds — costly gifts were scattered around, and a casket of magnificent jewels was open before her. She dreamed that as she was trying to clasp a bracelet on her arm, her *mother* glided in, looking just as she remembered her in her last sickness — so sweet and pale — drew near, and with her own white fingers fastened the pearls. Pauline dreamed that she felt no terror nor surprise, but was glad and grateful for her mother's presence. At length all was finished, save the bridal wreath and veil — but, as Pauline was lifting the circlet of delicate

orange-blossoms, to place it on her brow, her mother said, solemnly, 'Stay, my daughter — *I* have brought you a wreath, befitting far better a marriage such as yours!'

The bride looked at the wreath which her mother held, *and saw that it was of cypress!*

With a low cry, Pauline awoke. The taper she had left burning on her desk had gone out, and the moonlight was flooding the chamber. A fresh night wind was sweeping the curtains to and fro, and swaying the vines against the casement — all else was still. Yet Pauline knew that her mother had been there, and brought that dream!

She rose — went to her desk, and finding by the moonlight the letter which she had written to Luigi Elliot, she tore it into small fragments and scattered it on the floor. She then laid herself quietly down, crossed her hands on her breast, thanked God, and slept.

In the morning, Pauline Preston wrote to Mr. Elliot a letter longer than the one of the night previous, but of far different import. It was one that saved his pride while it disapppointed his hope — that exalted his passionate love into an almost adoring reverence. Not all in vain were his suffering, and Pauline's fiery trial, if his unchastened, worldly heart had been taught one sentiment of genuine respect for woman.

Pauline remained quietly at home that day — feeling more pain from the decision she had been called upon to make than she allowed to appear. She had indeed been cruelly tempted at every weak point in her character, and she was now suffering from the spiritual lassitude which often follows struggles like these. As she was sitting alone in her room at twilight, another letter was brought in. She took it mechanically, but her dull eye brightened and her cold cheek flushed as she saw that it was from Ernest. Hastily lighting a lamp, and flinging herself into her mother's chair, she read:

'DEAREST PAULINE: — I can no longer keep silence —

I *must* tell you, though so abruptly, and in words whose meaning you cannot mistake, that which my eyes should long since have betrayed. *I love you, Pauline* — love you, not alone with the love of a tutor and friend — not with a brother's love, but with all the devotion and tenderness of my heart — with the mightiest passion of my soul.

'I cannot look back and behold when this love began — it seems to me to have had no beginning, as it can have no end. From early boyhood to manhood, it has kept even pace with my spirit — has "grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength" — ay, more than this, has become stronger, and dearer, and deeper than my life.

'I should have spoken long since, but from the fear that my love might stand in the way of your better fortune — and oh, Pauline, so purely and unselfishly have I loved you ever, that I could have made my heart a stepping-stone for you to happiness and honor. But since I have heard those rumors of your engagement, I have been conscious that *pride* was the strongest motive of my silence, and *that* I can crush. This love which I have so striven to shut away from you, and hide in my deepest heart, is *yours*, your heritage and just desert, and I have no right to withhold it from you, even though you may lightly value the possession.

'If I have spoken too late, vainly spoken, my heart may break, but it will bless you still, for in loving you, it has been lifted nearer Heaven and filled with deeper blessings than the world can give. I go from you soon — whether to be laid beneath a stranger soil, or to return with renewed health, God alone knows.

'And now, farewell. If we may meet no more, as we have met, do not, I pray you, quite forget our past, with its pleasant companionship, its mirth, and its music. And oh, Pauline, in the pride and happiness of another love, will you not let mine sometimes come to you as a still benediction, or descend upon you in that perfect peace for which my soul besieges Heaven with ceaseless implorings?

'May God himself minister with his abundant love to a nature so wide and strong in the grasp of its affections — to a heart so proud and high, and yet so tender, so childlike, so fearfully sensitive as yours. ERNEST.'

When Pauline had read and re-read the above letter, kissed it, and hid it near her heart, she flung a veil over her head, and with one of her true, blessed impulses, walked straight across the common, to the house of Mrs. St. John.

The evening was warm, and she found the doors open. No one was in the parlor, and the lamps were not yet lit. She passed on into the little library, Ernest's own room, where stood his piano, where hung his few favorite pictures, and shone in the moonlight busts of the poets and small copies of rare works of art. Ernest himself was sitting by the window, alone, gazing dreamily out into the clear, bright night. He did not hear Pauline's soft step as she glided to his side, where leaning against his chair, she looked down upon him. His delicate hands were clasped together, and Pauline saw in the moonlight tears on the long lashes of his sad, brown eyes. She laid her hand on his forehead so gently that he hardly started as he looked up — she bent and kissed his eyes, all tears as they were, and while he was silent with joy and wonderment, she said —

'Thus, Ernest, I answer your letter! I will go with you to Cuba, if you will take me — take this heart with all its waywardness, its faults, its follies, and oh, Ernest, with all its *love!*'

She said no more, for a lover's first kiss of pure, unutterable joy stayed her words — she said no more for many minutes, for her face was laid against the heart of Ernest, and her own tears were flowing fast. Ah, what deep thankfulness filled her soul — what repentance for all past errors — what a delicious sense of safety — what a rest was there of heart on heart — what a close, and perfect, and holy union of the spirit!

At length, she raised her head and murmured —

'You will not die, Ernest? You surely will not die?'

'How can I die, beloved, bound *thus* to life!'

Pauline went with Ernest, her husband, to Cuba, that autumn. By the next June they returned — Ernest perfectly restored to health; and Pauline — ah, could you have seen her then, you would have said that the wide earth did not contain a happier or a prouder wife.

One evening, soon after their return, they were together in Ernest's little library, the very air of which seemed sweet, and sacred with the associations of their love and betrothal.

Pauline was seated at the piano — her husband was bending over her, and both were singing. As the last notes of one of the heart-searching songs of Burns died away, Pauline, looking up with a smile, said —

'There was a time, Ernest, when I thought there was no music in the world like your voice; but I have heard sweeter, even from you.'

'Ah, indeed! where, and when?'

'Here, Ernest, when I first leaned my head against your breast, and listened to the full, fast beating of your heart.'

'The sound was music to you, dearest, because it kept time to God's own highest melody — *love*.'

LOUISE PRESTON.

Of all Dora's children, none changed so much in passing from childhood to maturity, as Louise. She was a pale, sad child, when her mother left her — plain, and quite uninteresting to a casual observer, except as a look of suffering and languor might excite a brief feeling of half-pitiful interest. Yet, though exceedingly delicate, the child had no positive disease in her constitution; but she had unfortunate habits,

almost as difficult to eradicate. Slender and weak-chested, she had not strength to sit erect at her writing or books, but would bend over them, hour after hour, utterly lost to all around her — for, with an intellect far beyond her years, study was her one absorbing passion.

Captain Preston did not begin by lecturing his shy and pensive little girl, or abruptly prohibiting those pursuits which were her greatest joy in life. He kindly strove to make her needful labors lighter by studying and reading with her, yet often interrupted Pauline and herself, in the midst of a lesson or an exercise, by proposing a ride or a ramble. Pauline, full of bounding life, was *toujours prete*, but Louise, at the first, set forth with visible though unexpressed reluctance. Not that she had no love for Nature, but that she enjoyed it best quietly and alone. She liked to steal out, after a day of study, to the seashore, seat herself upon some craggy rock, and watch the moon rise from the water. The dark magnificence of the scene, the loneliness of the shore, the clouds and the lights of heaven, the slow upward march of the moon — and, more than all, the swelling and moaning of the sea, impressed her with wondrous power — intoxicated her, it might almost be said, with sublimity — so filled her soul, that she took no note of time, and when she found herself at home, she scarce knew how, she would creep to her bed, chilled and exhausted, wondering that she felt no better for her little stroll. She loved the woods also, but when there, cared only to lie on some mossy bank, and gaze upward, watching the sun-beams struggling through the thick leaves, the blithe squirrels leaping from branch to branch, and the gleaming flight of the birds — to let her soul float from her, and lose herself in sad, but delicious reveries.

Gradually, and without apparent design, her father changed all this — made her ocean visitings the times for active physical exercise — so filled her hands with shells and mosses, so tired her little human feet with clambering

over rocks, that her soul forgot to overload itself with sublime thoughts. He changed her slow, solitary meditative strolls into pleasant, social rambles — often somewhat childish and idle, but never wholly objectless. There were always to be sought some flower, or shrub, berries, nuts, ferns, wild grasses, or many-colored autumn leaves.

Captain Preston had more difficulty in overcoming the natural timidity of Louise, and getting her heartily in love with such sports as riding and boating. But, finally, this good work was also accomplished — Louise became a graceful and fearless horsewoman, while at rowing she might have rivalled Ellen Douglas herself.

Captain Preston was not alone the counsellor and guide, but the companion, the confidant, the dear, intimate friend of all his children; yet we can scarce wonder that he felt a deep, peculiar tenderness for that 'poor little girl,' of whom her dying mother said, 'She lies nearest my heart,' or that he gave himself with tireless devotion to the work of her moral and physical training. And great was his reward! sweet beyond expression his happiness, when, as the years went by, and the child grew into womanhood, he beheld the pale cheek flush, the dim eye brighten, the cold lips redden and grow full, and that slight and angular figure round into grace and symmetry. At nineteen, though still small, Louise was really beautiful in form — her chest being finely expanded, her neck and arms as plump as those of a Hebe, and the poise and carriage of her head being peculiarly spirited and graceful.

The beauty of her face remained an open question, though no one denied to it rare loveliness of expression. Her features were not quite regular; her nose was a thought too short, and her forehead a thought too low, perhaps; her mouth drooped too sadly at the corners, and there was sometimes a half suspicious, half haughty curl of the upper lip, neither gracious nor becoming; but her eyes and hair were unquestionably beautiful. Ah! I never can forget

those large, deep, languid, violet eyes, so thickly shaded by dark. golden lashes. Her hair also was golden, far lighter than her mother's, but in texture and wavy abundance very like Dora's crowning glory. Louise, however, was quite unconscious of its exceeding beauty; she never made much of it, and there was little need — it made enough of itself. It seemed that it might almost have folded itself about her small Grecian head, in rich masses and shining undulations, without the aid of comb or band, — and if it escaped its slight confinement, and came tumbling about her shoulders, you would beg her never to put it up again, it fell in such a bounteous shower of gold, such a cascade of bright curls. Think of hair of this rare hue, and large, dreamy, dark blue eyes! What a bewitching combination!

But the idea of her plainness had so taken possession of the mind of Louise in her childhood, that now a young lady, though she knew herself in better health and spirits, she was no prettier in her own estimation, than of old. She compared her round, little figure, her blue eyes and fair hair, with the tall stately person, the splendid dark eyes and raven locks of her sister, and pronounced herself diminutive, insignificant, irredeemably plain. Ah! little did she know that to some hearts '*Mignonne*,' as her father called her, was a sweeter and a dearer presence than the brilliant belle. In spite of the perfect mould, the force and nobility of Pauline's face, that of Louise was capable of a yet higher beauty — the loveliness and the power of a heart of greater native deeps — the sudden glow, the intense, ineffable light of genius — which, pouring from her soul, would overflow her plain features till they seemed almost transfigured.

Yet, though Louise was a sad unbeliever in her own attractiveness, and ever received with wonder and childish gratitude, the love of those nearest her, her own heart went out to all around in boundless tenderness; she seemed to lie at the feet of her father, her brother, and her sister, with the soul of love and worship in her great eyes — to anticipate

and to share their joys and sorrows with an exquisite, tearful sympathy.

Pauline, while young, never quite comprehended the delicate. poetical mind of her sister, with its romance, its fair dreams, and strange fancies, and the fine, ethereal genius which seemed floating about her as a spirit, rather than taking form in any thing which she said or did, — making her so charmingly incomprehensible, that Pauline laughed at, wondered at, and idolized her.

The father alone fully understood her, from having known and loved Dora — that sweet, frail rose, who seemed to have breathed the very soul of her sweetness into this last delicate bud. He understood the dreamy, retiring sensitiveness of his daughter, her modest distrust of herself, and the sad unconscious jealousy, which too often weighed with a vague unhappiness on her heart.

Louise knew that she was overshadowed by the striking beauty of her sister; but at this she never repined, even in her most secret thought. She gloried in it rather, and would have said, — as well might some little clover-blossom complain of being shadowed by a rose-tree, hanging its rich blossoms above her, and raining about her sweet-scented leaves.

But the effect of this overshadowing, and the result of her own extreme humility, was a timid shyness, an utter disinclination for general society. This feeling was strengthened by the consciousness of possessing few elegant accomplishments. The neglect of a fine talent for music, and a true genius for painting and poetry, had been the penalty paid for her admirable physical training, her pleasurable, care-free life of busy idleness. She sketched a little, played less, danced passably, but excelled in nothing, unless it was in a peculiar style of singing, or rather of musical recitation, with a slight piano-accompaniment, often improvised. It was truly a great pleasure to listen to her at the rare times when she could be prevailed upon to recite. One never heard

from her any thing hackneyed or commonplace; — sometimes she gave quaint, delicious little songs, of which she alone knew the authorship, — but oftener she chose the wildest lays and sweetest ballads of the great masters of song, and her voice was as tender and mournful, as deep, strong, and passionate, as the poet's own heart, while her rapt face flushed and paled with thoughts, to whose full sweetness and power the utmost music of the human voice can give but broken expression.

This one accomplishment, or rather gift, which might have been cultivated to a point of rare artistic excellence, Louise lightly esteemed, and seldom could be wrought upon to 'make a display of her domestic music,' as she called it, in society. So it was, that by many, even of her familiar friends, the genius of Louise was quite unsuspected; so few had seen her face enhaloed by the rapture of music and song, or heard her voice in all its impassioned depth, its far-reaching sweetness, and startling dramatic power.

About three years from their marriage, the St. Johns had removed to a pleasant country residence near the city of New Haven — a change which promised well for Ernest's professional interests, for a music-teacher the husband of our proud Pauline continued to be. The little fortune of his wife was scarcely sufficient for their support; and even had it been ample, Ernest possessed a spirit of honest independence, which would have forbidden an idle reliance upon it. I will not pay so poor a compliment to the love intuitions of my readers as to deem it needful to assure them that the union of Pauline and Ernest, so plainly in obedience to the wise, direct, and irresistible instincts of the heart, had thus far proved most happy and harmonious.

Deeply could Ernest feel the meaning of those lines which he loved often to read — the words of the lover-husband in Tennyson's 'Miller's Daughter' —

'Look through mine eyes with thine. True wife,
Round my true heart thine arms entwine;
My other dearer life in life,
Look through my very soul with thine!'

And like that lover and his Alice, Ernest and his Pauline beheld —

'The still affection of the heart
Become an outward breathing type;' —

but one of whom it might *not* be said,

'It "into stillness past again,
And left a want unknown before."'

Their babe, their boy, their 'little Ernest,' lived to unite in one rich inheritance the mother's once proud and sparkling beauty, now softened with love and shaded by thought, with the pure spirituality which reposed depth on depth in his father's eyes, and the nobility which crowned his forehead.

Pauline insisted on having Louise with her for the first few months in her new home. During the autumn, it happened that the sisters first became well acquainted with an aunt of their mother's, Mrs. Edwards, of New York, who was spending some weeks in the city of Elms, on a visit to a young son who had lately entered Yale. Mrs. Edwards was that charming anomaly, a wealthy, handsome, fashionable woman, with a fresh, kindly and generous heart. She was a fine musical amateur, and soon appreciated Ernest and his brilliant wife; but somewhat piqued by the shyness of Louise, she cultivated her at first, from a sort of curiosity, which finally deepened into a sincere interest, in 'the little muse,' as she often called her.

On her part, Louise soon forgot her reserve, ceased to be awed by the somewhat imposing elegance of her kinswoman, and ended by loving her most heartily. So complete was this captivation, that Mrs. Edwards had little difficulty in persuading her young friend to accompany her to New York, there to spend the winter in her family.

On the day succeeding her arrival, Louise wrote thus to her sister:

'I found our friends living in a large, elegant stone house, in —— Place, very far up town. I thought we should never get there from the boat. It was about eight o'clock when we arrived, and we went directly to the breakfast parlor. As soon as we entered, Mrs. Edwards was surrounded and nearly hugged to death by the children, the four youngest, all of whom are pretty, and one of whom I instantly elected as my especial favorite — Kitty, the loveliest creature alive. Mingled up with the children, were no less than three dogs — a fine Newfoundland and a brace of greyhounds, one of which, most delicately limbed and pure white, reminded me of Miss Mitford's "Mayflower." These came thrusting their long, slender heads into their mistress's hands, or laying them against her bosom, as sincerely, if not as noisily, glad as their human playmates.

'I think Mr. Edwards must be a good-natured, humorous sort of a man, for all this time he had been standing quietly on the hearth-rug, with a happy smile spread over his hale and handsome face. At length he said —

'"Well, if the children and dogs are quite through, I think I may take my turn" — and, throwing his arms about his laughing wife, kissed her half a dozen times. "Now, Nell," he cried, "you may take your chance — come quick, or you'll lose it!"

'The young lady thus addressed, Miss Elinor Starr Edwards, aunt's only grown daughter, a tall, slender brunette, glided gracefully up to her mother, and kissed her cheek, more quietly than heartily, I thought. Oh, sister, that is not the way we should have kissed *our* mother, had God left her with us. I greatly fear I shall never love Miss Elinor. Introductions to strangers are always formidable affairs to me, you know, but I got through with those which followed quite bravely, I fancy. The breakfast

passed off pleasantly, though the children were rather uproarious. The lunch, too, was a nice, little, social gathering, to which we came with keen appetites after our morning drive; but the dinner was less agreeable to me. We sat down at six, and did not rise till nearly eight — none of the children were present, except Master Harry, who, begging his fond mamma's pardon, is rather pert — and the conversation was principally about persons and things of which I knew nothing. After tea, which we took about nine, a few familiar friends of the family dropped in. The ladies were elegant in dress and manner, but slightly insipid, I thought — the gentlemen moustached, imperialized, and otherwise "dandical." Elinor sung and played with immense applause. She is a fine artistic performer, but her singing does not approach our Pauline's.

'My chamber has a pleasant lookout into the Park, is handsomely and luxuriously furnished, but is quite too large and lofty for my simple ideas of comfort. And, then, the servants, who are prowling about every where, have a way of whisking every little trifle back into its place, "setting things to rights," if you leave your room for a moment, which gives you the not over-pleasant feeling of being watched. But I suppose I shall get used to this sort of life presently.

'There goes the breakfast bell! Elinor has just been in to bid me good morning, and bring me a bunch of freshly-blown flowers from the conservatory. I think I shall love that girl a little, after all — but I don't believe she will ever care for me.'

A few weeks later, Louise wrote as follows:

'You remember, dear Pauline, Mr. Walter Edwards, Heidelberg-bound, who spent two or three days with us at the time of Frederic's marriage. Well, he has returned home, having spent the years, since we saw him, in Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Greece, Turkey, Palestine, France, England, Scotland, and Ireland. He comes last

from Paris. But I must tell you of his arrival. He had been expected for some time; but as he had taken a fancy to come in a sailing vessel, no one knew, at this season of the year, on what day to look for him. Yesterday morning, as the weather was unpleasant, and I felt very comfortable in the library, I respectfully declined accompanying Mrs. Edward on her calling tour — Elinor went to riding-school, and I was left quite alone. As I was reading Browning's "Blot in the 'Scutcheon," a glorious dramatic poem, I came upon an odd, delicious love song, beginning —

"There 's a woman like a dew-drop — she 's so purer than the purest."

I was seized with a desire to sing this in my own odd way — so ran to the music-room, opened the piano, and set to work. I had some difficulty at first, as the long lines and curiously linked words were rather unmanageable, but I finally made an accompaniment which at least satisfied myself. As I was pouring out the wild, passionate words at the top, or rather at the *bottom*, of my voice, for I was striving to give the deep, fervent tones of Mertoun, as, half-fearful of surprise, he swings himself from the yew tree branches into the casement of Mildred, my eye was caught by a reflection in a mirror opposite. I stopped singing on the instant, turned, and saw, standing between me and the open door, a tall, dark, very dark, young man, with curly black hair, and a huge moustache, a fur cap and cloak, and a crimson cashmere waistcoat. Oh, dear, I shall never know how long the fellow had been watching me! My first impulse was to fly. I sprang up, and overturned the music stool at his feet. He caught it, returned it to its place, then, lifting his cap, introduced himself as Walter Edwards — as though there was any need of that! — and called me by my name. Strange that he should recollect me! I was stammering out an explanation of my being alone, with some commonplaces of welcome, when the

children were let out upon him from the nursery — and in the *mêlée* I happily made my escape to my chamber, wherein I remained until near dinner-time.

'To-day we have had a dinner-party, composed principally of family friends and some fellow-passengers of Mr. Walter Edwards — or rather *Doctor*, as he brings that title with him from Heidelberg. It was quite a little congress of nations. We had two Germans, one a baron and the other a real live count, a Frenchman, an Italian, and a Spaniard! I *hope* that our good cousin really liked these various gentlemen — did *not* choose his guests in order to show off his own acquirements as a linguist. It is most true that he spoke fluently with each in his vernacular, and had the air of an every-day familiarity with every known tongue. How I wished that papa were present, to touch him up on the Chinese! I think that would have posed him. As for poor, stupid me, I could hardly muster French enough to keep up a little necessary conversation with the lively Parisian artist at my side.

'In truth, Dr. Walter Edwards is a very fine person — a grand person, I should even say — one who has done full justice to his native talent and admirable opportunities. I admire him, certainly, but I doubt whether I shall ever come near enough to him to like him. It is beautiful to see Elinor's worship of her stately brother — not that she says or does much, but she *looks* unmixed idolatry. I do love that girl! I have found that she is not cold at heart — only quiet in her demonstrations.

'I suppose we are now in for a round of parties. I never can learn to enjoy them, never can think one, with its glare and crush, its dainties and polkas, any thing but a magnificent bore.'

A week or two later, Louise wrote:

'Lo, a marvel! cousin Walter has shaved off his moustache! — his black, silky moustache, and all to please his mother. There was no help for it. Aunt Edwards actually

limited his kisses to the back of her hand, and kept him on a short allowance at that. Elinor will never have done grieving for the loss of this badge European, and I at first thought Walter did not look as well without it; but I now see that it concealed one of the greatest beauties of his face — the short, delicately cut upper lip, with its peculiar tremulous play.

'The opera has opened, with Teresa Truffi, a young Milanese, I believe, as Prima Donna, Mr. Edwards has a box, and last night we all went to see *Lucrezia Borgia*. On another sheet I send you my musical impressions. I have only to give here a few trifles for your indulgent eye alone.

'When I was dressing for this opera, I was sadly out of heart. I knew that it was a place where people were expected to look brilliant, and you know brilliancy is not precisely my forte. For the first time in my life, I felt dissatisfied with my wardrobe — it is so very poor compared with Elinor's — and my little jewelry-box I shut in despair. Finally, I fixed on my dress of India muslin, with the slight embroidery — you remember it. I looped up the sleeves with natural rose-buds, wove a little myrtle-wreath for my hair, and flung over my shoulders my shawl of rose-colored crape. I wore but one ornament, the plain gold cross, containing some of mother's beautiful hair, which, since papa gave it me, on my last birth-day, I have been wearing next my heart. Now suspended on my neck by its delicate chain, it really looked very prettily.

'Cousin Elinor was escorted by a certain Mr. Lincoln — or "Tom Lincoln," as every body calls him — for whom I suspect she has a partiality; he certainly adores her. I was attended by my grave cousin, the Doctor, who might be Doctor Faustus, by the awe with which he still inspires me.

'In the box next us sat a splendidly handsome woman, about twenty-eight or thirty, I should say, superbly dressed,

and all ablaze with diamonds. She bowed familiarly to my cousin, and favored me with a brief scrutiny through her double-barrelled opera-glass, which I thought rather impertinent, as we sat too near to make it allowable. Walter told me that this was Miss Warrington, a great heiress, and a leader of fashion — that he fell in with her brother and herself in Italy, crossed the Alps and finally the Atlantic, with them — that she was a clever, but rather a handsome woman, famous for her coquetries and conquests. He visited her box between the acts, and I could but observe that his coming gave her lively pleasure, while he soon appeared fascinated by her gay conversation and gracious manner. I hope he is not in complete thraldom there. I do not believe that Miss Warrington can be worthy of a heart so noble as his.

'This morning, while we were in the music-room, listening to Elinor's fine playing, Walter, for the first time, calling me cousin Louise, asked leave to remark slightly on my appearance of last evening. I know not how I could have suspected him of such an impertinence, but I thought he was about to criticise my plain toilette, and, drawing myself up, replied, coldly, "If it so please you, sir." "Then," he exclaimed, "I must say that, in my eye, your dress was by far the most tasteful and beautiful in the house. It was soft, simple, classical, poetical — it was" —— "Ah, that will do," I cried, interrupting him; "the wearer is already infinitely your debtor!"

'After this, I suppose I was in a particularly obliging mood, for when, on Elinor's leaving the piano, Walter spoke to me for the first time of the recitation he had accidentally heard on the day of his arrival, and plead for something in the same style, I sat down at once, and gave him that proud "Love-Song of Montrose," as well as I knew how. He professed unbounded delight, both by word and look. How I wish I could believe him! But it seems too much to believe, knowing, as I do, that he has just

come from hearing the greatest singers and actors in the world.'

I will quote no more from the letters of Louise, but must tell her story in my own briefer way. Yet, *entre nous*, dear reader, you do not lose much, for those letters from New York by no means grew in piquancy and interest. Pauline complained, indeed, that they were shorter and came less frequently than at first, and observed that the name of Walter Edwards now seldom appeared in those 'few-and-far-between' home dispatches. That some unfortunate coldness had arisen, to the detriment of proper cousinly regard, Pauline may have thought at New Haven, but appearances at New York were decidedly against such a supposition. In truth, most pleasant and familiar relations had gradually grown up between the two — an intimacy all the closer, it seemed, for the native reserve and sensitiveness of both. During the winter mornings, they read and sang; and when the sunny days came, rode and walked together, always in the full companionship of bright thoughts, the unison of a common and ever-increasing happiness. Ere she was aware, Louise had passed into a new and larger life; she breathed a diviner yet clearer atmosphere; the deepest mysteries of her nature took simplest revelations; the mist-like reveries, the quick-vanishing dreams of her early girlhood, took fair familiar shapes, and led her daily walk; and when the spring came there was in her heart a spring-time of softer sunshine, and deeper bloom, and more entrancing song.

It may also be true that —

'In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.'

Certain it is, that, like the hero of 'Locksley Hall,' Mr. Walter Edwards felt 'all the current of his being' setting towards his cousin. Thus it happened that, as one evening after Louise had been singing his favorite, 'The Love-Song of Montrose' —

'Do you subscribe to the rash philosophy of these lines?' he asked, reading the verse:

"'He either fears his fate too much,
Or his desert is small,
Who dare not put it to the touch,
And gain, or lose it all.'"

'Most assuredly, Cousin Walter. I do not call it "*rash*," but brave and true.'

'Then you must not chide me, if I as boldly as reverently utter fateful words which may never be recalled, and say — and say — that I love you, dear Louise, I love you, and' ——

What might have been the conclusion of this sentence is a matter for the vaguest conjecture; for, at that instant, good, unsuspecting Mr. Edwards came up and interrupted the colloquy of the cousins with some pleasant little *bon-mot* — so all was over, for that night at least.

In the morning, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards went out of town for a few days; Louise did not care to shut herself up in her chamber; Elinor was taking a lesson in the music-room; Walter was probably in the library, and of course she could not go there; the parlors were too gorgeously desolate, so she strolled into the conservatory. Guided by some marvellous intuition, or it may possibly have been by the direction of the servants, Walter found her out and joined her. She was bending over a pot of dark-purple pansies, inhaling their fragrance, as he entered, and, looking up, she said quietly —

'This simple flower is my favorite, of all the flowers that live. My mother so loved pansies — she had them near her to the last, and we have quite covered her grave with them.'

Walter had bent to pluck a bunch, and, as he held them towards her, said —

'Then, Louise, can any thing add to their dearness?'

'I do not know,' she replied, blushing, 'but I think not.'

'Are you sure that nothing can take from their sacredness?'

'Yes, quite sure,' she answered with a smile.

Then, after pressing them to his lips, he said, in a deep, low tone, 'I have kissed them with my love upon my lips — *now* will you take them?'

Those large blue eyes were cast down; the sweet face of Louise rapidly paled and flushed; Walter could scarcely hear, as he bent over her, the murmured 'Yes' — *but she took the flowers* — then, ere another word could be spoken, she turned, flew through the hall and up the stairs, like a poor, frightened bird.

A little vexed, and a great deal pleased, Walter sauntered into the library, took up a book and retired to a favorite seat, behind the heavy velvet curtains, in the deep embrasure of a southern window. He had not been long there ensconced, when two lively, chatty young ladies, nieces of his father's, were shown into the library — just the last persons whom he cared to meet on that particular morning — so he resolved to remain *perdu*.

'Cousin Louise,' as they affectionately called her, soon joined them, bringing Elinor's excuses. Louise was a poor gossip that morning. Walter could but pity her abstraction, and was happy that it seemed to escape the notice of her visitors. He fixed his thoughts, as intently as he found it possible, on the book before him, and took no heed of the conversation to which he was an unintentional listener, until his own name struck his ear.

'I assure you, Miss Preston,' said Miss Sallie Wilson, 'that Cousin Walter and Miss Warrington *are* engaged. I have it from the best authority that she nursed him when he sprained his ankle on the Apennines, and that he in return saved her life on the Alps. On crossing the Atlantic, they came near being wrecked; and when they expected to go down every minute, they were betrothed — at least, they vowed they would die in each other's arms.'

'It is all quite true — I am absolutely certain,' said Miss Marie; 'and I know that Miss Warrington's and our mantuamaker, Madame Beauseau, expects the order for the wedding dresses every day.'

Smothering his laughter as best he could, at the recital of this comical romance, so utterly new to him, Walter impatiently sat out the remainder of the call, which, happily for Louise, was not long. That poor silly girl, after seeing her visitors off, hastened to her chamber, locked the door, and began rapidly walking the room, murmuring bitterly — 'Fool, fool that I have been, to believe for a moment that he truly and seriously loved me; — *me*, a little, plain, ignorant, bashful, Yankee girl! He was only playing with my affections, *pour passer le temps*, as he would say, in his miserable, heartless French. I will go home to father and Frederic, or to Pauline and Ernest — they only can love me — they have somehow grown into the habit of loving me. Oh, I never should have left home! I have no other place in the wide world.'

A knock at the door!

'Mr. Walter sends his compliments, and would Miss Preston be pleased to walk in the Park this fine morning?'

'No. Tell him I must beg to be excused.'

Louise had received a letter from her sister by that morning's mail, at the close of which Pauline wrote —

'When I put little Ernest to bed this evening, as I kissed him good night for you, he asked so touchingly, "When *Lula* come home, mamma? *Ernie* not see her for *such a many days!*"

'I have just come from looking at him in his sleep. He seems a little restless, and his cheek is rather too hot. I am apprehensive of the scarlet fever, which has appeared in the neighborhood. But don't be troubled — he is not really ill.'

Louise read this, at first, with scarce one thrill of fear. She idolized the child, but felt that he could not die. She

was all too happy for a thought of death. But now she resolved to go to him at once; and when she joined her cousins at lunch, she announced her determination of returning to New Haven by the evening boat, stating that she was called home by the illness of Pauline's child.

Ah, Louise! Louise!

'If you really *must* go, cousin, brother Walter will of course accompany you,' said Elinor.

'It is quite needless,' replied Louise, somewhat coldly; 'indeed, I would rather he should *not* take the trouble. I am certainly enough of a traveller to journey so short a distance alone.'

'At least, you will allow me to see you to the boat?' said Walter, wounded to the soul, surprised and offended by the distrust and jealousy which he read only too well. Louise somewhat more graciously thanked him, gave assent, and returned to her chamber to pack her trunks. Elinor and Walter both accompanied her to the boat. From the first she parted with some tears; but Pauline herself, in her proudest days, could not have worn an air of more supreme indifference than she assumed in taking leave of Walter. She shook hands carelessly with him at the cabin door, and did not even cast a look after him, as he led his sister to the carriage.

It was not till the night had closed in, and the boat was well under way, that Louise stole out on deck. There, standing apart, leaning against the railing, she looked into the dark water, and shed fast bitter tears. She thought of all the winter past, the happiest, dearest time of her life; she thought of Walter, of the evening before, and his words of love; of the morning and his pansies, so burdened with kisses — and how she too had kissed them, and hid them in her bosom. Shame and anger burned in her cheek at *this* remembrance. She caught them out, and would have flung them into the sea, but that she felt something harder than their slight stems in her grasp. It was her mother's cross,

which had become unfastened from its chain. With a shudder at having so nearly lost this sacred treasure, she replaced it in her bosom, and with it the pansies. 'Might it not be an omen of good?' she asked her heart.

Seeing that the night had grown darker, and feeling a few large rain-drops on her forehead, Louise returned to the cabin, flung herself on her berth, and finally slept. She was awakened by the cabin-maid, who informed her that they had reached New Haven. In her thoughtless haste, she had never anticipated landing in the dark and the rain, and now felt utterly dismayed. It wanted yet some hours of morning, and she had a long ride into the country before her. Hastily tying on her bonnet, and wrapping her cloak about her, she passed along with the other passengers to the gangway. Here she found a crowd of men and boys, from whom she shrank in childish, speechless timidity. While looking around in tearful entreaty for an officer of the boat, or some kind stranger who would befriend her for a few moments by calling a carriage and attending to her baggage, she suddenly felt her arm drawn within that of a gentleman at her side. With a scream on her lips, she turned and looked into the smiling face of Walter Edwards! He led, or rather bore her to a carriage near by, whereon her trunks were already deposited, handed her in out of the storm — out of *all* storms, for he sat down beside her, and held her hand in his.

Now, my dear reader, I know not what your wishes may be, but I should not feel justified in following Louise and Walter into that carriage, and reporting every thing they said on their way to the pretty country home of Ernest and Pauline. Louise, however, has been known to affirm that she said little, except to ask Walter's forgiveness for her jealous distrust, and that he said little after asking pardon for having allowed her to teach herself so severe a lesson. Yet I do not think that they dozed through the long ride, nor do I believe that their conversation was altogether dry and

uninteresting; for when they reached 'Sweetbriar cottage,' at early breakfast time, Walter's fine face looked remarkably fresh and bright, and Louise, though she was all blushes and glad smiles, bore the traces of recent tears on her fair cheeks, and long, golden eyelashes. Feeling that Pauline, after the first surprise of their arrival, was looking at her rather too searchingly, she caught up little Ernest, (who, by the by, has not had the scarlet fever to this day,) and commenced an animated conversation with him. Ah, that was a bad move, Louise! for the child, tenderly wiping her eyes with his pinafore, cried out, pitifully —

'See, mamma, see! poor Lulu cry!'

In about a fortnight — I am not sure, though, that it was more than ten days from this morning — Louise was sitting on the simplest and prettiest of sofas in Pauline's little parlor, and (I have good authority for the assertion) with her head drooped on Walter's shoulder, or rather on his breast, while he was softly laying back the rich masses of shining hair from her forehead, and talking to her in low tones — for the poor child had a headache! Pauline, who was present, seemed busy with some papers at her writing-desk.

'May I ask what you are smiling over so archly, Cousin Pauline?' said Walter.

'Oh, nothing but a little passage in one of Louise's old letters.'

'Ah, read it, pray,' he exclaimed.

And Pauline read —

'In truth, Dr. Walter Edwards is a very fine person — a grand person, I should even say — one who has done full justice to his native talent and admirable opportunities. I admire him, certainly, *but I doubt whether I shall ever come near enough to him to like him.*'

Louise was married at the home of her father and brother, one golden evening early in September. Then met together a most delightful, though a strictly family party.

There was Captain Preston, somewhat paler and thinner than of old, and with a shade of sadness on his yet handsome face, but, nevertheless, looking the proud and happy father. There were the grandparents — Frederic and his noble wife, with the Ellsworths — Ernest and Pauline — the children — Mr. and Mrs. Edwards — Elinor and Tom Lincoln, (now betrothed) — and George, the young collegian.

The wedding was over. It was midnight, and Captain Preston was alone in his room — Dora's room, that 'pleasant chamber which looked out on the sea.' He stood in the soft moonlight, before the window, where, long years ago, he had seen *her* stand, waving her last farewell; and now, with flowing tears and great yearnings of the heart for the early lost, but ever loved one, he murmured —

'Have I been faithful to your charge, my Dora? Do you look with me on the happiness of our children?'

And there, in the stillness and loneliness of the night, an assurance came to him, voiceless, mysterious, but sweet and blessed, beyond what words may tell, and he *knew* that Dora was with him — within the circle of his arms — leaning her head against his heart, and smiling into his eyes, as in the dear old time.

Louise has become reconciled to the elegance and luxury which once almost dismayed her — adapted herself with true womanly tact to many of the forms and fashions once so wearisome and distasteful to her, and all without the loss of the early freshness, truth, and simplicity of her character. She still speaks with a sort of playful awe of her 'splendid husband,' and can never cease to wonder what he found in her to admire and love. But to others, there is little mystery in the matter.

The brothers and sisters spend a few happy weeks together every year, at the old seaside home, which has received so many picturesque additions, has been so be-

winged and be-trellised, that it looks like a small congregation of summer-houses.

Oh, mothers, do you truly believe that Dora was *dead* through all these years?

A FEW WORDS ABOUT ACTORS AND PLAYS.

During my present visit to Philadelphia I have had the pleasure of seeing the distinguished American actor, Mr. Murdoch, in some of his finest personations, and have been impelled to remark upon them simply and very briefly. I shall not attempt an analysis of Mr. Murdoch's acting, but merely give my impressions — not search after the secrets of his dramatic power, but tell the results as I observed and felt them. And yet effect can scarcely be earnestly studied without our reverting to cause; and we can hardly watch the bright flow of so full a tide of genius and power without wishing to trace it back to its deep source in the life and in the soul.

In speaking of our subject, first of all to be noticed, because it is above all, and apparent through every thing, is the high moral tone of the *man*. A quick sense of honor and delicacy — a sovereign contempt for all that is unworthy, false, and vile — a hearty geniality, a genuine warmth of feeling, are qualities which art cannot give, though her fair semblances too often pass current with the mass. It is in these qualities of a large heart and a true nature that the best power of Mr. Murdoch lies. He would make these felt on the world in any position and capacity, but from where he now exercises them, I venture to say, their results are greater and more immediate, and perhaps more lasting, than they could be elsewhere. This is because the stage is in

greatest need of characters and qualities of this kind. Men are but feebly impressed by the stern virtue of Virginius, the lofty tenderness and severe justice of Othello, or the sublime patriotism of Brutus or Tell, if he who represents them be a profligate or a bully.

The cold brilliance of the mere artist does not move the hearts of the people — tremendous exhibitions of power by the mere actor only stun their sensibility and arouse their passions. Something better than these is required of dramatic representation in our time — nature behind art — truth tempering passion — a higher moral tone, a more decided moral force in the actor himself. When the time comes that places the actor by the side of the author and the artist, as the instructor of the people, and a ministrant to their higher intellectual pleasure; when the world requires of him the same elevation of character and worthiness of life, the stage will be but taking its rightful place and fulfilling its true destiny. To hasten this day, yet, alas! far in the future — the day which shall see the drama redeemed from the evil and reproach under which it has so long struggled, no one has done or is doing more than Mr. Murdoch; and the consciousness that while being true to himself, he is elevating and justifying his calling, must be to him his best recompense. Were there more of the same stamp in the histrionic profession, they would soon compel the world to recognise the drama not only as a high department of art, but as a medium for moral teaching, an influence and an element to be felt more and more powerfully in the social state.

That which seems to me most to distinguish the acting of Mr. Murdoch in comedy, is elegance — a refined joyousness, which never degenerates into farce, is never coarse, or low, or boisterous — in short, is never toned down to the pit. In tragedy and melo-drama, he is rather subdued, and impresses more by deep feeling than stormy passion. So far is he from exaggeration, that you often feel that there is

more kept back than expressed — and who does not know that there is terrible power in repressed passion. This is apparent in his personation of Claude Melnotte, but far more so in the 'Stranger.' To me it seems that Mr. Murdoch is unsurpassable in those alternations of misanthropy and tenderness, of sternness and heart-reaching pathos, which abound in this melancholy German creation. In the first abrupt dialogue with Francis, the tones of his voice are freighted with agony, and come to us as terrible intimations of the fearful secret of the play. But in the interview with the baron, and in the last scene with Mrs. Haller, his voice, his look, his action, are overwhelming in their effect. Never shall I forget his telling the story of his wrongs — now hesitating, faint with emotion, now hurrying to be through with the shameful recital, to that last outburst of passionate anguish —

'Kings, laws, tyranny, or guilt, can but imprison me, or kill me. But — oh God! oh God! what are chains or death, compared with the torture of a deceived yet doting husband!'

Nor his first words to Mrs. Haller —

'What would you with me, Adelaide?'

Nor his reply when his penitent wife conjures him to 'use reproaches.'

'Reproaches! Here they are; here, on my sallow cheek — here, in my hollow eye — here, in my faded form. These reproaches I could not spare you.'

In such passages as these Mr. Murdoch's deep, rich voice has a peculiar passionate unsteadiness — a sort of quivering — not precisely a trembling, but an undulating of tone, as though it were uncontrollably agitated by the tumultuous beating of his heart. In all scenes of domestic tenderness and pathos, he has peculiar power — the power which no actor can acquire without the experience of the nearest, the most beautiful home relations and affections — without full knowledge of the deep joys and great sorrows of love.

The philosophy of this play of The Stranger, as it is now represented, is not of the highest order. Kotzebue knew best, after all, and his denouement was truest to the character of his noble creation. In the play as written, he is at last reconciled to his repentant and heart-broken wife, who has fallen, through great temptation and vile deception, in the frenzy and despair of jealousy — and takes her to his forgiving arms. As it is now represented, he pardons her, indeed, but parts from her — leaving her unprotected, and a second time disgraced by discovery — childless, alone, to die in the shadow of her shame — in the sharp and ceaseless agonies of her remorse. Such is the terrible retribution which society often visits upon the erring woman, but the juster, the diviner judgment of the poet was not thus relentless. Not an empty pardon, and after that desertion, from a fear of the scorn and laughter of the world, but full forgiveness and kind protection was in accordance with the real character of the Stranger, whose misanthropic sternness, doubt and suspicion were the effect of his belief in the total, inexcusable falsehood and depravity of his once adored wife. He is not himself, he is frenzied with passion when he gives utterance to that execrable sentiment —

'Sir, a wife once induced to forget her honor, *must* be capable of a second crime!'

Such was not the decision of Jesus. True it is that when woman first left the garden of innocence, an angel stood at the gate, with a sword of flame, guarding against her return to tread again the old happy and sinless parts — but he did not forbid her making, amid the wilds without, a home of peace, where she might bow her repentant head before God, and remember Eden — where she might hope in mercy, not despair with an imbittered spirit and a daily lacerated heart. But now, a remorseless power, called Public Opinion, too often a fiend in disguise, has stolen the sword of the angel and chases her through the world.

But to return. Mr. Murdoch's Benedict is a delicious

piece of acting. This brilliant and spirited character seems especially suited to him. The odd fancies and witty retorts of the gay courtier have from his lips a fresh point and raciness, and sparkle with a new life. It is very much to hear his laugh in this part — so rich and musical and carelessly joyous it is. Here, as in Claude Melnotte and Romeo, characters for which manly beauty seems quite indispensable, the fine person of Mr. Murdoch gives him great advantages. In such characters as Puff, Young Mirabel, Young Rapid, and the Rover, he is an actor to have charmed Charles Lamb. Ah! how the mirth-loving Elia and his gentle sister, Bridget, would have sat night after night, laughing till the tears ran, at these admirable personations.

Mr. Murdoch's humor is the very soul of frolic and merriment. There is about it a hearty and boyish *abandon* most delightful and contagious. But in the sharper and bitterer wit of tragedy and melo-drama — in irony and gay scorn, all the playful handling of the keen weapons of satire, he is inimitable. This is well shown in the garden scene of 'The Lady of Lyons,' and contrasts finely with the tenderness which he throws into his looks and tones when painting to Pauline the home to which 'could love fulfill its prayers,' he would lead her. This description he makes wondrously beautiful by his splendid elocution. Not alone does Pauline 'hang upon the honey of his eloquent tongue,' as he paints on the void air with his gorgeous words the Paradise of Love, till its rich foliage, and soft blooms and bright waters are almost palpably before us; and not till he pauses does it fade away, like a vision of fair enchantment.

Such passages as this Mr. Murdoch always gives with great and peculiar effect; and this not alone from his just emphasis and musical intonation, but because he has fully received, has absorbed the very spirit of the author. He has a ready and clear perception of the subtle delicacies, the fine poetical meanings of the words he is uttering. He gives us a quaint conceit, or a pleasant fancy with a happy appre-

ciation and with an air of perfect spontaneity. In all the sweet fancies and exquisite imagery of tenderness, I have never seen him equalled.

When, as Claude Melnotte, he is conducting Pauline to his cottage, he says :

'Come, dearest, come.
Pauline. Shall I not call our people
To light us?
Melnotte. Heaven will lend its stars for torches.
It is not far.
Pauline. The night breeze chills me.
Melnotte. Nay,
Let me thus mantle thee; — it is not cold.'

It were quite impossible to forget the mournful tenderness of his manner, and the passionate sweetness of his tone, in uttering these last words, while enfolding his proud love, half-timidly, with his sheltering arms.

Mr. Murdoch, with the grace of his action and the thorough gentlemanliness of his bearing, makes of Claude Melnotte all that may be made — but the character is not great enough for him. It is merely a romantic, not a deep or dignified creation, and the central idea, the philosophy of the play, is not ennobling. There is in it, as in all the productions of Bulwer, too much recognition of *money* as the dominant, controlling power of social life — of the genius of gold, as mightier than love, to 'help the hurt that honor feels,' and rule the destinies of the heart. Claude Melnotte leaves Lyons covered with disgrace and bowed down with shame, though forgiven by the woman he had wronged. He returns after having made atonement for breaking the heart of a poor foolish, trusting girl, by making widows of some scores of Italian women — for the greater crime of his low birth by the winning of a military title — for the yet greater crime of poverty by the rich spoil of plundering campaigns. The radical fault of the play is making Melnotte guilty,

whatever his provocation, of so meanly and cruelly deceiving the woman of his love. The blackness of that dishonor the name of hero could not gild, nor all the blood in his veins wash out. This play is a sham, with all its fine passages and effective scenes. There are, indeed, some very taking democratic sentiments scattered through it, but they are not hearty. The democracy of Bulwer is but a rough, honest mask, which when dropped, and it is liable to drop, reveals the cold, sharply-cut features, the proud eye, and the supercilious smile of the dandy baronet. Bulwer is an aristocrat in blood and bone, and does not know how to write for the people. He can set his brain to work wherever he sees that it can work with most effect, but that piece of exquisite muscular machinery called his heart, has no real sympathy with any humanity which does not keep its carriage, its liveried servitors, and talk largely of its pedigree.

The finest exhibition of Mr. Murdoch's power, which I have witnessed, was in the character of Pierre, in the tragedy of 'Venice Preserved.' This was indeed magnificent. The play is a dark and terrible one, this part, in particular, requiring great strength and passion. Mr. Murdoch was fully equal to it throughout — throwing himself completely into the stern and fierce, yet generous character of the head conspirator. In the scene when he refuses forgiveness to his faithless friend, Jaffier, he is terrible in the reality and intensity of his passion.

This great tragedy of Otway's is a truly heathenish conception — a combination of evil and fearful elements — of relentless cruelty, imbittered pride, blood-thirsty revenge, mad hate, and love which is most like hate in its sharp intensity. It seems to have been thrown up by some mental convulsion from the depths of a soul raging and tost with hot and stormy passions. There is about it the beauty of sin, fierce and untamed as in her own dark domains, and an infernal strength and grandeur. Amid the hurry and the tem-

pest, we catch but momentary glimpses of the better nature of man, of truth, and gentleness, and kindly affections — as the traveller in a wild night-storm sees gardens and houses by flashes of lightning.

A very charming actress is Miss Alexina Fisher, for some years one of the chief attractions at the Walnut Street Theatre, Philadelphia, now the 'Bright particular Star' of Barnum's Museum, in that city. Here, though she plays upon a narrower stage, and to smaller audiences than formerly, she has the pleasant assurance that she enlists the kindly feelings of a class of people whose regard is well worth having — who bestow not alone admiration and applause, but good wishes and genuine interest, which are not to be flung aside by the actress, like mock-jewels, in the green-room, but which the woman may take home with her, to solace and inspire in hours of care and toil.

To this pleasant little theatre come the grave, sober citizens, discreet matrons, demure young Quakeresses, and hosts of children — all wickedly decoyed into the witnessing of vain plays under the innocent name of 'lectures.' A great imposition surely, but strange enough, I have never heard the victims complain of it. On the contrary, they submit with most exemplary resignation, and calmly look the evil in the face; except, indeed, the performance be a comedy, when their equanimity is liable to be a little disturbed. Without the objectionable features of the theatre proper, this is an agreeable and most harmless place of amusement, where fairy spectacles, most enchanting to children, and the lighter dramas are admirably presented.

It was at the Walnut that I first saw Miss Fisher as 'Beatrice.' This character she personated with peculiar vivacity and spirit. Her finest piece of acting in this, was the scene with Benedict, after Claudio's cruel rejection of Hero. She here gave true expression to the generous indignation and noble faith of the keen-witted but great-

hearted woman. I shall not soon forget the arch coquetry and pleasant maliciousness of her 'Mrs. Ford.' Verily her pitiless victimization of Sir John was a piece of most enjoyable wickedness. Her 'Lady Teazle' is also admirable. You cease to wonder at Sir Peter's fond infatuation, she is so enchantingly provoking — and with that sorely tried but indulgent husband, you pardon the sauciness and sarcasm of her replies for coming from a mouth so mockingly beautiful. No one who has seen her as 'Juliana' in 'The Honeymoon,' can forget her pride and spirit, her charming perversity and petty petulence; or help regretting the ultimate taming of so delightful a shrew. The scene in the cottage, where she brings wine at the command of her husband, she makes a most laughable example of rebellious obedience, of conjugal submission under protest. She is quite unsurpassable here, especially in her emphatic spelling of 'wont' when she refuses to bring the wine. But Miss Fisher has another range of character than the merely brilliant and vivacious — indeed she deserves most consideration for her versatility. 'T is not that she is unapproachably great in any one department of her art, but that she can acquit herself well in so many directions. I have never known her fail in any thing which she undertook, though she is not always perfect in her conceptions, nor is she equal in her personations. She has some unfortunate mannerisms, which mar the effect of her acting. But when she forgets herself in her character these disappear. She sometimes rather oppresses her characters, if not her audience, with her own exuberant spirits — is more likely to err by gifting them with an excess of girlish vivacity and restlessness, than of dignity and ladylike repose. Yet who would not prefer her impulsive manner and lively tones, even though they occasionally overpass the idea of the author, to the set airs and drawing-room drawl of actresses who measure their dainty steps across the boards, laugh and

weep, embrace and die, with a most delicate and doleful propriety ?

I have only seen Miss Fisher in comedy and melo-drama, and should not suppose that she would excel in high tragedy. Her physique is scarcely suited to it, though she is very like Mrs. Siddons's idea of 'Lady Macbeth' — a blonde of an exceedingly gentle and feminine appearance. Mrs. Siddons's own grand success in this character has made it the peculiar property of the actress of imposing presence, and of the darker and sterner style of beauty.

In person, Miss Fisher is small, but not wanting in fulness and freshness. Her fair, expressive face can be arch, gentle, loving or scornful, tender or proud, joyous or mournful — but never fierce or terrible, can never darken with a remorseless hate, or freeze the gazer with the awful repose of a stony despair. But, to quote from a friend, 'In all those parts of the drama where the less stormy, but not less powerful passions are to be delineated — where great love struggles with imagined or real duty, or where some fearful sorrow is to be borne for the sake of others — where great anguish is to be endured for principle — in all things that relate to the affections, to the deepest and best emotions of our nature, she is truly amiable.'

Perhaps the character of 'Pauline,' in 'The Lady of Lyons,' is Miss Fisher's best personation, though her 'Juliet' has been pronounced very beautiful. She certainly *looks* the latter character, and is moreover peculiarly suited to it by an unusual amount of womanly tenderness, that quality so needed in an actress to subdue and idealize the sudden, summer-passion of the ardent, yet pure-souled child of the South.

Alas, poor Juliet ! how many, by a weak or coarse rendering, make of thy beautiful love a childish folly, or a voluptuous amour ; how few give it to us as they find it — the sweetest, saddest dream of poetry that ever thrilled the heart of youth with pure delights and wild longings, and a

dear pain it would not exchange for joy. The quick, spontaneous, yet perfect blending of the fresh, young hearts of the hapless lovers of Verona, was not light fancy nor wild romance, but the exaltation of sentiment, and the ideal of a passion holding within its glowing circle the glory of life and the strength of death — and the immortal play which chronicles their sad story, flushed as it is with all the beauty and ripe with all the richness of Italy, is the most gorgeous garland ever woven by Song to be flung upon the grave of Love.

As 'Pauline,' Miss Fisher excels many actresses of greater reputation. Her conception is just and delicate, and there are parts of her acting most touching and beautiful. For instance, her listening to Claude's description of his palace by the Lake of Como, where her breath seems hushed in rapt attention, and all her soul seems radiating joy and fond pride through her upturned face; and when, in her humiliation and anger, she taunts him by repeating his own language from this scene, she is superb. There is the triumph of pride and wounded vanity over love, while yet the latter passion has an evident undertone, softening the bitterness and violence of the first. Her bearing toward Beauseant, when he comes to the cottage in the absence of Claude and his mother to persecute and insult her, is full of womanly scorn and the dignity of a high nature, which no folly nor misfortune can abase. In the parting scene, wherein the devotion of the wife, the regeneration of the spoilt child of fortune, is complete — and in the last scene she is admirable.

'Julia,' in 'The Hunchback,' is one of her best characters. In the gay and careless dialogue with Helen, which Clifford overhears, she is charming. Through the proud, smiling face and the brilliant tones of the heartless belle, the better nature of the woman flushes and trembles, and you know that while seeking to mock you she is cruelly mocking herself. She acquits herself well in the passionate interview

with Master Walter, as also in that with the secretary. The exclamation — 'Oh, Clifford! is it you?' is a fine point, but a yet finer is her — 'Clifford, why *don't* you speak to me?'

When Miss Fisher left the Walnut, much to the regret of the frequenters of that house, she was accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Thayer, who is deservedly a favorite with the public as an actress of remarkable comic talent. As 'Dame Quickly,' in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor;' the 'Nurse,' in 'Romeo and Juliet;' 'Nellie,' in 'Extremes;' 'Madame Deschappelles,' in 'The Lady of Lyons,' she seems to me quite perfect. In the latter character, the air and tone of her command to the Widow Melnotte — 'Old woman, get me a chair;' are inimitable.

One of the greatest, though simplest delights I have had of late was in witnessing 'The Cricket on the Hearth,' performed by this Museum company. It was an admirable representation. Mr. Baker did full justice to the fine, manly character of 'John Perrybringle;' Mr. Thayer was an excellent 'Caleb;' Mrs. Thayer an absolutely incomparable, unapproachable 'Tilly Slowboy.' But what shall I say of Miss Fisher as 'Dot?' I cannot say less than that my heart was more moved by the truth, the sweetness, and the exquisite tenderness of her acting, than it has often been by great exhibitions of high tragic power. In this part, she equally charms you by her vivacity and melts you by her pathos. To me, there is more power in her simple sobbing than in the grand death-scenes of most other actresses.

This character of 'Dot' has with me always stood high and fair among the author's creations, in pure, symmetrical beauty — the beauty of goodness, truth, lovingness and rare nobility. I have always felt that she must be a true and noble woman who could play 'Dot' perfectly. This I say now, and will add, that lovelier than ever before seems that lovely household creation, dear, delicious 'Dot' — that 'brightest little star that ever shone,' henceforth shines with a new lustre.

Miss Fisher does not seem to *act* this character, but to live in it entirely for the time. *She is* '*Dot*,' the fond young wife, petted, but not spoiled — the proud, happy, mother, and the tidy, cheerful, bustling little housekeeper. It was beautiful to see her tender, coaxing ways toward her rough-but loving John, when she set his supper before him and pressed him to eat — and then the lighting of his pipe — then the sitting down on the little stool, by his side, and leaning her head against him with a sense of protection, content, and home-comfort speaking in her attitude and every look. Such a provoking display of conjugal felicity she makes for the benefit of Tackleton — and so saucily she talks to the crusty old bachelor, as she stands with John's arm about her waist, and pats his hand, in a half-tender, half-tantalizing way. But she is most charming while making her final explanation to her wondering and delighted husband — where her laughing and weeping, and 'Don't hug me yet, John,' are the cause of as many tears as smiles.

Miss Fisher has surely fine talent, and, what is more, has enthusiasm, the quick, effective impulses of a warm heart, and with her youth, beauty, ambition and industry, has doubtless before her a fair future of success and increasing fame. I can hope much for a woman who has enough truth and tenderness in her nature to be 'Dot,' even for a few hours every evening — who is capable of looking such love, of speaking such trust, of moving in such an atmosphere of household affections and womanly purity.

Any comment upon the moral tendency of the beautiful production of Dickens so happily dramatized, may here seem unnecessary, if not out of place. Yet I can but remark how much more it is in accordance with the growing spirit of our age than the old standard romances and plays. It is a story for the people — for those who labor and love and suffer in the quiet paths and ordinary conditions of life. What simple, unquestioning trust — what hearty, yet tender household love — what large charity and noble forgiveness — what

rich rewards of pure goodness — what softening and regeneration of the hard, bad heart, are shown us here! — and who among the old novelists and dramatists has given us such lessons to be pondered at our firesides? How far nobler is honest John Perrybringle, who, when believing his wife, his idolized 'Dot,' false to him, fully forgives her, though after a great struggle, and blesses her for what she has been to him in the past, and for all the joys she has given him — than 'the noble Moor' 'allaying his rages and revenges,' and vindicating his honor by smothering out the life of poor Desdemona.

Surely one of the distinctive features of our times is the incarnation of the true Christian idea in what is called light literature. The religionist and the moralist have created many fair forms and set them before the world, but, by some strange oversight, they have too often left out the soul which should have animated these creations. This the poet and the novelist have found, and are triumphing in the beautiful possession.

Would that the higher social philosophies, the nobler tendencies of our day might find eloquent voice in some great drama. It would be but a concentration of a divine, prophetic light, scattered in sparkles and breaking through rifts throughout the dramas of Shakspeare. Could Shakspeare himself take a new human embodiment and return to us now, I am strongly inclined to believe that he would shortly be denounced as a 'reformer.' His great soul would scorn to be cooped within the pale of conservatism, but would leap forward and lead the race of the age.

THE STORY OF A VIOLET.

Some time last summer I had the happiness of visiting a most agreeable family in Salem, Massachusetts — one of the pleasantest, as it is one of the most ancient and aristocratic, cities of New England.

My hostess was a lady of elegant tastes, and true refinement of intellect and feeling, and withal one who has made such good and beautiful use of wealth, that the least favored of fortune would scarcely dispute its being her rightful heritage and peculiar desert. An accomplished American lady, from her position, character, and rare personal attractions, necessarily much in the world, her fine domestic qualities, her warm domestic affections, attest that she is not altogether *of* the world.

A few years since my friend, Mrs. S——, made the tour of Europe with her husband and daughter, leaving at home with his nurse her youngest child, a little boy some three years of age.

During my stay with her, she was so kind as to show me a portfolio, filled with simple memorials of the most memorable places which she had visited on her tour. Among these, I found flowers from the temple of Jupiter Serapis, from the house of Sallust, and from the tragic theatre of Pompeii, with fig leaves from the temple of Isis — names rendered doubly immortal by the glorious romance of Bulwer. There was myrtle from Sorrentum, grass from the gate of Cumæ, and a spray of wild grape from the temple of

Venus, Baiæ. There was fern from the Sacred Hill, lichen from the Forum, grass from the Capitol, wild vine from the Coliseum, and jasmine from the Protestant cemetery, where Keats and the ashes of Shelley are buried. There were field flowers from the lake of the beautiful name, Thrasimine, and orchis from that lake of unapproachable loveliness, Como, and a tulip flower from near the tower in which Galileo was imprisoned. There was grass from the bridge of Lodi, gentian from the pass of the Splugen — there were leaves from a tree overhanging the wounded lion of Thorwaldsen, cut in the rocks by Lake Lucerne — brave little flowers from the glaciers — heaths from Chamouni, with the *Anemone Alpina* from the pass of the Jura. There was acacia from Ferney, the sight of which brought at once to the mind the cynical and infidel philosopher, whose sublime egotism of genius was more than a match for the hereditary egotism of royalty — a blossom of the wild pea from the Castle of Chillon, which even more vividly brought before one that lonely prisoner, 'whose hair was gray, but not with years,' and for whom a world wept when genius told the story of his sorrow. There was fir from the Black Forest, and a bunch of forget-me-nots from Heidelburgh Castle. Then came a wild rose from Waterloo, which one could almost fancy crimsoned with the blood once rained upon that awful battle plain — followed by a sweet little *pensée* plucked from the grave of the world's most glorious singer, Malibran. There was a trumpet flower from the gardens of Fontainbleau, a sprig from a willow planted by Marie Antoinette's own hand, and cedar from the *Chapelle Expiatoire*, Paris. There was ivy from Windsor — a rose from Westminster — and a simple daisy from Kenilworth, ah, fit emblem and memento of sweet Amy Robsart! There were oak leaves from Blenheim Castle, autumn-crimsoned leaves from Oxford, mosses from Tintern Abbey and Warwick Castle, ferns from Haddon Hall, and a magnolia from Chatsworth. Then came

flowers from Melrose, Dryburgh, Abbotsford, and from the grave of Scott. Last came a rose from Holyrood — sweet briar from Roslin Castle — leaves from a tree shading the cottage of Burns — flowers from the banks of Greta, from the valley of St. John's, Rydal-water, Windermere, Rydal Mount — and a sprig from a tree overhanging the gate through which Wordsworth passed daily for his meditative ramble among his beloved hills.

All these and many more, there were having about them some proud or sweet or mournful association, which was as a magic spell to bring far scenes near — to restore the past, to cause it even to give up its glorious dead. But as I turned over this rare portfolio, I found among some of the most valuable of those mementos of what had been less a tour of pleasure than the pilgrimage of a poetic and artistic soul — a common garden violet, carefully pressed, and underneath it was written, '*A violet from home, which has been kissed by Willie. — Rome.*'

THE VISION OF THE VIOLET.

No more the dream, the longing —
 The pilgrim strays at last
Amid thy haunted temples,
 Thou city of the past,
Whose eagles once made darkness
 Where'er their wings unfurled —
Whose seven hills propped a glory
 That domed the ancient world.

With thy ruins glooming round her,
 Thy columns rising fair,
With the murmur of the Tiber
 Floating down the quiet air;
With the morn-light falling o'er her
 In a bounteous golden shower,
Sits the stranger still and tearful,
 Gazing on a faded flower!

Ah, she little heeds thy grandeurs,
Or thy woes, discrowned Rome—
For the vision of the violet,
The vision of her home!
She cannot lose her spirit
In the glories of thine art,
For the stirring of a little love
That nestles in her heart!

She heedeth not thy melody's
Most sweet, prolonged strain,
For the music of a little voice
That singeth in her brain!
Pictures that the world illumine
Glow around her, wondrous fair—
But her heart paints lovelier pictures
On the morn's delicious air;

Of a far off pleasant chamber,
Looking out upon the sea,
Scented by the clambering roses,
Shaded by the swaying tree;
Where the shadow of the willow
Falls across a little bed,
Where upon a snowy pillow
Lies a little golden head!

Where the morning sun comes early—
Hastes to wake the sweetest eyes
That give back the tender azure
And the brightness of his skies.
Half believes that dreaming mother
Eager arms are round her thrown,
And those sweetest eyes up-shining
Smile and smile into her own.

But the lovely vision passeth—
Babe, and bed, and pleasant room—
Yet she dews with tears the blossom,
Breathing long its faint perfume—

Ah, 't is sweeter than the fragrance
 Of the gardens of the south,
And most like the breath once nightly
 Drawn in kisses from his mouth.

Ye may be treasured well and long,
 Mosses, and sprays, and Alpine flowers,
With grasses from the battle plain,
 And ivy from old ruined towers;
But to that mother's yearning heart
 Yet dearer, dearer far shall be
The violet that Willie kissed —
The violet that Willie kissed,
 And sent across the sea.

Thus ever to my wandering heart
 May one dear hope, one memory come;
Thus to my deepest soul go down
 One word of peace and blessing — *home*.
Be other brows by pleasure's wreath
 Or glory's coronal oppressed,
 To me the humbler flower seems best,
Some sweet, wild bloom with dews still wet —
So love, but kiss a violet —
Oh, love, but kiss a violet,
 And fling it to my breast!

SELECTIONS FROM LETTERS.

LETTER I.

Philadelphia, April, 1847.

Spring is blooming out upon us beautifully indeed. We have enjoyed a long succession of sunny and balm-breathing days, which render an out-doors' life dangerously fascinating to such unfortunate mortals as have work to do. There is a luxury in mere life at this season of the year, which pours into the most active and energetic natures, a soft, dreamy languor, 'a very pleasant idleness,' a delicious and most poetic laziness. The mind, submitting to a gentle bondage, is for a while well content to bend lover-like over the kindling face of nature, just awaking from her long winter sleep, to mark in her eyes the blue of clear heavens, and in her cheek the flush of coming rose-time, and to drink in her first breathings balmy with the tenderness born of repose and deep-drawn and heavy with long delicious dreams.

In our city-life we cannot go forth to meet sweet Spring, half way, but we know when she is here in earnest. In the fields, lily-bells may fling their soft perfumes on the passing breeze; but our Chestnut-street *belles*, most like to these, that 'they toil not, neither do they spin,' arrayed more finely, bearing themselves more proudly, sow the air with Roussell's best perfumes — '*Rose*,' '*Violet*,' '*Mille-fleurs*,' and '*Bouquet des dames*.' Dandelions are decking the

meadows, but dandies are flourishing alone the *pavé*, equally flash and up-startish. Lilac-leaves and parasols are being unfolded; flowers, natural and artificial, are looking up; fountains and children are playing in the parks; coughs and rheumatisms are going off, and doctors' bills are coming in; muffs, boas, cloaks and comfortable over-shoes, like long-tried statesmen, are retiring from active life, and seeking privacy, till the next campaign; radishes, lettuce, country-clerks, and other green things, are coming into town, and pleasure-seekers, nature-lovers, and invalids are going out for a snuff of fresh air, the novelty of unobstructed sight, and the luxury of unobserved action.

Will you indulge me in a little musical gossip — a sort of informal report of the concert of last evening? To you I need hardly acknowledge that I know nothing of the science of music. I am also ignorant of astronomy, but I can look up adoringly into the midnight heaven, and the stars mirror themselves in the depths of my spirit. I am not deep in the mysteries of operatic lore; I cannot discourse learnedly of trills, shakes and cadenzas; I do not own a dictionary of musical terms; my ear is not trained and eager to detect short-comings in time, and transgressions in tune. But, with me, the *love* of music has grown to be a wild enthusiasm, a passionate adoration, and music is in itself, to me, the revelation of a higher life — God's eloquent evangel to the sense — divinity made audible.

In my present blissful ignorance, nothing is so distasteful to me as that mere criticism which coldly analyzes and remorselessly dissects the sweetest strains and most exquisite passages; and I sometimes wonder if we, poor unscientific ones, will ever be delivered from the need of critics; if, when at the last, we pass those gates,

'On golden hinges turning,'

and the celestial harmonies break upon our ear, we may then be allowed to express our rapture, our 'exceeding

great joy,' without waiting for the better judgment of the *dilettanti*.

Therefore it is, my friend, that I can only speak of the *effect* of musical performances on my own mind, can only give my *impressions* of great musical artists.

To begin with the one whose music affected me most — Knoop. I could scarce believe him all I had heard, when he first appeared, a quiet, respectable-looking, stout, oldish gentleman, *in spectacles*. But no sooner had he drawn the first soft, bewildering tones from his magnificent instrument, than my heart lay hushed within me, and wave after wave of richest melody swept over my spirit, till it panted and grew faint with excess of delight. In Knoop, I recognised the artist and the true-hearted man, and I *felt* the presence of genius. He did not seem to be playing for his audience, but for himself alone. Rapt and apart, he sat, bending over his beloved violoncello, and they two seemed, like old friends, holding sweet and beautiful communion together.

And Sivori — 'delicate Ariel' of music's magic realm, bewitching spright, conjuring with all the delicious enchantments of sound — pretty, passionate, and *petit*, he whom one might almost fancy capable of taking up lodgings in his own violin. I can see him before me now — his slight, graceful figure, his fine head, crowned with dark clustering curls, his eye gleaming with the quick fire of genius, and his impatient, nervous action, while tuning his wonderful instrument. Now, he lays that instrument caressingly to its place, he holds the bow delicately in his small white hand, and the diamond ring he wears seems to light it in its rapid and beautiful play. Ye gods, ye never listened to harmonies such as these, even when Apollo gave his musical entertainments, assisted by Prima Donnas Euterpe and Erato! The airs of your sacred mount never vibrated to such strains, or the rapturous echoes would have been vocal forever! — and silence rests on old Olympus now.

The first thing which struck me in Henri Herz, was his

freedom from the consequential, ridiculous airs which characterize the manner of another distinguished pianist, self-complacent, pretentious, and plaid-pantalooned, — whose parading of a lion-skin *sobriquet*, irresistibly reminds one of a certain little fable in Æsop.

Herz surely plays with far more sweetness and delicacy than his rival. He does not raise a fearful tempest of crashing, and booming sounds, till an Alpine midnight seems around us, where

> 'From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
> Leaps the live thunder!'

He does not thus conjure up 'night, and storm, and darkness,' scenes of grandeur and of power, and then turn to his audience, with a self-satisfied smirk, which says, 'There, what think you of that? I'll take your applause, if you please.' He does not seem to strive and agonize for *effect;* he seems rather to seek music as a pastime, as a great joy. He does not rule his sweet instrument as a despot, he wooes it as a lover.

Were I not at the bottom of the page, I would discourse upon a novel musical, or rather *mus*ical phenomenon, in the shape of a *singing mouse*, whose *soirées* in this city have been quite numerously attended. But as it is, our interesting *debutante*, Mademoiselle Souris, must bide her time. Adieu.

LETTER II.

New Brighton, Pa. Oct. 18, 1848.

If the outward influences of wind and weather were suffered to affect my mind to any great degree, I should write you a most miserable and ill-natured letter this time. It is a vile day, a most unbearable day out of doors. It neither rains nor shines, nor blows steadily and consistently. Nature is in a fit of the sulks, and *won't* be agreeable.

It is not decidedly and sharply cold, but the day has a pervading chilliness, altogether more intolerable. Pedestrians hurry by, bent over, with their coats buttoned tightly about them, and their hands in their pockets. The farmer in his wagon has an azure-tinted nose, and lips of the same hue, and he occasionally slaps his bare hands upon his knee, to bring back the circulation. An emigrant wagon has just passed, a thin-faced woman sitting in front, with her lord, shivering under a buffalo skin; the infant pioneers in the background, huddled together, and peering out from beneath a thick blanket.

Among all the passers-by, not one face looks cheerful, not one lip is graced by a smile, not one eye is lit with a pleasant twinkle. All go on their way solemn or sullen, as though struck with a temporary misanthropy, a new-born disgust with human life. Even the village house-dogs seem unusually disturbed in temper, out of humor and harmony, and keep up an interminable barking, as though looking like the famous Diogenes, in bristling expectation for an 'enemy around the corner.'

I will except, however, one dog of gentlemanly habits and most aristocratic evenness of temper; a noble black setter, who lies quietly upon the hearth-rug, near me now, his beautiful ringletted head filled, most probably, with dreams of woodcock and pheasants, dim recollections of by-gone larkings and '*hare*-breadth 'scapes,' or sweet foreshadowings of that canine elysium yet to come, where no hunter's fowling-piece will hang fire, and no thorns wound the foot of the setter; where every copse and forest hollow is alive with the leap of the rabbit and squirrel, and musical with the whirr of innumerable wings.

A friend writes to me to know, if, while I praise the genius of George Sand, I feel sympathy in her daring eccentricities and peculiarities, by which I suppose is meant her donning male attire, cropping her curls, smoking cigars, saying, '*Sacre!*' and '*Mon Dieu!*' and taking part in polit-

ical strife so manfully. To this I would reply, that I not only feel no sympathy in such a course of conduct, but do not *understand* it. I cannot, for the life of me, comprehend why a woman who conceives herself wronged by the other sex, should desire to resemble it. To me it appears that, should I suffer wrong and oppression from man, I should exult in the dissimilarity which nature had created between us, and strive to render it greater by the habits of my life and by more intense womanliness of feeling. This scorn of one's own sex must be a miserable feeling, pitiably childish and contemptible, and one which, need I assure my friends, *I* am in no danger of cherishing. How has woman been ever and always the theme and the inspiration of the poet; how has her love been the hidden strength, the invisible shield of the patriot; how has her faith sustained martyrs, and her truth upheld nations; how has she shown the world that she knows well how to suffer and be strong, to live a life of peace, humility and sacrifice, and die unknown, but with a glory greater than lives in the last fiery glance of warriors, or settles on the dead brows of kings. For woman Eden first bloomed; to her arms descended the God-child; before her tearful eyes first appeared the risen Lord; ah, in that dark hour when I cease to honor the sex so consecrated by religion and poetry, Heaven help me!

Some of my friends, of a certain class, have questioned me concerning my opinions upon 'Woman's Rights.' This is a subject not without interest with me. I believe that there must be some living truth in sentiments so widely spread abroad, and so rapidly gaining ground; I believe that woman has some rights most unjustly withheld. I can only say that I have not, as a writer, advocated those rights, because I have not felt that *inward call*, which I am Quaker enough to believe one should wait for, in all such extraordinary matters. Yet to those who feel conscience and duty imperatively prompting them to a bold utterance of truth on this subject, despite the horror of over-sensitive friend-

ship, the shrugs and sneers of fashion, and all the pop-gun volleys of senseless ridicule; to all such I say, God speed! Knowing that some good must come out of the struggle, — the strengthening and development of individual character, if not the exaltation of the sex.

I have lately been very much interested by a work of Mrs. Jamieson's, 'Memoirs of the Loves of the Poets.' It is something to see that however poets may have *married*, their loves were seldom mistaken or unworthy. They gave the deepest feelings of their hearts, the richest homage of their genius, to women of truly exalted and beautiful characters. What glorious creatures were Tasso's Leonora, Spenser's Elizabeth, Lord Lyttleton's Lucy, and Klopstock's Meta! Ah, worthy, most worthy to wear forever the gentle glory with which love and genius have crowned them!

Since reading this work, I have thought much upon that greatest mystery of literary biography, the History of the Loves of Dean Swift, and of his incomprehensible, almost demoniacal power over those two gifted, noble, and long-suffering women, Stella and Vanessa. There is certainly a mystery which I could never fathom in the influence which that old, ugly, coarse, passionate satirist, acquired and ever retained over those two young, beautiful, elegant, and sensitive creatures.

What charm could there have been in his virulent satire, in his bitterness, selfishness, and severity, in all the assassin-like powers of his desecrated genius, over their genial and gentle spirits?

If genius-worship was the secret of this life-long infatuation, this terrible 'martyrdom of the heart,' let us thank Heaven that the day of *such* homage to intellect is past! Genius, by itself, is indeed a poor object for adoration — cold, proud, selfish, and defiant. A great character, a pure life, an honorable mind, a warm, faithful heart, — how infinitely higher, grander, and more beautiful are these, how immeasurably more worthy the willing homage of the soul, the enduring devotion of the affections.

Surely much of the court and servile deference paid of old to poetical genius, was degrading to manhood and womanhood; and I rejoice to know that the spirit of republicanism is entering into all these things. If to genius belongs what it lays claim to, a spiritual royalty, the cry of late has been, Down with its 'divine rights!' Men who find themselves gifted with a little more of the immortal fire than their fellows, shall no longer presume to live above and beyond the common rules and obligations of morality — no longer be permitted to 'scatter firebrands and death' abroad through society. It is a mistake to suppose that noble impulses and high aspirations *always* accompany genius, and that a portion of Heaven pervades even its errors and degradations. In my opinion Burns, in his most lawless moods, never penned a worse verse, one calculated to have a more pernicious influence, than that ingenious defence of himself, which he puts into the mouth of his muse 'Coila,' in his 'Dream:' —

> 'I saw thy pulse's maddening play
> Wild send thee pleasure's devious way,
> Misled by fancy's meteor ray,
> By passion driven —
> *But yet the light that led astray*
> *Was light from Heaven!*'

Only look at the cool *impudence* of this defence! He 'knew his duty, and he did it not;' but instead of bravely taking the blame and the shame on himself, he would ungratefully throw it back upon that Power who gifted him with all that redeemed his nature from sensuality and his name from forgetfulness. I like to see an independence, even in crime, a kind of defiant manliness, a sort of Satanic bravery; and for not all the *vice* of Burns have I felt the contempt which this one poor subterfuge has excited. It showed that even his originally fine nature occasionally 'pointed to the *sneaking* quarter of the moral compass.'

Thank Heaven that poets are no longer moral Robin

Hoods, given up to a life of lawless indulgence, joyous, reckless, and irresponsible; they now recognise a more unselfish, a diviner mission for Genius, and know that honor, truth of heart, and purity of life are the grandest elements of greatness. Adieu.

LETTER III.

B——, Conn.

I AM at present domesticated in one of the sweetest villages in New England. To me, it is hallowed by a thousand tender associations — as the birth-place and early home of a beloved mother — where rest many of her dead. It is embosomed in the richest foliage — shadowed by the grandest old trees, and surrounded by the greenest hills, and the most methodically laid stone walls. There are a plenty of churches, of course, looking as only New England churches can, — spacious and home-like mansions, and then comes a sprinkling of the prettiest little cottages imaginable. A stream, just large enough to move gracefully and murmur deliciously, not far from where I am sitting, is laving the roots of the scorched trees, cooling the fevered air, and kissing to life again the languid water-lilies, which are fainting on his bosom.

Ah, blessed, forever blessed, be His name, who has left our fallen world yet so beautiful! Let us rejoice in the possession of the fair revealings, the shadowing forth, the embodying of divine love and power, even in fragments. What a poor compound of madness and folly the sceptic, who can look upon this world of ours, even in the wreck of its Eden state, and deny all honor and glory to Him, whose word wheeled it out of dim chaos, into life, and light, and beauty, veined it with leaping, pulsing streams, robed it with verdure, gemmed it with flowers, crowned it with the golden clouds of morning, and baptized it with the dews of evening.

Cast your eye over this field, at our left. There, many years ago, might have been seen a sturdy farmer, bending over his plough. A messenger came in hot haste, and told in hurried words the stirring story of the fight at Lexington:

> 'That lightning flash, that thunder peal,
> That told the storm was nigh.'

With strong resolve written on his brow, and a strange fire gleaming from his eye, the farmer hastens home — flings the harness from one of those plough-horses — tosses on a saddle — mounts in his ploughman's frock — gives orders to a servant to follow with his wardrobe and arms — calls out his hurried adieu, and gallops off for the conflict!

Glorious old Put! brave and trusty farmer-soldier! — withered be the hand that would rob thy laurels of one blood-bought leaf! Homage to thine honest name, and honor to thy strong and fiery heart forever!

Would you see where they have laid him? the grave-yard is not far distant — we will seek it. He lies beneath this plain slab — the long inscription is familiar to us both. How unlike the epitaphs of our day; and yet it is comparatively modern. I see your eye flash indignantly, as you mark how many have chosen to send themselves down to a fool's immortality, by carving their pitiful names on this sacred stone.

Yet this disturbs not the dead. After his stormy career, after the tumult of the strife, and the glory of the victory, slumbers the veteran, as sweetly, as dreamlessly, as the babe they buried but yesterday. Now, no alarm, no reveille, no battle-cry, no shout of victory, nor the clash of swords, nor the roar of musketry, nor the thunder of the cannonade, may break upon his death-sleep.

This is a lovely burial-place. My heart yearns over it — here rest my kindred. But, dear friends, this summer sun looks too boldly down on the couches of our loved ones,

Surround them more closely with curtaining leaves, and canopy them with shadowy branches. Yes; plant ye trees, that the robin and the wren may build their nests, and warble their lays above your dead — for when 'the morning stars sang together,' over the new earth, fragments of celestial harmonies, and sweet symphonies, and cherubic strains, floating downward, took to themselves wings, and were birds.

I see no flowers, gleaming up amid the pleasant grass. Why are they not here? They are pure and beautiful still as when they budded and blushed in early paradise. Plant ye them, and tend them lovingly, that they may make, with their perfumed presence, a fitting air for the angels to breathe, when they come down to watch beside these graves.

LETTER IV.

New Brighton, Feb. 1849.

MANY thanks to you for Lowell's 'Fable for Critics.' I have been highly delighted by it — or, as the author would say, 'Amused in it, by seeing my betters cut up and abused in it.'

It is certainly full of wit and humor, and abounding in capital hits, while much of the criticism is just and genial. But then again — oh, sword of Saladin, quick, keen, and cleaving! — thou wert a slim circumstance to this exterminating satire!

My first emotion on glancing through this most meaning fable, was self-gratulation on my own happy escape — not philanthropic pity for the poor victimized. I was like the foolish Scullion, in Sterne, who, when she hears that Master Bobby is dead, exclaims, '*So am not I!*'

But presently came the reflection that my being *spared* in this instance was at the best but a doubtful compliment. That no wit-winged arrows hurtled through the greenwood,

may have been owing to there being no large game in its verdant recesses to tempt the unerring shaft. Or perhaps it may yet be a little *terra incognita* — a portion of wild land in the wide domain of literature, yet unexplored by this keen-eyed archer, as he merrily goes forth on his sporting expeditions.

Finally, I believe that on the principle held by the majority of the craft, that it is better to be terribly cut up, than terribly let alone, I will formally apply to 'Diogenes' for a 'proper position,' in the next edition, resting my claims on my general popularity, as proved by my having paid taxes, in the shape of autographs and locks of hair, — and by the fact that a Mississippi steamboat and a Kentucky race-horse bear my name, — thus showing that it has had something of a run. To be sure, I see by the papers that my last mentioned namesake only came in *second* in a late race; but I hope that this is not an ominous circumstance. If so, I should like to know the name of the successful competitor; — if '*Hosea Biglow*,' I yield, (for my *equus cursor*,) once and forever, with the best grace in the world.

To return to our subject — the right of my name to be ranked among our Nimrod's Parnassian Game, — I've been daguerreotyped — but, *verbum sap;* it sure is not necessary for me to recapitulate here all my good claims, to be fused up in the same critical crucible with all the great used-up. Yet if the time comes when I'm fairly in for it, look to hear me declare I don't care a pin for it. When a good share of satire descends on my head, like a merciless ladle full of hot lead, — see me smile, as 'twere honey-dews falling instead. When there comes a low growl from 'Diogenes' tub,' to which the generous and good-natured public responds in a regular Nick Bottom roar, that wakes up the mountains to shout an encore; — then don't look to see me put on (this between us) a martyrfied look, and set up for a genius! Grow miserable, mad, melancholy, mis-

anthropic, — and with self for a dread, inexhaustible topic, go raving out spite, disappointment, and woe, in such terrible verse as the stanzas below : —

'I have not loved the world, nor the world me' —
I hurl my bold defiance in its teeth !
I lighten on it with mine eyes — and see
I wear its persecution as a wreath,
Woven of roses and gay daffodillies ! —
I feed upon its hatred, as a bee
Sucks luscious honey from the heart of lilies ; —
What though I'm cheek by jowl with misery,
The scourge of fools and foes my potent quill is ;
The while I sit 'neath cypress-glooms and shades of weeping-willies !

War on the critics ! war ! shall be my cry —
War to the death on the ignoble herd !
Humanity itself is but a lie !
Young love a cheat, and faith an idle word !
Man's heart no more the pulse of honor quickens ;
Greatness and genius must indignant fly
An age that dotes on dancing-girls and Dickens : —
Jove ! I abjure a land that stupidly
For foreign goslings can forsake her chickens ;
And o'er the things she calls Reviews my loathing spirit sickens !

Of all the sketches in this unique *jeu d'esprit* of Lowell's, I think that of Parker, 'the Orson of Parsons,' the most strikingly correct. What is said of his sermons, would apply equally well to his conversation. He talks like an Encyclopedia, a Gazetteer, a Directory, and is all over the world and in Botany Bay at the same time. He delights, astonishes, perplexes, and pumps one. He is a regular tornado of talk, a whirlpool of interrogation, a volcanic irruption of 'varied information.' It is amusing, not to say edifying, to watch his eccentric excursions, his quick, long leaps from subject to subject, between which there is no possible, or at least, perceptible connection. It

reminded me of one of the sick vagaries of a neighbor of ours in New England. This man was very ill of a fever, and becoming delirious, he talked incessantly for a number of days, about every place, person, and thing on earth, in heaven, or in the waters under the earth. At length, nature gave way, he became utterly exhausted, his voice grew hoarse, then sank to a whisper, then failed entirely. The poor man lay perfectly quiet, in a sort of 'waking swoon;' and his friends hoped that for a while he had 'ceased from his labors,' and would fall into a refreshing sleep. But suddenly he sprang up, and exclaimed with much excitement, in a restored voice, 'Aha! there are two things I forgot to mention — *Tubal-Cain, and Captain Trumbull's old mill!*'

By the way, this satire is far from complete. The author shows either great kindness, or great contempt for 'The Female Poets of America,' as they are only represented by two — Mrs. Child, and the great unnamed, Apollo's especial aversion. Pray are Griswold's entire flock of 'Swans' to come in one by one, in after editions? Heaven help the poet, then! for while Griswold, that grand discoverer of poetesses, lives and compiles, his critical rhymes must ceaselessly flow on, and his poor, jaded Pegasus eternally go on! Nor may the vision of readers by monotony saddened, by the blest sight of '*finis*' e'er hope to be gladdened, as were the weary eyes of 'the world-seeking Genoese,' when the light the Indian bore, flashed o'er the midnight seas.

What an 'infinite variety' from the poet's own nature is comprehended in this little volume. With all its wit and satire, wild and careless yet delicious humor, what a brave, independent, and admirable spirit it reveals. It has some most felicitous images, some magnificent lines, some thoughts throbbing with inspiration and deserving of immortality, some passages worthy of *Lowell*, in his highest and best moods; what can I say more! Adieu.

LETTER V.

I BELIEVE that in the world of letters, *heart*, the feminine spirit of man's nature, is to be exalted to the throne of intellect, and they are to reign together. Now can I see, with the clear eye of reason, not the dreaming vision of enthusiasm, the dawning of the day of the second birth of poetry — the sabbath of truth and of nature. Cannot you, cannot all, perceive a change, gradually, but surely coming over the spirit and tone of polite literature? It is no longer enough that a poet has imagination, fancy, and passion; he must possess a genial philosophy, an unselfish sympathy, a cheerful humanity, in short, *heart*. And not a heart like a walled-up well, undisturbed, and holding fast its own, till some thirsty mortal, with toil and pains, draws up a draught for his fevered lip; but as a laughing, leaping fountain, flinging its living waters far and wide, creating to itself an atmosphere of freshness, and making beauty and melody its surroundings. The world will tolerate no longer an arrogant disbelief in its most cherished and sacred truths. It will waste no more of its admiring sympathy on the egotism of misanthropy, or the childishness of a sickly sentimentality: its poets must look up to heaven in faith, on the earth in love, and revel in the rich joy of existence. They must beguile us of our sorrows, and lighten us of our cares; must turn to us the sunny side of nature, and point us to the rainbows amid the storms of life; and they must no longer dare to wed vice to poetry — a lost spirit to a child of light.

Poets there now are, who receive the divine faculty of song, proudly, yet meekly, as at once the most glorious, and the most fearful gift of Heaven; and who with harps, whose strains might rouse a nation to battle, or enchant the world with the voluptuous breathings of passion, are content to

draw from their chords the 'low sad music of humanity,' to tune them to the every-day loves, the joys and sorrows of the poor and the humble.

I have often fancied I could imagine the rapturous pleasure which must leap through the poet's heart, as the humble name he sent forth to the world is returned to him in a thousand voices. And there are many, who, in contemplating a poet, can understand something of the joy of inspiration, when a beautiful imagining gleams on his mind like a smile out of Paradise, and a thought of divine sublimity comes to his soul like a whisper from God! But none, save himself, can know the unutterable joy of approving, the glory of being able, when the delirium of inspiration is past, to look on what he has written, with a smile in the eye of his soul. When from the chaos of inanimate dreams, and unarranged thought, a grand and glorious work bursts into life, and form, and beauty, and wheels like a young world into its orbit of immortality, sister spheres may welcome it to being, and the morning stars in the universe of mind, sing together; but the heaven of rapture, the glory of glories, is to him, who can look on this, the handiwork of his spirit, and say, 'it is good.'

* * * * *

I believe the world less lacks goodness than faith in it. One suspicious nature makes thousands; then let us reverse the play of children, who 'make believe' they are men and women, and 'make believe' we are children, loving and trusting with all the beautiful abandonment of childhood; and yet it need not be with all its ignorance. The painting Love as blind, was surely a heathen's idea; it has nothing in it of divine revealing. If, in individual instances, the warm tide of affection is rolled back on our hearts, it must not be to congeal, but to find vent in wider and deeper channels. Oh, that mighty and enduring love, bearing and

forgiving all things, how like a strong and healthy heart it throbs within us! But that sickly and selfish sentiment that shrinks back at a fault, and cavils at a weakness, whose faint flutterings could scarce stir the breast of an infant, away with it!

Dear reader, were all the love that blesses God's universe to be strictly measured by the worth of the object, would not the air around us be stirred by the quick flight of our guardian angels? There are two classes of persons who disbelieve in the existence of love, pure and unselfish, on this earth of ours. Mere worldlings, who have crushed it in its first upspringing, and those religionists, who believe it blooms only in the innermost bowers of Paradise. But strong as my faith in its eternal source, is my belief that it yet lives in many human hearts, pure and fresh as a white rose-bud, when it glistened with the first dew of the first evening in Eden. Now, reader mine, I have something to ask of you. When I shall bring to your notice again and again, this sweet and adorable sentiment, do not weary of it, it is the life of the angels; do not call it folly, it is the very wisdom of heaven. Ah, call not that affectation or sentimentality which is my every-day belief, the alpha and omega of my creed, given in 'the words of truth and soberness.'

If there is any thing I detest, it is a nature cold and unimpressible, strong and proud in goodness, and harsh in judgment; squaring all conduct by certain unvarying rules, keeping aloof from the erring, and therefore the suffering; one walled and barred alike against the breath of feeling and the glow of passion — a perfect ice-house of virtue. One possessing such a nature, may be held by many a 'bright and shining light;' but in his presence I am oppressed, I gasp for air, I am most uncomfortable. *He* might suggest it was a proper sense of my own unworthiness; but the consciousness of the presence of a legion of pure-eyed angels would not give one half so unpleasant a sensation.

I cannot but look on a harmless humorist as a benefactor to his race. Milton, the revered, supporting in old age, neglect, poverty and blindness, so royally, is scarce to me a nobler picture than Thomas Hood, from whose sick chamber, for long, long years, came no voice of complaining, no misanthropic curses, but the laugh and jest, and words of kindly sympathy and good-will: loving always the world in which he saw little but suffering; closing his eyes peacefully and cheerfully on life; remembering that the mould of his premature grave 'nourished the violet,' and leaving, at last, a memory which is a smile shining through a tear. Adieu.

LETTER VI.

As I was glancing over a late paper, I noticed a fine poem, on the concluding 'Pilgrim's day,' at Plymouth, with *a ball.* The landing of the Pilgrims commemorated by dancing, to the profane notes of the viol! How would the persecuted Puritans have been filled with holy horror, had such unrighteous proceedings been prophesied, in their time, of their descendants! To be serious, it seems a most unsuitable manner of keeping that great and solemn event in perpetual remembrance. It is true, the stern courage, lofty independence and matchless endurance of the Pilgrim Fathers, laid the foundation of our glory and freedom as a nation; but, driven from the land of their birth, from all familiar things — breaking old clinging ties — landing on desert shores — surrounded by heathenism, danger, and death, what was their life here but a lengthened martyrdom? To what will this passion for feasting and dancing, in honor of great days and great men, lead us? The blood of the Protestant martyrs cemented the edifice of our religious liberty; are their glorious and triumphant deaths never to be commemorated? May we not expect, one of these

days, to meet with some such announcement as this, in some English journal: —

'The anniversary of the burning of Mr. John Rogers, at the stake, was celebrated at Smithfield, by a grand musical entertainment, fireworks and a ball. The performance of Signor Flambeaurini kindled to a perfect blaze of enthusiasm the admiration of the audience; and the beautiful farewell ode of the distinguished martyr, commencing — "Give ear, my children, to my words," set to music for the occasion by Mr. Russell, was sung with rapturous applause. The fireworks went off with great *eclat*. The ball, which concluded the festivities, was a magnificent affair, but rather exclusive in its character, being principally composed of the lineal descendants of the "nine small children" who followed Mr. Rogers to the stake. The ladies appeared in flame-colored dresses, with red ribbons and roses in their hair; the gentlemen wore red waistcoats, and had their whiskers and moustaches singed. The rooms were splendidly decorated with fagots, and festooned with pale blue and white gauze, in imitation of wreaths of smoke. The supper, most appropriately, consisted chiefly of broiled *steaks*, and various kinds of smoked and roasted meats. This unique affair has created such a sensation, that we understand the immortal burning itself is speedily to be dramatized, by one of our most popular authors. Some delay has been caused by the agitation of the long-disputed question concerning the exact number of Mr. John Rogers's children. In *all*, left he *nine*, or *ten*? The debate became alarmingly hot, nor could reference to the pictorial evidence of the "Primer," decide it in many minds. It was at last, we are happy to say, satisfactorily decided by a boxing-match: the "nines" were beaten, and we have the pleasure to announce that *ten small children*, one of whom has not yet left the maternal embrace, will appear on the boards, at the ardently anticipated representation of this tragedy in real life.'

I see that Prentice, the poet, has been accusing the Rev. Dr. Bethune of plagiarism, in that sweet little conjugal poem of his, which every body knows by heart. Although in general, I consider the 'Prentice hand' as that of the master — preferring the lays of the laymen to those of his clerical brother-poet, I can but acknowledge that the reverend gentleman has the best of it, in the little circumstance of a prior publication. Both poems are certainly very beautiful; the subject, a wife's various perfections, being the most inspiring in the world; and each writer seems to have *husbanded* his resources for one grand effort. The stanzas are almost necessarily similar — I can see no ground for a serious charge of plagiarism, on either side. Pity if two poets can't fish in the same waters, without hooking each other's lines.

But the sweetest, most charming, most exquisite thing of the kind in existence, is the 'Love-Letter to my Wife,' of Mr. S. C. Hall. I honor that man — HONOR HIM. His name should be written in characters of light, on the tablets of every feminine heart in author-land. I do not invoke blessings on *his* head — Heaven will take care of its own; but I do say that he should have a gold medal hung about his neck by a world's-convention of literary women! Victoria, if she even writes her own speeches, should knight him — pension him — make all his household-Halls rejoice, for he is evidently a husband after her own heart.

Adieu.

LETTER VII.

I HAVE been much interested of late in the '*Fruit, Thorns, and Flowers*' of Jean Paul Richter. What reader does not feel every nerve jar and ache in sympathy with those of the suffering Advocate, as the eternal dusting-brush is whisked about, in impious defiance of the divine presence of genius

— as his one candle and the flame of inspiration are prematurely snuffed together, or the shadow of a long wick dims the keen point of his satire, or as his terse and brilliant style becomes involuntarily weakened and vulgarized by overheard colloquies on cap-making, and tautological messages to errand-girls.

It is a sad picture, that of Jean Paul's, yet I think I could present a sadder. That of a beautiful young creature with sunshine on her brow, and simple thoughts, hopes and feelings nested in her heart — one formed for *love*, not for fame, not even *reflected* fame — sacrificed in marriage to a nervous, exacting, absent-minded *great man* — an immortal genius, with a limited income, and no 'faculty.' Alas, for her is no bride-age of gaieties, no matron-age of visiting and gossipping, no old age of quiet tea-drinking. Hers, a home o'er which broods the deep stillness of inspiration — a heart growing cold in the shadow of greatness — a reverential pride taking the place of the old familiar love. It is hers to bear alone the every-day cares — to perform as *by stealth* the necessary household duties — to keep the little ones in an unnatural state of quietude and good humor, through the most trying and fretful seasons of infancy, and it may be, without the aid of a Tilly Slowboy, or a Baby-jumper.

Another picture of matrimonial martyrdom, were that of a man of genius, sensitively and fastidiously organized, with ever-present ideas of elegance and order, united to a woman who, so far from being a Lenette, should possess a morbid repugnance to the small cares of housewifery and to all the bristled aids to neatness, from the huge dusting-brush, to those whose office-work it is to keep smooth and glossy, locks of raven or gold, and those formed to preserve in glittering whiteness those ivory portals, through which pass alike love's dainty words, the song, the sigh, the vow, cakes, sandwiches and buttered toast.

Such a man may mark the *mind* of his wife keeping pace with his own; may find her sympathizing perfectly in his

intellectual tastes — joying in his ambition and glorying in his success; but if he beholds her indolently presiding over a household without order — seated in a disarranged room, amid whose undusted furniture

'Secure Arachne spreads her slender toils,'—

wearing a morning-gown all day — twisting up her hair with careless unbecomingness — and half tending an infant with a soiled pinafore, an unkissable face, then, that man *is miserable*.

Still another, and even a darker picture, were that of an intellectual *woman*, a sensitive, fanciful, passionate Corinne, united in legality, not in reality, to a good, easy, industrious, every-dayish, well-to-do sort of a man, who in his honest simplicity should offer the rye-bread and wholesome ale of his hearty and homely affection to her, whose spirit was yearning for the nectar and ambrosia of a poetical and romantic attachment — for a sweet life-rustication amid primroses and poultry, in 'a cottage by the wood' — for a union of heart and soul, charmingly diversified with jealous love-quarrels and sentimental make-ups.

But I think I will lay this last touching word-picture aside, and when I am sufficiently 'advanced,' as the reformists say, may work it up into a domestic novel, a sort of companion to Jean Paul's 'Fruit, Thorns, and Flowers.'

October is now showing itself in the splendor of its attire, the living green of the wide fields is fast assuming a hue of brown — even the sunlight has a peculiar golden richness and ripeness, and the tall forest tree, donning its 'coat of many colors,' surpasses, in gorgeous apparelling, the most sumptuous monarch that ever filled a throne.

Now is the season when one whose life is hid in that of Nature — one who owns to being the child of that simple and old-fashioned mother — loves most to be taken to her kindly heart, and to listen dreamily to its gentle beatings.

Oh, time of all the year, for a wearied spirit to pass resignedly from the toil and turmoil of life, to its appointed slumbers! We seem now to be learning to die, with meekness and serenity; for are not the paling flowers, and the changing leaves tranquilly leading our way to the silence and darkness of death, as they loose their frail hold on life, and mingle with the dust at our feet? Should not the unquestioning humility with which these submit to the decrees of the all-wise Creator, come to our hearts as a lesson of deepest import?

May not a simple flower of the field, smitten by the frost, and bowing its head meekly to decay, speak as eloquently to a thoughtful spirit, as the sublime death of a Socrates?

The young girl whose heart is in heaven, even while her feet tread earth's darkened paths, and whose lips and life acknowledge God, is stricken with sickness, wastes away patiently, and at length closes her eyes in death, trusting in Jesus. We lay her to repose, on some sunny May morning, perchance, and from the turf above her, a violet springs.

Through the long summer days, while the sweet flower blooms, the form of beauty beneath crumbles silently into shapeless dust. But the winter winds bring blight to the flower, and it falls, withers, and decays upon the faded earth. Yet a voice shall come, both to the violet, and the maiden — to the one in the spring of the year, to the other, in that eternal spring which shall bloom over the new earth; a divine voice saying, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life.'

LETTER VIII.

To an intelligent woman of our day, I know of nothing more suggestive of happy reflection and self-gratulation, than the reading of the old Spectator, and remarking the spirit and bearing of those articles relating to woman, as she was

in the time of the keen, but kindly satirists, Addison and Steele. It is our joy, while perusing the old volume, now lying beside us, often to pause, and mentally compare its Chloes, Parthenias and Sophronias, vain, unprincipled, frivolous and ridiculously ignorant, with the pure, high-spirited, large-hearted, intellectual women, which every social circle now can boast.

Let us imagine the grave Spectator, suddenly awaking from his long sleep in Westminster Abbey, and making his startling appearance in London literary circles, accompanied by his gay companion, Will Honeycomb!

Imagine his pleasurable surprise, at noting among the feminines, the absence of hoops, powder, high-heels and patches, with the simper, the lisp, the mincing gait — of all those silly affectations at which he once incessantly aimed the keen shafts of his ridicule. Fancy his astonishment, at being presented to Mrs. Somerville, the great astronomer, to Miss Edgeworth, the novelist, Joanna Baillie, the dramatist, and to Elizabeth Barrett Browning, the lofty poet and classical scholar! And then, think of Will Honeycomb, as attempting to get up a flirtation with Mary Howitt, or as pouring his soft flatteries into the ear (trumpet) of Harriet Martineau!

Without noisy discussion of what are termed 'women's rights,' without treason and without Quixotism, we may daily take heart, and congratulate one another, that the day of our emancipation from many of the evils and follies formerly considered inseparable from our condition, has dawned brightly and cheerily; and Heaven grant that we may many of us live to behold its golden meridian. We, the women of this age, have much, very much to do, and that without going distinctly beyond the narrow and jealously guarded 'sphere of woman.' Womanhood must be exalted, not *beyond* itself, but to the full exercise and expansion of its high and glorious capabilities. It has been falsely said, that poets have *idealized* woman. It is

not in the soul of man to more than realize her in the perfect development of her great and beautiful nature. Full justice has been done to woman's loveliness, her power of adaptation and appreciation, her tenderness, patience and devotion; but the world has not yet fully recognised her moral power and sublime energy. It is true that these, in the great mass of the sex, remain inert under a weight of frivolity, prejudice, timidity and discouragement; but they have been gloriously revealed in individual existences. Many women of this age are advocating with impassioned eloquence a freer and higher development of womanhood, and though some of these may take strange and startling ways of bringing about the 'consummation devoutly to be wished,' — though they fling themselves more energetically than gracefully into the arena, — yet in all this they reveal the apostolic spirit, the boldness of sincere champions, and thank Heaven for the token! Though a kind of frenzy may possess them with the consciousness of wrongs, peace and serenity may come with the restoration of rights. The voices, wild and discordant in sounding the battle-cry, may become gentle and silver-toned in chanting triumph-lays.

Heaven bless and strengthen every high-hearted and pure-minded woman, who by her life proves to the world 'of little faith,' that we may attain to an existence higher and worthier than that of household drudgery, or ball-room frivolity, without sacrificing the domestic virtues, and without losing all grace and attractiveness; that we may have nobler aims than conquest-making and fortune-hunting, and purer, dearer, and more glorious hopes than fashion, position and success in society can satisfy.

LETTER IX.

Philadelphia, May 10, 1848.

Dear M——. So here you see I am back again to the heat, and dust, and turmoil of the city; to the patrician elegance, the plebeian pretension, and the pitiable poverty which throng its right-angled streets; to the whirl of aristocratic equipages and the lumbering of drays, the rush of engines and the crush of 'busses.

The glorious week of which I had such glowing anticipations when I last wrote you, has indeed passed, flown by, vanished, taken tracks, and gone to join the weeks before the flood. Ah, we had a merry, a refreshing, a luxurious time of 'vagabondizing,' as Consuelo would say, and we all of us turned our faces city-ward most reluctantly, though with the feeling that we bore back with us a new lease of life. Our party consisted of the young poets, J. B. T——, and T. B. R——, the lovely and light-hearted Mrs. R——, with her fairy Alice, and your own wild western child, who, it must be confessed, scarcely behaved as though her mother was aware of her absence from the paternal domicile. The two first were brilliant and fearlessly natural from the necessity of their poetical organizations, and the rest of us mirthful from the influences of the joyous season, and the exuberance of pure, thoughtless, jubilant and nonsensical fun. We threw aside etiquette, proper ways of talking and walking, sunshades and gloves, and gained a sense of freedom, a springing step, and alas, a 'complexion, the shadowed livery of the burnished sun.'

The home of my friend, the distinguished young poet, and prince of pedestrians, is pleasantly situated in the midst of a country most beautiful by nature, and in a fine state of cultivation. But the people of K—— are its greatest attraction. They are social in character, intelligent, independent, large-hearted, kindly and courteous. Such are the people who constitute the true life of our country—its honor, its strength,

its free, unconquerable, incorruptible spirit. Let city aristocracies oppress with extortions, and waste in extravagant display as they will; let political parties go as madly wrong as they dare; our land must still be prosperous and great while its country-people are what they are.

My first visit to the woods during this rustication I shall not soon forget. Why, dear M——, there I found the sweet 'spring-beauty,' (*Claytonia Virginica*,) the first that I had seen since we left F——, long, long ago, is it not?

It filled my eyes with tears to look once again on those little modest flowers. The first that I gathered I pressed to my lips and heart with indescribable emotion. They alone made the woods about look so like the beautiful woods of Onondaga, that I involuntarily glanced around for some encampment of our old friends the Indians, and felt a sudden inclination to resume my lessons in archery, with the old chief, who, *malgré* his royal greatness, condescended to exercise his elegant accomplishment for our amusement, and the sake of the penny, set up for a mark. Well, it were better to be a penny-archer, than a sovereign target.

When we had passed through the wood that day, we came upon as lovely a meadow as one would wish to see, where nature's rich, green carpet was flowered with violets, dandelions and strawberry-blossoms, and tacked down with little blue Houstonias.

We followed up a small clear trout stream to a pond formed by a mill-dam, the usual fishing station. Here we paused, and selecting our several positions, 'cast our lines in pleasant places.' It was for all the world just such a pond as the one you will remember upon our farm at F——, in which I caught my first 'shiner,' and a ducking. There were the same old familiar water-shrubs and plants along these banks. How the *spear*-mint penetrated my bosom!—how a host of glittering by-gone days defiled before me at the first waving of those *flags!*—how all my childhood came back upon me with a *rush.*

In fishing, I did not have as good success as I have sometimes had, the perverse trout all thronged to Mrs. R——'s hook; I could not worm myself into their confidence. My poet-friends were more successful; the silly fish, suspecting nothing from the drift of their lines, were speedily drawn out, in spite of the proverbial shyness of trout-nature. The next day we were all more fortunate, and returned home better satisfied with ourselves and the good-natured fish who obligingly allowed themselves to be caught.

We had also much enjoyment and excitement in riding. For me a beautiful horse was kindly provided — one as spirited as Mars, and as fleet-footed as Mercury.

One afternoon, while visiting with some new friends, an *impromptu* ride was got up. My habit, cap, and such regimentals, were some miles away; but a dress was furnished me, and I had the honor of wearing that same, identical, low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat which made the tour of Europe on foot. As well as I can recollect, I neither dreamed of the Mediterranean, nor Maccaroni, the Hartz Mountains, nor good Rhenish wine; but the hat was becoming, very.

In our evenings, we had dance and song, laugh, jest and mirthful story; in short, all manner of pleasant and innocent merry-making.

After all, dear M——, we returned stronger and healthier both in the *physique* and the spiritual; lighter-hearted, clearer-eyed, and smoother-browed; more in love with this good old world of ours, more in harmony with nature, and not we trust 'farther off from heaven' than when we went. And was it not well for us thus to revel awhile in the fresh, invigorating atmosphere of true social freedom; to drink again at the fountain of sparkling and spontaneous joyousness, both of which can only be found in country-life, at this blooming and glowing season? Ah! my beloved M——, I almost fear that mere existence is becoming too dear to me; yet this I know, while *thou* art left to me, it cannot become *less* dear, less beautiful and blessed.

Good night! may Heaven's protection be over my home and round about its inmates!

LETTER X.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

New Brighton, Pa., July 5, 1849.

DEAR SIR, — I received your note last night, and *resolved* to write to you this morning. But, after breakfast, happening to stroll into my little flower-patch, I was struck by the cool, impudent, well-to-do look of the weeds, which, *malgré* all my care, are fast putting down my poor, little, faint-hearted annuals. The practical *free soilers* — the invaders — the squatters! My blood was up at once, and I was down upon them, urging a war of utter extermination.

When my work was done, my victory complete, and the narrow alleys strewn and piled up with heaps of the slain, the sun was high, and I, wearied and heated, felt particularly indisposed to further exertion of any kind. The impulse for writing had evaporated with the dew. So you will not expect much of spontaneity or animation, in what I write, not perhaps because I *must*, but because I *will*.

'How did you spend the Fourth?' will be this year a question rather difficult for me to answer. I believe I sewed very diligently all the morning; in the afternoon lounged about, and read Lamartine; and in the evening took a stroll through our beautiful village.

And this was the extent of my glorification. As far as patriotism and amusement were concerned, it might have been any other day, for me. But others, even in our quiet place, were not so ready to waive their peculiar republican privileges. Men of leisure, lads of spirit, and multitudinous little boys, made the day unendurable and the 'night hideous,' by the incessant discharge of various sharp-toned

swivels, (great bores, though of small caliber) — by patriotism popping off in fire-crackers, and blazing in Roman candles — by the glad tidings of independence sung and shouted along the streets, and reeled off like a sailor's yarn on the village green.

I suppose you had 'great doings' at the capital, on this 'Sabbath of the Free.' With the cannon's brazen mouth, calling on the drowsy night to rejoice, and proclaiming liberty throughout the day — the waving of innumerable banners — the flash and glitter and clang of arms — the nodding of plumes — the prancing of steeds — the *dinners!* the songs, the toasts, the pleasant clink of glasses — the odes, the orations — all the glorification and jollification, the roar and uproar of patriotism broke loose, with its

'Riddle raddle, fiddle faddle, bang, bang, bang!'

I have noticed that foreigners often seem to enjoy this holiday even more than the native Americans, and to feel more of its pride and exultation. A friend of ours requested an Irish lad in his employ to finish a certain piece of work. The boy demurred — the gentleman insisted. 'No, sir,' said the young republican, 'I don't *intind* to lift a hoe the day; I'm in a free country, and *I'm able to support it.*'

Apropos of this rich feeling of independence: I was lately amused with a reply made by a colored woman, who formerly was a slave, but is now living with a neighbor of ours, to the presiding genius of our kitchen department, an Irish girl. Said the latter, 'Here 's a cloak belongs to your master — will ye tak it wi' ye?' 'My *master!*' exclaimed the other, with an independent toss of the head, 'I haint got no master — 'cept one, and he's above, *just at present.*'

But how I *am* running on!

I mentioned having been reading Lamartine. I have finished 'Raphael,' and am almost through the '*Memoires.*' Need I say that I am enchanted with both. The 'Raphael' is a pure love-poem in the form of prose, indeed, but a poem

in essence. Some think its story an exaggeration, if not an utter impossibility. I do not so esteem it. It is the ideal of a pure, unselfish love, with the depth and eternity of a great passion, without sensuality and without satiety. Its glow and strength and glory are not borrowed from poetry, but are of its own nature, where it existed in all its intensity and infinity in the spirit of genius. Every true poet possesses a realm of perpetual summer, of more than tropical bloom and luxuriance, in his own being — an Italy of the soul; and this is only thrown open to us, truthfully revealed in Raphael.

But this work impresses the sensibilities and captivates the imagination — the '*Memoires*' come home to the heart. We there love, we enjoy, we feel intensely the artless ways, the innocent pleasures, the touching trials of childhood — we are carried back to that fresh, glowing season — we live in it again, with all its tenderness and truth, its laughter and tears, its harmony with nature, and its nearness to God.

It is curious to remark how Lamartine has made this entire work little more than a grand memorial, an immortalization, an apotheosis of his adored mother.

And to me it seems that it is this sentiment of filial piety, this first, purest, holiest flower of the heart, yet fresh with its morning dew, yet sweet with its early fragrance, yet unwithered by the noon-tide blaze of fame, and unblighted by the cares of the world or the frosts of time — which, more than his genius or his patriotism, constitutes the peculiar beauty and glory of Lamartine's character.

To the benign influence of his mother, and to his having breathed such an atmosphere of tenderness in his childhood, we may ascribe not only the piety of this noble poet, but the strong infusion of the *woman* observable in his nature.

But it is of the high-souled, the heroic, the Christian woman — one not wrapt in visions, and revelations, and ecstacies — walking on clouds and gazing longingly toward

heaven — but one whose heaven is within and around her — looking from her eyes, breathing from her lips, eloquent in her life, and triumphant in her faith.

Again, I say, how *beautiful* is Lamartine's love for his mother! More beautiful even in its heart-warmth, its tender, impassioned worship, than that deep love which prevailed with the stern Roman, against the hot sense of wrong, and 'allayed his rages and revenges,' when the noble Volumnia prayed.

How striking and complete is the contrast between Lamartine and Byron, and how much of this difference may have been owing to early domestic influences.

'*Heaven* lies about us in our infancy,' the one might say; the other would probably have substituted quite another word for the 'heaven.' Byron, almost from the first, was shut out from the love and holiness of the divine life which is the native home of the spirit; but Lamartine was ever drawn toward it, bound to it as with golden chains, by the gentle piety and angelic tenderness of that pure, maternal heart. Her faith has been the anchor of his soul — her memory is as a shape of hope and peace, which ever sits smiling at the helm of his life-barque; but Byron floated forth alone, on a wild, unfriendly sea, with no 'sweet spirit' to cheer and console, and no hand to save, when the storm came down, and the deep waters passed over him.

Byron's mother! — what arms were hers to receive the mortal incarnation of that beautiful and terrible genius — what a bosom was hers to pillow that head, moulded like a Grecian god's, but destined to be crowned with a grander immortality — what a spirit to guide that passion-freighted heart, that will of iron and that soul of fire! What wonder that the sunlight of love shone but faintly and at intervals on that troubled life. The morning was darkened, the hot noon soon overcast, and the night closed in early, with gloom and tempest.

The flippant and ungenerous manner in which Byron

spoke of Lamartine, in one of his conversations with Lady Blessington, I have always thought a reproach to his memory and his heart. The ode to himself, on which he vents his spleen in small criticisms, is a noble poem, which he must have felt and profited by, had he not been clad in the triple mail of pride, egotism, and defiant misanthropy.

Apropos of egotism, it is objected to Lamartine that he is marked by this fault. It is true that his just and liberal estimation of his own fine points of person and character, is often shown with a good deal of *naiveté*. But in this he is more than equalled by the sublime Madame Roland, who dwelt on her own mental gifts and personal beauties with a generous enthusiasm really charming. I think this a peculiarity of French genius — Madame de Staël is another example.

Lately, in travelling, I remarked a lady reading 'Raphael,' and seemingly with deep interest. But on finishing it, she took up and read with as much apparent satisfaction, a miserable Mexican war story, with diabolical wood cuts, and some such title as 'The Knight of the White Feather,' or 'The Hero of the Bloody Jack Knife.' She evidently read for the sake of the story alone. But some people seem to have a sort of love for the beautiful, existing with propensities for the commonplace and the low; as cattle devour roses and cabbages with the same coarse relish. Adieu.

LETTER XI.

Niagara Falls, July 29, 1849.

* * * * * * *

We landed at Chippewa — stopped a few moments at the Clifton House — then passed on to Table Rock.

It was one of the most heavenly days that ever strayed out of Paradise; and, though this was my third visit to the Falls, it seemed like a first view, so illumined and glorified

were they by that splendid summer sunlight — the sunlight which falls as softly and as lovingly upon those fearful rapids, and into that tremendous chasm, as on the small waves of a gliding rivulet, or down into the still bosom of a fairy lake, sleeping amid the shelter of hills, in the quietude of the wild.

And now, how shall I 'wreak my thought upon expression!' How reduce to visible form, how compress into words, the wild, tumultuous, infinite emotions of my soul? I will not make the vain attempt. I will leave my thoughts to their chaotic state — leave the elements at work, with their surging, and murmuring, and fitful gleaming, to produce forms of beauty and grandeur hereafter — *perhaps*.

Our first expedition was to Termination Rock, behind the sheet. We were conducted by the polite and pleasant colored guide, Henry, whom I would recommend in preference to all others. To really see the Falls, and feel one's soul *shaken* by their grand idea, one must see them from Termination Rock, looking up. The place seemed to me the solemn inner temple of the might and majesty of God; where the anthem of winds and waves causes earth to tremble as it goes up to heaven in an eternal column of sound. Never was I conscious of such exaltation yet humility of spirit: as the spray fell fast on my upturned brow, it seemed like the baptism of our holy universal faith; like the floods, swept over my soul thoughts of the immortal, the infinite, the divine, and amid the deeps I could only cry, 'Great God and Creator! from everlasting to everlasting Thou art!'

I cannot understand how any one can leave the Falls without going behind the veil, and there beholding nature's fearful mysteries. The hour of my initiation was certainly the grandest of my life. Would that I had it to live over again — the hour when in my spirit, as above and below me, 'deep was calling unto deep'— when my life ran strong and fast, like the torrent at my side.

In the afternoon, we took a carriage for the Suspension Bridge, the Burning Spring, and Lundy's Lane. The bridge far surpassed my expectations; I had no idea of any thing so light, so almost fairy-like in effect, and yet, on a nearer view, giving one the idea of perfect strength and security. Of the Burning Spring I am also happy to express my entire approbation.

In general, I have little enthusiasm for battle-fields — I never would go far out of my way to visit one of those human slaughter-grounds: but Lundy's Lane was a splendidly fought battle, with the grandest possible surroundings and accompaniments, and I could not look on the scene without profound emotion. As I stood on that turf once bedewed with the blood of brave soldiers, and leaned against old trees whose green young hearts were pierced with balls on that day, and who yet bear their scars like gallant veterans, all became changed about me — the wild scene was alive, tumultuous with combatants — the roar of cannon and musketry drowns the roar of the near cataract — now sounds a charge, now beats a retreat — now goes down a banner — now dashes past a steed, riderless and frantic — and the flash of swords, the clang of bayonets, the shout of foe meeting foe, the deep groans and sharp cries of the fallen — the din and rush and smoke and storm of the battle are every where.

I seem to see the gallant Ripley point to the enemy's guns, and say to Miller, 'Can you take that battery?' and to hear the hero's simple Spartan reply, 'I will *try*, sir.'

I seem to watch the fierce and changing tide of battle, till night comes on, and the moon looks from her place in heaven, as in soft reproof and gentle pity on the mournful and terrible scene.

It was most sad to stand in the old church-yard, by the graves of the fallen officers — 'the fresh, young captains,' whom their comrades let down to their low beds, where they laid with their right hands stretched cold and nerveless

at their sides, and where their fiery hearts have crumbled into dust.

After our return from the battle-ground, we crossed the river, and put up at the Cataract House.

My room opened on to a piazza, looking out on the river, and I spend half my nights gazing through the moonlight, at the rapids and falls. The soft delicious airs, the entrancing beauty of those starry hours, took all the *awfulness* from that sublimest of scenes.

The second day we spent in visiting the Islands and the Whirlpool, and did an immense amount of strolling and climbing.

The Whirlpool did not exactly come up to my expectations. I was far more impressed with the scenery about it.

As I was bending over my soup at dinner, a gentleman sitting near me suddenly exclaimed, in a low tone, 'By Jove, there's Henry Clay?' I looked up, and immediately opposite me sat 'Harry of the West,' just at that moment drawing his napkin across his mouth. I was happy to see him looking so well, after his late severe illness.

We spent a great part of last night on Goat Island, letting our souls revel in the delicious moonlight, and in the unsurpassable loveliness, the unimaginable grandeur of the scenes around us. The lunar rainbow was bending over the 'Hell of Waters.' 'Love watching Madness with unalterable mien.'

We find that carriages can be had at very reasonable rates, but other things at their usual exorbitant prices alone, and that the whole place still swarms with impostors and impositions. On our way from the Clifton to Table Rock, I noticed that some one had erected a stall for cakes and beer, on the spot where Miss Rugg fell over the precipice, and was making capital out of her sad story. The old fellow pretended to be a miserable cripple, yet told about lifting the poor girl, and bringing her up in his arms.

With the regular beggar's whine, he thrust the following rich piece of composition into my hand :

'THIS IS THE SPOT

Where Miss Martha Rugg lost her life by falling over the precipice, 167 feet, while plucking a flower, August 24, 1844. This young lady resided at Lancaster, Massachusetts, and was educated in Boston by Professor Fields, and was remarkable for her *requirements* (!) in Botany.

'Woman, most beauteous of the human race,
Be cautious of a dangerous place —
Miss Rugg, at the age of twenty-three,
Was launched into eternity.'

Damage for the card, ten cents — cheap at that.

Old Captain Anderson, 'the veteran soldier of Lundy's Lane,' is, I doubt not, another humbug. 'Ladies and gentlemen,' says he, at the close of his excruciating sing-song yarn, 'I tell the story as I witnessed it — you may place what *instruction* you please upon it.'

One of our fellow-travellers, from home and associates while here, is a young tourist from Zurich, with the bold spirit, clear head, and sure foot of the Swiss mountaineer. It is beautiful to witness his daring and most wonderful feats, and interesting to mark the intense admiration with which they are beheld by his comrade, an enthusiastic young German, who is apparently devoted heart and soul to his fearless and handsome friend. The two have formed a regular David and Jonathan compact of intimacy and affection. They are soon to go to the West Indies, from thence to California, from thence to China, and from thence back to their homes, appearing perhaps some fine morning with the sun.

We leave to-morrow morning for Lewiston. Adieu.

LETTER XII.

Rochester, August 1, 1849.

At Lewiston we spent an hour or two with some kind friends, in whose company we crossed the ferry, and stormed Queenstown Heights. It was quite a gallant undertaking, I assure you, as the heat was intolerable, and the ascent long and difficult. But the magnificent view from the summit richly repaid us for all our toil and loss of breath. Some of the grandest scenes we had ever beheld broke upon our sight, filling our souls with the peculiar joy and exaltation which Nature has in store for her sincere worshipers, the true children of the faith. The air of the heights blew fresh and cool upon our heated brows, and 'beat balm upon our eyelids,' as, reclining on the turf, near the monument, we gazed and gazed on the deep, dark bed of the Niagara below, the beautiful Ontario stretching away to the far horizon, and the way over which we had passed, and the spot on which we had paused, all so thronged with heroic associations and terrible memories. Up that steep, then rugged and wild, the American regulars toiled and fought their way, step by step, till all the ground was filled with the fallen, till every tuft of grass grew crimson, and every untrampled wild flower held up its cup, like a small goblet, filled with blood; here was the thickest of the fight — the fiercest onslaught, the mightiest contention — the loud uproar, the mad fury, the fire, the tempest, the hell of battle! Here our troops, though with their ranks fearfully thinned in the ascent, were for a time victorious; and here, though 'fighting like incarnate fiends,' they were conquered, surrounded, and overwhelmed by superior numbers. Here, it is said, some, in the fury of their shame and despair, flung themselves from the precipice, rather than yield to the hated foe; and yet, all the while, on the opposite shore, were ranged hundreds of their countrymen, armed and equipped as soldiers, but shrinking and white-

faced as a flock of frightened sheep. There they stood, with all their braggart banners and plumes — with their idle swords and silent muskets — and saw rank after rank of their brave brothers shot down and bayonetted — the battle won and lost; there they stood and stared and shook in their shoes, smitten through soul and limb with the palsy of cowardice.

The British army lost in this battle one great-hearted hero, and ours a 'foeman worthy of their steel,' in the high-born and chivalrous Brock. How deep and lasting is the infamy of the wretched miscreant whose hand brought to ruin a nation's tribute to that heroic enemy. The monument is yet standing, and may stand for years, though rent from summit to base on either side. I hear that quite a large subscription was raised some years since by the army, every soldier giving a day's pay to rebuild it; but as a matter of Canadian course, nothing has been done with this fund; and the innocent sheep we found enjoying the coolness of the height, and even congregated inside the monument, may continue to enjoy that pasture and that shelter, undisturbed by the noise of chisel and hammer.

After descending the hill, we stopped for a few moments at a small tavern, by the roadside, to refresh ourselves with heavy draughts of pure spring water, which needed no ice. Here we talked with our landlord about the condition of the monument, and found by him that great bitterness of feeling existed toward the universal Yankee nation, on account of its destruction. The Canadians evidently do not believe that Lett acted in the capacity of an independent rascal, but merely as the tool of their Republican enemies over the river. Said a gentleman of our party to mine host, 'I have no doubt but that *our* army would gladly contribute for the re-erection of the monument, as we all honor the memory of General Brock, who was a favorite even with our soldiers, before he fell.' Beef-eating Boniface drew himself up with true English hauteur as he replied, 'I

don't know why he should have been; he never showed any great liking for *them!* We builds our own *muniments;* it's the Yankees as blows 'em up.'

From Lewiston to Rochester on the 'Bay State,' a most beautiful steamer, commanded by a gentleman. The trip was delightful beyond all description. Sweeping down that immortal river, passing between the picturesque rival forts, at the mouth, and bounding out into the broad, blue lake, and then dashing on and on, with a fresh breeze up and blowing, and the sunlit waters flashing and foaming and careering about us, with the greenest of summer shores in sight, and the bluest of summer skies bending over us — ah, it was glorious! Yes, '*too lovely for any thing!*' as I heard a lady say of the Falls. The day had been intensely hot, but the evening was deliciously cool, and we had one of the grandest of sunset pageants.

Henry Clay and party were on board the 'Bay State.' The great statesman spent most of his time on deck, where he was constantly surrounded by his faithful and *devoted* Whig friends. Yet, even amid the crowd, a stranger might have distinguished him by the deep, live fire of his eye — the splendor of his brow — the persuasion of his lips — the suavity of his manner — the slow dignity of his gait — and other peculiarities as widely known; such as the immensity of his long-pointed shirt collar, the shocking badness of his hat, and the utterly indescribable character of his coat. Ah! that unique piece of tailorship, whence came it? What ninth part of a Kentuckian went through the solemn mockery of measuring, snipping, and fitting, and finally deluded the simple, because great-hearted, old man into the belief that the thing was a *coat?* In very truth, that garment is a mystery to me, whence it came and how it came. Perhaps on no mortal tailor rests the responsibility of its deliberate manufacture. Could it have been *born*, like the poet? — for it certainly was '*non fit.*'

We went into the Rochester port about ten o'clock at

night, and the boat was immediately boarded by a large and most noisy party of Mr. Clay's friends, hurraing lustily, and calling for the grand 'Embodiment.' But Mr. Clay had very sensibly sought the rest he needed far more than shouts and serenades, and refused to exhibit himself. Greatness was not inclined to doff its nightcap for a set of adorers who give huzzas instead of votes.

I love to visit Rochester, the home of my early girlhood, where my few, brief school-days were spent — though my visit always makes me sad. So many of the 'old familiar faces' are gone, or changed to me — to so many have I myself become a stranger. Yet there are some, a few generous-hearted ones, friends indeed, who hold me in better and kindlier remembrance than I had ever hoped for in the most exacting and unreasonable mood of my heart.

Since we came, we have paid a visit to the studio of Mr. Gilbert, *the* artist of Rochester. This gentleman has certainly a very fine genius — too admirable, it seems, to be confined to portrait painting. Yet I hardly know — I honor a man who does just what his 'hand findeth to do,' *well* — even with a full knowledge that were he differently circumstanced, he might accomplish something infinitely greater — and toils on patiently, while bearing about with him, amid his humblest labors the calm, sad consciousness of power which has not found and may never find its perfect expression and highest development.

Mr. Gilbert's pictures, though marvellously true as likenesses, have about them a certain life-spirit — a sentiment, an idealization, a looking forth of character, which, though doubtless elicited momentarily from the sitters, belonged less to them than to the genius of the artist.

LETTER XIII.

Lynn, Mass., August 21, 1849.

I REACHED Boston in a terrible rain-storm, and came immediately out to Lynn, and to the home of my well beloved friend, Miss P——, with whom I am at present domesticated.

The house of my friends is situated quite near those picturesque hills, and immense dark rocks, which lie back of the flourishing town of Lynn, and give to its site considerable of the romantic character, with a touch of the grand, and quite sufficient of the beautiful, even with the ocean left out of view and consideration. Ah, the ocean! How I 'snuffed the *brine* afar off!' How my heart bounded, and the blood leaped along my veins, when my ear, listening intent, first caught its deep, far roar — the mingling of its own gentle and terrible voices, as it murmured along the smooth, white, conciliating sands of the beach, or as it boomed among immovable rocks, and dashed against black, defiant precipices.

My first, good, long, large view of the ever-glorious sea, was, as it always is, after an absence, a deep, inexpressible delight — a positive rapture.

I parted from old ocean, last summer, with keen regret, and, though I cannot be so vain as to believe that my feelings were reciprocated, it really did seem to me that, as I came again into his mighty and awful presence, he 'smoothed his wrinkled front,' and 'roared me gently,' and smiled a grim welcome on the pilgrim who brought, in humble homage, such soul-felt reverence, such passionate admiration.

We spent one day of last week in Boston. This noble old city is looking remarkably well this season. Its cleanliness is really praiseworthy, and will be its own reward.

The Common is looking magnificently after our recent heavy rains. What an ornament and glory it is to the

tri-montain city; what cool, quiet refuges, what green, shadowy, breathing and resting places it affords from the heat, and rush, and confusion, and pestilential airs of the narrow, crooked streets, filled with hurrying crowds, the endless rattle and rumble of wheels, the fumes of bar-rooms, the steam of restaurants, the thick, commingled tide of villanous smells poured out of apothecary shops, suggesting 'all the ills that flesh is heir to.'

We dropped into the great jewelry store of Jones, on Washington Street, certainly the most splendid establishment of the kind I have ever seen. I will not indulge myself, nor weary you, by giving a description of some of the many exquisite articles which I saw there, for I must own to a true, feminine *penchant* for beautiful jewelry; I can discourse eloquently on rings, bracelets, and brooches — grow warm on rubies — get into positive ecstasies on pearls, emeralds, and garnets, — and go off in brilliant flashes and small scintillations when I come to diamonds.

We paid a brief visit to the exhibition room of Powers' statuary. There were two pieces new to me — the 'Fisher Boy,' and the bust of General Jackson. The first-mentioned is very *beautiful*, and this, I think, is all that can be said of it. That it is a great original work of art, I do not believe. Its attitude seems almost a repetition of that of the Greek Slave, and there is no reason nor excuse for *this* figure being altogether without drapery. I can see no sentiment or idea in the work, aside from a representation of perfect physical beauty, and perhaps this is enough; it is all that there is in the Venus, but by no means all that we see in the Apollo.

The bust of Jackson struck me as having great character. The hair seemed bristling up with the hickory hero's own native stubbornness; the heavy brow seemed lowering vetos; the lips had the set expression of a defiant will, as though they had but lately uttered that terrible, characteristic oath, '*By the Eternal!*'

The Slave, and the head of Proserpine, I had before seen. Though the former, from its touching associations, impresses and interests one most, the latter is undeniably the most beautiful, as far as it goes. Indeed, the sense of its surpassing loveliness weighs on the heart, and fills the eyes with tears. I do not know that the Proserpine 'tells its own story,' as severe critics require that every work of art should do, but it certainly tells *a* story of an exquisite head, and throat, and bosom — of an adorable face — of an absolutely perfect womanly beauty.

In speaking of Boston Common, I fear that it will be thought I slighted the Fountain. The truth is, we did not find the city Undine prepared to receive visitors, when we called; bad luck for us. We only saw the tulip jet, playing very low. Another time, we trust she will treat us to a finer feast of beauty and flow of Cochituate.

We also visited Salem, last week. What a substantial, stationary, self-satisfied, aristocratic look there is about this fine old town. How utterly unlike any other place in this changing, hurried, ambitious, advancing, levelling new world of ours. But Salem is modern enough to be beautiful and elegant, and evidently rich enough to dispense with the noise and bustle and mad hurry of money-making.

After 'Execution Hill' had been pointed out to me, my mind was thronged with sad and awful memories, and I looked involuntarily about me as I walked the streets, for 'weird-sisters,' among the passers-by. I saw no wrinkled, sinister-eyed old women, but I saw plenty of smiling, blooming, young girls, who could not deny their own *witching beauty*, were they hanged for it. Ah, it would have gone hard with them, in the good old colony times! Neither trial by fire, nor trial by water, would have saved them, for the name of their victims would have been 'legion.' After all, we are wiser in our day and generation than our forefathers. They hung such as were fairly proved to be witches, and condemned as such; but, doubtless, many

escaped through cunning, or bribery, or the pity of others. But, in our time, all possessing, or suspected of possessing, or thinking they possess, dangerous charms, (this, I fear, comprehends universal womanhood,) are immediately apprehended, and immured in close ball-rooms, concert-rooms, school-rooms, kitchens, and nurseries; deprived of proper air, exercise, aims, and comforts; forbidden to ramble, and climb, laugh loud, and wear thick shoes; compelled to waltz into the morning, and sleep into noon; to subsist on French novels and French cookery; to embroider blue-black brigands and pink cherubs in worsted; or, even worse, to toil day after day in noisy factories and small millinery shops! Thus are *our* witches speedily and effectually deprived of the mighty spells, the wicked enchantments, which, for a brief while, held in thrall the souls of men. Thus, from bright eyes grown dim, from rose cheeks grown pale, from the plump figure grown spare, from the neat dress grown careless, from the 'low, sweet voice,' grown sharp and petulant, goes out the strong mysterious charm forever.

Oh, mournful fate of womankind! Just at this moment a healthy, glowing face was turned toward me from only the other side of the table, and a pair of *witch*-hazel eyes met mine, and smiled as in unconscious defiance of my fancy's sad prophecy. To her, and such as her, I would say, if one *has* a *corps de reserve* of mental resources and heart-riches, to step in and fill up the ranks, as the blooms and attractions of youth give way, why, it is all very well, and shows good generalship in this short struggle with time, which the poets have named 'the battle of life,' but which, with many of us, only amounts to a little skirmishing, with no glory and no spoils, and followed with endless marching and countermarching, till some morning, when no reveille awakes us, and there is no answer to our name in the roll-call. But, joy for you, who doubtless looked for the 'Yours, truly,' a page or two back, and sighed to find that the end was not yet — joy, for at length the last inch of my paper brings me up standing. Adieu.

LETTER XIV.

Lynn, Mass. Sept. 15, 1849.

Since I wrote you last, I have been wandering about like a zingara, now here, now there, and nowhere very long. One week I spent delightfully with some friends in Salem. I shall not soon forget that visit, nor those whose society and kind attention rendered it so agreeable. Our moonlight stroll through the magnificent Common — our morning frolic in the ocean surf — and then the long horseback rides, and the beautiful bay I rode! When shall I cease to think pleasantly and gratefully of these things?

During my visit, I accompanied my friends to the East India Museum — by far the most interesting collection of curiosities I have ever seen.

There is one object, in particular, about which I can never cease to wonder. This is a round box, some three inches in diameter, each half of which contains a hundred figures, carved out of the wood, yet not detached. These you are obliged to examine through a magnifying glass. It is said to have been the work of a monk, and is designed as a representation of heaven and hell. It is wonderful to see how much of the divine and the devilish can be put into faces no larger than pin-heads. Of course there are a thousand other curious and interesting things to be seen, but the carved box is evidently the especial pride of the courteous old gentleman who for so many years has had charge of this valuable museum.

Last week I spent most pleasantly with my friends in Amesbury. Here I at once flung aside all care, and as much as possible the thought and memory of labor, and resigned myself to be easy and comfortable, after the manner of one who, afflicted with indolence the natural way, submits to the dispensation with exemplary patience and fortitude.

Here to our walks and rides and boatings belonged a new

and peculiar interest, from the pleasantest Puritanic associations — from the ground having been made classic as the scene of much which the gentle Margaret Smith has recorded in her exquisite 'Journal.' How was the heart stirred by such names as Newbury, 'on ye Merrimack,' Agawam, the Isle of Shoals, the Agamenticus — and how with the gaze of a pilgrim did the eye linger on every sight and scene touched upon by the graphic and graceful pen of the lovely Puritan.

But independent of associations historial, poetical, and romantic, the scenery along and near the Merrimack is certainly very striking and beautiful; and were I a tourist for pleasure, a pilgrim of the picturesque, I should most assuredly follow up that river. I recollect one private residence on its banks, not far from Amesbury, which we visited, and which struck me as quite the loveliest place I had ever seen. One happy circumstance I there observed; the dwellers in this quiet little Eden were gifted with taste and feeling to appreciate its loveliness; and, free from all affectation of indifference, frankly acknowledged their great good fortune, in being so richly dowered with the beauty of waters and woodlands, hill-side and glen.

It was really charming to mark the fresh, earnest enthusiasm with which all spoke of their beloved home, and its delightful surroundings.

One sunshiny afternoon we crossed the river in a little row-boat, and made a memorable excursion to the 'Devil's Den.' This pokerish place, a little cave, or rather hollow in the rocks, I entered boldly, with no protection save a tolerably good conscience, (as consciences go,) and returned safely, having sustained no injury, save the loss of a small portion of my dress, torn quite out by a sharp projection of the rock — an odd way of leaving my peace with the oldest inhabitant — 'tis well it was not given in pledge for the owner's appearance at some future season, when it might not be convenient to call. A short distance from this place

is a huge rock, over which, according to tradition, Old Nick, in a most unjustifiable and husband-like freak, wheeled his poor, frighted helpmeet, on the day when,

> 'As the lanes were so broad, and the streets were so narrow,
> He was forced to bring his wife home on a wheelbarrow.'

There was the deep, distinct impression of the huge wheel, hot and heavy with its infernal impetus, across the top, and down the steep side of the rock; and, my friend, I could not disbelieve my own eyes. Oh! that the great and good Pickwick had been there to see!

I had none of my favorite sport, fishing, while 'Away down East,' but soon after my return, we had a very pleasant family party to the rocks of Nahant. I shall not soon forget that day of soft air, genial sunshine, and childlike mirth and excitement. Our dinner, which we ate on the grass, reclining with primitive carelessness and ease — the crackers and cheese and pure spring water, and the fried fish — the fish caught with our own hooks and lines! No royal banquet was ever snuffed so eagerly — was ever discussed with so keen and healthful and enduring an appetite.

In fishing, I had not, at first, my usual good luck: but having obtained a position on a projecting point, from whence I could fling my line into deep water, fortune finally began to favor me with something better than nibbles. But, unluckily, the tide was rising, and before I was aware, a large wave dashed over my feet; yet, feeling the advantages of my position for success in fishing, I stood my ground, much to the amusement of my companions, till I was ankle-deep in the surf. But, like the spirited Mrs. Partington, I finally found that the Atlantic ocean was too much for me. Had my friend Darley been of the party, he might have made a striking sketch of 'G. G., as she appeared when enjoying herself.'

While in Boston, a few days since, I had the pleasure of visiting the new Athenæum — an exceedingly beautiful

building, now nearly finished. The library struck me as remarkably fine — in design and arrangement, I mean. But few pictures have as yet been hung in the gallery, yet there were some admirable paintings, and conspicuous among these we saw the 'Belshazzar's Feast' of Washington Allston — unfinished. It was a mournful sight, that indistinct yet startling scene of splendor and fear — that dim, grand outline of the beautiful and terrible, which the spirit of genius brooded over long, but which the hand of the mortal was destined never to perfect before a waiting world.

Speaking of pictures, I think that I saw, while in Boston, the grandest *portrait* I have ever seen. This was a likeness of Dickens — a large and most spirited painting by Alexander — among portrait painters I should say, 'Alexander the Great.' Now, I have never seen Dickens, yet I would stake my life on that being *his* face, God bless him! Oh! those eyes will never go out of my soul! Why, Pickwick and Sammy, Oliver and Rose, Smike and Mantilini, little Nell and Dick Swiveller, Tom Pinch and Sairey Gamp, little Paul and Captain Cuttle, David and Peggotty, all look out of them at once! The whole face and figure are right, just right—the fitting, pleasing, manly embodiment of genius, in its most happy and genial spirit — at home on earth, and on the most friendly terms with mankind. It would hardly seem that those warm, flexible lips could ever curl in bitter, contemptuous irony — that the great heart, looking through those clear, dark eyes, could ever spy keenly for a national fault, and, 'when found, make a note of it.' But for his sins against a people, wide humanity will absolve him; and whether he repents or not, I believe he is already forgiven by a nation too great to suffer from a misunderstanding and consequent misrepresentation, and too generous to treasure up a wrong.

While in at Ticknor's, one afternoon, I chanced to meet Mr. Whipple, the critic and essayist. He is a most striking person. His head is grand in its proportions, and his face

full of character. His peculiar, terse, epigrammatic style of talk rivets one's attention at once; yet he says his witty and brilliant things in the most calm, unconscious matter-of-course way imaginable.

LETTER XV.

Lynn, Mass., Sept. 26, 1849.

I AM writing to you this delicious and Eden-like morning in a novel situation, and with the most romantic surroundings. At the summit of one of those beautiful hills which lie back of the town, I am seated in primitive style, on the mossy and leaf-strewn ground, with my portfolio on a rock at my side. To this spot we often resort, in the sunny autumn days — my friend A. and I — and spend hours with our favorite books, and sometimes, as to-day, with our writing. We even received callers here one afternoon, lately; some friends who, riding over from Salem, to find us out, followed us up to our wild lair. They seemed pleased with our drawing-room, though they probably found our sofas rather hard.

This of all places is the one wherein to read Tennyson, or Bryant, or Longfellow, aright; here we most deeply feel how much of the life and soul of Nature has entered into their verse, making it audible evermore with her grand, or glad, or melancholy voices.

Above us, tall, dark pines are swaying and murmuring continuously in the morning wind, which blows fresh yet sweet from the south-west; 'the only wind on the face of the earth which comes from heaven,' says the friend at my side, who, lounging on the turf, is eagerly drinking in the soft air, in long, grateful draughts. Around us, young beeches and slender maples, festooned with the wild grape and luxuriant ivy, are swinging their lithe branches and

fluttering their yet fresh leaves in the glad sunlight; the solemn cedar seems half to forget his established character for serious-mindedness, and to put on an unwonted lightness; and all around the barberry, with its fairy-like fruit, in long, red clusters, and the aster and the golden-rod make beautiful the shadowed woodland paths. From the rock in front of us, we look down on the well-built and interminable town, stretching itself along the coast — and beyond, the grand ocean scene on which I could never weary of gazing — the long, white beach, the harbor with its picturesque islands, the innumerable sails at sea, glimmering in the sunlight and fading down the horizon. Far to the right rises the smoke, and gleam the spires of Boston — there towers the glorious monument, reared by the true, patriotic *soul* of our country, to 'the onward cheer and summons' of her loftiest eloquence and her richest song. Erected there to mark the scene of her earliest and noblest struggle, may it stand as long as her name and history endure, or perish only with her liberties and her honor.

Ah, 'it is good to be here!' I would that all my nature-loving, fresh, and free-hearted friends of the town, could be taken from the bondage and weariness of business and fashion, and suddenly let loose among these hills. How would we wake with laughter the echoes sleeping amid the rocks, and drown with the sound of pleasant voices the sad unquiet murmur of these pines.

My intimations of a previous existence are all of a pastoral or gipsy life. I am more at home in the woods than in the drawing-room — the roused blood pours more richly through my heart the moment I breathe the air of the hills — my very step grows more sure and elastic, when its way is over rocks and up steeps and down into dells. To-day, the beauty and gladness and glory of Nature are flooding my senses, till mere existence becomes an exultation and an ecstasy. I know not what I write — my thoughts and fancies seem to be taking a holiday on their own account;

a bird on the wing darts past, and off fly they in company, revelling in his freedom and echoing his song — now they are sailing away on floating clouds, or dipping down into the surf, like sea-birds.

How, in the name of nature, do you exist in the city on such a day as this? Do you not sometimes lose yourself in luxurious dreams of woodland haunts, of quiet, shadowed places, where the soft winds are at play? Do you not listen involuntarily for the voice of birds and the chime of waters — listen with the mysterious inward sense, while the outward grows deaf to the importunate call for 'Copy?' Do you not start up and cry, with Longfellow's Cruzado —

'I hate the crowded town!
I cannot live shut up within its gates;
Air — I want air, and sunshine, and blue sky,
The feeling of the breeze against my face,
The feeling of the turf beneath my feet,
And no walls but the far-off mountain tops.
Then I am free and strong — once more myself.'

By this I am reminded of an incident, or rather *the* incident of yesterday — an accidental meeting with the poet from whom I have quoted the above lines. It happened where many a pleasant meeting has happened, at Ticknor's. Aside from mere curiosity, of which I suppose I have my woman's share, I have always wished to look on the flesh and blood embodiment of that rare genius, of that mind stored with the wealth of many literatures, the lore of many lands, for in Longfellow it is the scholar as well as the poet whom we reverence. The first glance satisfied me of one happy circumstance — that the life and health which throbbed and glowed through this poet's verse had their natural correspondences in the physical. He appears perfectly healthful and vigorous — is rather English in person. His head is simply full, well-rounded, and even — not severe or massive in character. The first glance of his genial eyes,

which seem to have gathered up sunshine through all the summers they have known, and the first tones of his cordial voice, show one that he has not impoverished his own nature in so generously endowing the creations of his genius — has not drained his heart of the wine of life, to fill high the beaker of his song.

Mr. Longfellow does not look poetical, as Keats looked poetical, perhaps, but, as Hood says of Gray's precocious youth, who used to get up early,

'To meet the sun upon the upland lawn' —

'*he* died young.' But, what is better, our poet looks *well*, for, after all, health is the best, most happy and glorious thing in the world. On *my* Parnassus there should be no half-demented, long-haired, ill-dressed bards, lean and pale, subject to sudden attacks of poetic frenzy — sitting on damp clouds, and harping to the winds; but they should be a hearty, manly, vigorous set of *inspired gentlemen*, erect and broad-chested, with features more on the robust than the romantic style — writing in snug studies, or fine, large libraries, surrounded by beauty, elegance and comfort — receiving inspiration quietly and at regular hours, after a hot breakfast, the morning paper and a cigar — given to hospitality and good dinners — driving their own bays, and treating their excellent wives to a box at the opera, a season at Newport, a trip to the Falls, or a winter in Rome.

The comforts of life have been long enough monopolized by thrifty tradesmen — 'men in the coal and cattle line' — and good living by bishops and aldermen. It is the divine right of genius to be well kept and cared for by the world, which too often 'entertains the angel unaware,' on thin soups and sour wines, or, at the best, on unsubstantial *puff*-paste.

I heard yesterday that Fredrika Bremer had really arrived in New York. I hope that it is so. She has hosts of admirers all over our country, and is actually loved, as few

authors are loved, with a simple, cordial, *home* affection — for she is especially a writer for the fireside, the family circle, and thus addresses herself to the affections of a people, whose purest joys and deepest interests centre in domestic life. America will take to her heart this child of genius and of nature — her home shall be by every hearth in our land which has been made a dearer and a brighter place by her poetry, her romance, and her genial humor. She will be welcomed joyfully by every nature which has profited by her pure teachings, and received her revelations — by every spirit which has been borne upward by her aspirations, or softened by the spring breath, the soft warmth and light of her love.

To *woman* has the Swedish novelist spoken, and by woman must she be welcomed and honored here; but to the *men* of America comes one whose very name should cause the blood to leap along their veins — he, the heart's brother of freemen all over the world — the patriot, prophet and soldier, the hero of the age — Kossuth, the Hungarian!

How will he be received here? How will the deep, intense, yet mournful sympathy, the soul-felt admiration, the generous homage of the country find expression? Not in parades and dinners, and public speeches, for Heaven's sake!

Would you feast and *fête* a man, on whose single heart is laid the dead crushing weight of a nation's sorrow — about whose spirit a nation's despair makes deep, perpetual night?

I know not how my countrymen will meet this glorious exile; but were I a young man, with all the early love and fresh enthusiasm for liberty and heroism, I would bow reverently, and silently kiss his hand. Were I a pure and tried statesman, an honest patriot, I would fold him to my breast. Were I an old veteran, with the fire of freedom yet warming the veins whose young blood flowed in her cause, I should wish to look on Kossuth and die!

Who can say this man has lived in vain? Though it

was not his to strike the shackles from his beloved land, till she should stand free and mighty before Heaven, has he not struggled and suffered for her? Has he not spoken hallowed and immortal words — words which have gone forth to the nations, a power and a prophecy, which shall sound on and on, long after his troubled life is past — on and on, till their work is accomplished in great deeds — and the deeds become history, to be read by free men with quickened breath, and eyes that lighten with exultation? And it is a great thing that Europe, darkened by superstition and crushed by despotism, has known another hero — a race of heroes I might say, for the Hungarian uprising has been a startling and terrific spectacle for kings and emperors. And 'the end is not yet.' There must be a sure, a terrible retribution for the oppressors, a yet more fearful *finale* to this world-witnessed tragedy. While the heavens endure, let us hold on to the faith that the right shall prevail against the wrong; when the last long struggle shall come, that the soul of freedom is imperishable, and shall triumph over all oppressions on the face of the whole earth.

Adieu.

LETTER XVI.

Lynn, November 8, 1849.

I HAVE been delayed on the seashore much longer than I anticipated in the early autumn, but shall probably soon take up my line of march westward and homeward. I am already beginning to feel a little 'journey-proud' — that is, unsettled and restless, and quite indisposed to thought or exertion. Six or seven hundred miles, in the last of November, by steamboat and railway, and stage-coach, taking the Alleghanies on my way — a nice little pleasure-trip, to be sure! But through the days of that weary journey,

loved voices will seem to call to me, and nearer, and nearer every night, shall seem to shine before me a cheerful light from the windows of my home.

We have had terrible equinoctial storms; which were something new to me, as my trans-Alleghanian experience embraced nothing of the kind. I never knew it rain with such passion and fury, and then the wind, the mad, mad wind, how it came raving and roaring, and rolling the stupendous waves far up the shelvy beach, and high up against the black rocks with a shock like thunder! Nahant, it is said, was the scene of much grandeur and terrific beauty all through the storm. There were some wrecks along the coast, as you will have heard; one where the suffering and loss of life were most frightful.

The weather has cleared up beautifully; it is rather cold, indeed, for the season. Our evenings are especially chilly, but our mornings are fine, and the mellow autumn sunshine lights up the dark hills and gorgeous forest most gloriously.

I miss from the beach all the dashing turn-outs, gay equestrians, moss-hunting young ladies, and shell-searching children of the fashionable Nahant season. I sometimes meet a solitary sportsman, with his dog and gun, but frequently I find myself quite alone with old Ocean, who discourses as grandly as though he had for his audience the entire upper ten of American aristocracy.

But I must pause here, as my hour for riding has arrived, and my horse will soon be at the door. So *au revoir*.

Back again after a ride *as* was a ride — back again as usual with invigorated nerves and exhilarated spirits! It was nearly high tide when I reached the seaside, and there was only the least little strip of a beach visible, but the waves after the strong east wind of yesterday ran fast and high, the sweet south-west wind of this morning not having yet smoothed the angry face of the deep. The sunlight flashed and sparkled on the foaming surf with a dazzling, half-blinding brilliance — innumerable sea-birds were on the

wing, and many an outward bound sail was gleaming in the distance. Altogether the scene was passing fair and pleasant to look upon; but my horse was restive, and delicate about wetting his fetlocks in the rising tide, and rather hurried me away.

This morning, as usual, on reaching the beach, I threw a quick, involuntary glance over the broad expanse of waters to see if I might any where spy — *the sea-serpent;* — but alas, not one gleam of his terrible mane, not one huge convolution of his vast length met my eager, half-expectant gaze!

I see that you are 'of little faith' as regards sea-serpents in general, and the Nahant sea-serpent in particular; but as for me, I am a firm believer, and am quite willing to dare all the small peltings of ridicule for the good cause.

I base my belief principally on the universal good character of Swampscot fishermen, from which class of citizens come most of the witnesses of his mighty snakeship's actual existence and several revelations to mortal vision. I understand that very few about here doubt the recently deposed evidence of the monster's last appearance near Nahant beach. The Swampscot fishermen are a noble, honest set of men, almost incredibly fearless and daring. They have an exceedingly picturesque appearance in their bright, red flannel shirts, loose trowsers, caps or tarpaulins, and it is pleasant to see them going forth gaily in the morning, in their light, dancing boats, or returning at sunset, with the reward of the long day's persevering toil. They are said to be very true and generous toward one another — only emulous in acts of hardihood and heroism, in times of danger, tempest and shipwreck.

Apropos of hardihood, I heard a remarkable instance of it the other day. It seems that Government is about to erect at the end of a dangerous reef on this coast, a light-house, which it is proposed to place on eight iron pillars, fifty feet high. Think what a lonely, drear, terrible situation through

tempestuous autumn or bleak winter, in 'night and storm and darkness!' And yet many applications have already been made for the place of keeper. There is true courage and spirit — there is Yankee spunk for you. What will not a brave man dare, what fury of winds, what pelting of storms, what dark threatenings of angry deeps, to advance his fortunes and give bread and butter to an interesting family!

A course of lectures has just been commenced before the Lyceum of this town. There are some great names on the list of lecturers — such as Emerson, Whipple, Beecher, Horace Mann, Thomas Starr King, and Wendell Phillips. Henry Giles delivered the introductory lecture last night. He gave one of a course which he has lately been writing on 'The Agencies of Social Culture.' The subject of this one was 'Books,' a noble theme, treated in a noble and masterly manner. Mr. Giles is the most admirable, the most impressive, the most *irresistible* lecturer I have ever heard. Wholly without intellectual arrogance, his opinions are yet decisions — his persuasion is power, and his thought has a live energy, a will, and a weight, warming and rousing and again subduing the mind of the listener. And yet his genius does not constrain, but possesses us — does not compel, but impels us — does not drive, but cheers us on. It is not the wild flickering of a Will-o'-the-wisp, enticing and betraying the feet of the follower into pathless wastes and mists, and quagmires — but a moving pillar of flame, with a clear and steady brilliance, lighting where it leads us on over safe though constantly ascending ground — the mountain paths of thought, the high places of the soul. This genial, companionable, democratic element of genius is most characteristic of, if not peculiar to this eloquent lecturer. There is, we all know, such a thing as a cold, irresponsible, intellectual despotism, which would subject our will and absorb our individuality — which respects neither mental independence nor moral rights, deals lightly with our most cher-

ished principles, and has no shadow of toleration for our prejudices — a despotism which rouses the antagonism of a strong mind, and brings a weak one into absolute subjugation.

How admirable, how beneficent, how liberal and democratic is this modern form of conveying instruction and intellectual amusement through popular lectures, of giving voice and emphasis to silent thought, of sending home truth with a new impetus, through a ringing tone and a bold gesture — of radiating wit and humor from the changing face, from the lips' quick play, half anticipating the sarcasm and the jest — from the lit eye, as well as by the glowing words and high aspirings and fair imaginings of genius.

What direct, incalculable power is there in the actual presence, the living voice, in the burning eye, the illuminated countenance of genius! Authors, false in heart, and poor in virtue and honor, may sometimes pen sublime theories and pure moralities, deceive us with eloquent lies; but the face of a true orator is Truth's own tablet — in his voice peals Freedom's own trumpet-tone, and in his very gesticulations are the native impulses, the force and vehemence of a roused and fiery spirit; and a quick life, a hearty sincerity, a mighty energy, throb, and sound, and struggle in the words which leap at once into the hearer's heart, and abide there, not to sink into silence and slumber, but for a purpose and a work.

The next lecture before the Lyceum, which is to be given by Mr. Whipple, the critic and essayist, is looked forward to with much interest. You have probably seen the volume of lectures lately published by this gentleman. A most admirable book, is it not? This author is one of the true glories of Boston. But a short time ago his genius was but a hope and a promise — now it is a pride and a fulfilment. And such large development of genius in so young a man is indeed wonderful, and the modern Athenians may well be pardoned a sort of complacent self-gratulation in pointing

him out in their lyceums and reading-rooms, or beneath the shades of their Common, where he strolls, in close companionship with wise and beneficent thoughts, as walked the ancient philosophers through the academic groves. In some things our youthful philosopher has the advantage of those sage old gentlemen. He is not bound to bear himself with a toga-ed and statuesque dignity — he has mirth and genial humor, as well as gravity and wisdom — he can laugh with the world as well as at it — can feel as well as think — can have pleasant relations with the human heart, as well as visitings from the divine mind — can be quite at home and comfortable in common life, after an occasional uplift into Olympian sublimities.

Of this volume, the lectures on 'Genius,' and 'Intellectual Health and Disease,' are perhaps the finest; but to me, that on 'Authors,' and the one on 'Dickens,' are especially delightful. Yet I have somewhat against this essayist, admirable as he is. To me it seems that some, indeed many of the anecdotes, puns and witticisms, introduced into these lectures, rather break the harmony of his style, than aid his argument by illustration. His thoughts are eminently lucid and direct, and need no such help and setting off. But perhaps these things were necessary to give lightness and piquancy to a lecture which was to be delivered before a popular audience, though I can but think that the same article would *read* better without them. Yet, this is merely *my* opinion; another reader might object to the absence of these same anecdotes, which are good in themselves — possibly great favorites — certainly old acquaintances.

The lecture on 'Genius' seems most free from this — fault I will scarcely presume to call it — say peculiarity. This has a high and well sustained tone throughout; is true and earnest in thought, beautiful and symmetrical in style. It may be that there is more bold, startling, and suggestive expression in the 'Wit and Humor,' but the 'Genius' has

a richer flow of eloquence, a calmer beauty, and a grander central idea.

There are magnificent passages in 'Intellectual Health and Disease,' and among them I was glad and grateful in my heart to find, one in bold and scathing rebuke of American slavery. The writer speaks with the manliness of a freeman, if not with the fervor of a philanthropist. He does not weep and lament over the evils of Oppression — he derides its Folly, and execrates 'the brazen impudence of its Guilt.'

It is a part of our author's philosophy, that wit and satire are the surest, keenest weapons of Freedom; that stronger is he who can raise a laugh, than he who raises armies against the Oppressor; that despotic States which have survived fearful political earthquakes, will be in more serious danger from the convulsions of lawless popular merriment; and that seats of power, which have withstood the roar of artillery, will shake and totter to the roar of a grand universal cachination.

And is not this true? We may remonstrate and reason with or curse and rage against tyranny to all eternity but if we pay it a sort of shuddering respect, evince a superstitious awe in the presence of that 'Mystery of iniquity,' it stands all the firmer, insolently defying Heaven, and remorselessly desolating Earth. Pity and sorrow and conscience may plead in vain at the tyrant's breast, but the laugh of scorn, the bitter jest of irony, the sidelong glance of contempt, are as sharp daggers going home.

Yours, truly.

LETTER XVII.

New York, November 30, 1849.

The weather, since my arrival in town, though somewhat cold, has been very obligingly clear and sunny — a good

light by which to see pictures, shop-windows, and gay promenaders. The *pavé* of Broadway is resplendent, dazzling with its endless succession of brilliant winter costumes. In truth a splendid sight, though perhaps too suggestive of vain thoughts and carnal desires. Oh, great soul! Oh, devout heart! be thou blind to the waving of plumes and the flutter of ribbons — to the rich lights playing about the folds of velvets and satins; the ostentatious comfort of furs; the soft, seducing lustre of poplins! Set thy face as a flint against the insinuating smiles of handsome young shopmen — make thine ear like unto an adder's towards voluble French milliners — be strong in thy resistance — be humble in thy desires — leave thy purse at home, and thou art safe.

Condole with me — I have missed seeing Fredrika Bremer! The day I left Boston she made her exodus from Gotham — set out for Hartford for a brief visit to Mrs. Sigourney, from whence she goes to Boston, where she is to spend some time I believe. My friend, Miss Lynch, with whom Miss Bremer stayed some weeks, speaks of her illustrious guest with much enthusiasm and affection.

From what I hear, I should suppose the poor little woman was nearly killed with kindness while in New York — quite worn down and fagged out by visits, dinner-parties, and *soirées*, and beset beyond all example by merciless autograph hunters. Now she must open a second campaign in Boston — soon a third in Philadelphia or Washington, and so on. Oh, Heaven save thee, Fredrika! Keep thee from laying thy death at Yankee doors — thy bones so far from thy beloved Northland! For the sake of hosts of readers, humanity, and the Howitts, take care of thyself!

I have lately had the pleasure of attending one of Miss Lynch's delightful Saturday evening re-unions, where I met many distinguished and agreeable persons — authors, artists, musicians, heroes, and exiled foreigners, moustached and melancholy. Among the latter was the Hungarian Envoy, a most interesting man, with his heart still alive and a-glow

with patriotism and the true Magyar fire, amid all the chill and heaviness of disappointment and despair. I looked, with a strange, half-wondering interest, on the man who could call Kossuth 'friend,' for until then, it seems, I had regarded the grand Magyar chieftain more as an abstract divine idea of heroism and greatness, than as their live revelation, their human embodiment; or as an actual, visible, palpable flesh-and-blood existence.

A rare pleasure was ours, that evening, in listening to the playing and singing of Mr. Richard Willis, the young composer and ardent musical enthusiast, who has but lately returned from Germany, where he has spent some years in study. His music seems mostly sad, thoughtful, and delicate, rather than dashing and stormy in character; it is sweet, tender, earnest, yet full of spiritual meanings; it is like Shelley's poetry. In singing, he does not startle and arouse as much as he impresses and subdues; his tones are surcharged with feeling; his heart trembles along his voice. Aside from this rare gift, which he has cultivated with tireless devotion, Mr. Willis possesses yet another, that of song. He is a fine poet, and writes the words as well as the music of his delicious songs. What a beautiful and enviable quality of genius! What a full and perfect expression is thus given to the sad and joyous emotions of the heart, to its dreams and loves, wild hopes and intense longings, and passionate regrets — to the restless play of fancy — to the swell and surging of free, strong thought — to all the deepest delights and divinest aspirations of the spirit!

There was also at the *soirée*, a young German pianist, whose name I will not attempt to write, who is said to possess great genius. His playing is surely wonderfully fine and most peculiar in its character. As I stood near him and watched his fingering, thus listening with the eye as well as ear, it did not seem to me that he so much evoked the music from the instrument before him, as bestowed it, in a royal largess, a golden shower of melody. The liquid tones

seemed dripping from his fingers, rather than leaping up from the keys at his quick, electric touch. It was very brilliant, yet, after all, we missed the audible heart-beatings, the tearful quality, the sweet human feeling, which had most charmed us in the music of the young American.

I will finish this in Philadelphia. Till then, adieu.

Philadelphia, December 5, 1849.

No incident of any note occurred on the journey from New York. Yet stay — there was one, pleasant to me, though perhaps of no great importance to the public. As I left the boat for the cars, I met on the landing four magnificent Newfoundland dogs! They were the largest I had ever seen, entirely black, with faces full of intelligence, and the peculiar genial expression which characterizes that royal race. One of them so strongly resembled a favorite dog at home, that I paused involuntarily, and laid my arm over his neck. The noble creature turned his beautiful great eyes upon me, and recognising a friend at once, by the unerring instincts of undegenerate dog-nature, leaned his head against me, and kissed my hand with a grave gallantry becoming his stately presence. I could have taken off my watch and given it for him then. But this was no place for buying and selling; I was obliged to hurry along, looking back mournfully and admiringly on the superb group —

'A sight that made me grieve,
And yet the sight was fair.'

I was lately invited to visit in a family whose members were almost entirely unknown to me. On the morning of my arrival, I found myself in an elegant mansion, with rooms large and lofty, and somewhat cold. I felt, I know not what, of disappointment and apprehension. But, in passing along the hall, on being conducted to my room, a

beautiful dog came bounding toward me. His very presence was a cordial welcome, and brought with it a delicious sense of home-comfort. I accepted it as a sure promise of that genuine politeness, that high-bred kindness which afterward made the days of my visit pass so swiftly and happily; that visit of which I now retain only pleasant and grateful memories. Adieu.

LETTER XVIII.

New Brighton, Pa., January 9, 1850.

My visit at Philadelphia was one succession of bright and pleasant scenes. I had returned from an absence of nearly two years, somewhat fearing that those dear friendships which had once made my happiness there, might have fallen away. But I found them still full of generous life — ripened, not withered. It was a harvest season to my heart.

I have very distinct recollections of some paintings and statuary which I saw while I was in the city. One of my first visits was to the Herō and Leander of Steinhauser. The Leander is certainly beautiful above all praise, but the Hero hardly satisfied me. The upturned face of the lover is lit with the glow, the rapture of a divine love — a mighty, immortal passion. All warmth, all vitality, seem to have left his chilled and wearied frame, and to have flowed and crowded up into that glorious face. That pure and exultant light of joy, breaking up through the cold and the damp says — 'I have found my rest! Here is my recompense, here is my exceeding great reward.'

But Hero's reception of the bold swimmer impressed me as more sisterly than lover-like. There is much tenderness in her face and attitude, but it is not impassioned tenderness. She seems to have awaited him with the utmost calmness and patience, and though he comes through darkness, and cold, and flood, wearied nigh unto death, yet with the great

love of a great soul leaping upward to his lips, she receives him tenderly indeed, but as calmly and properly as though he had come in his coach and four, journeying by easy stages, to do his wooing according to common forms and conventional usages.

I have a little print from an English picture, the idea of which I like better. In this, Hero has hastened down to the very brink of the flood, and, with an impulse of truest womanly affection, is reaching out her slight arms to the help of her tired lover as he struggles up the shore. It may be said of the marble group, that its time is that succeeding the first enraptured meeting, when the eager expectancy, the moment of welcome, with its loving *abandon*, had given place to the sense of safety, of possession, almost of repose. But to me, Hero seems, if not cold, comparatively insensible. Her nature is wanting in fire and strength, and, despite her name, she is not heroic. That breast was never 'shaken by a storm of sighs.' Those lips were never parted in keen, impatient expectation, or quivered with foolish griefs, and sweet, irrepressible emotion. Those eyes were never cast down in nameless dread, and strange, sudden shame, or upturned in supplicating inquiry. That calm, clear brow was never weighed down by love's most royal crown, or shadowed by its fears, or convulsed by its sharp anguish. That face, in all its gentleness and still beatitude, is one we would not have 'the winds of heaven visit too roughly' — one to which we would offer up the perpetual homage of loving looks; but it is scarcely in keeping with that grand trysting-place beneath the stars and the night-clouds, amid the winds and beside the flood. And she is no mate for the bold and venturous Leander, whose fiery heart kept off the chill of the waves, as he clove his way to her side, and who went back with her last kiss warm on his parted lips, and the touch of her hand yet lingering on his brow, upturned to the stars.

There are also two other works by Steinhauser, in the

city, which were new to me — 'The Fisher Boy,' and 'Psyche.' These are beautiful beyond all praise. The expression of concentrated interest, of eager expectation, in the face of the boy, is wonderfully true to life; and the great but patient sorrow of the immortal in bondage to mortality, expressed in the countenance of the Psyche, sinks to the heart of the gazer.

Brackett, the American sculptor, has taken up his residence in Philadelphia. I went several times to see his group of the 'Shipwrecked Mother and Child.' This, though still in plaster, is a work of rare merit. The principal figure is a woman in the prime and glory of her beauty. She lies on the rocks of the shore in a position of exceeding grace, her head thrown backward, her right arm outstretched, and her left yet tenderly enfolding her dead babe. She has been denuded by the surf, though her night-dress is yet slightly attached to one arm, and lies beneath her. I suppose there was an artistic reason for this, but to me it seemed a beautiful thought of pity, this laying the soft folds of linen between her delicate shoulders and the hard, cold rock. The face is wonderfully beautiful in the awful repose of death — a repose impossible to mistake for sleep. There is death in every limb, in every muscle, in every line of that grand figure. There is something indescribably mournful and expressive in the fall of the head, and the drift of the long, wavy hair. Here alone were told the whole tragic story. To me, the pathos of this work was in the principal figure alone — I mean in the woman, apart from any motherly or wifely relations. The dead infant was a pitiful sight indeed, but the *wreck* was the going down into the deep of that fair woman-life, so richly freighted with mature and perfect loveliness.

But, though mournful beyond what words may tell, there is a beautiful fitness in such a death, for one of God's most glorious creatures. There is grandeur in the thought, that

such beauty, unwasted by disease and undarkened by sorrow, should yield itself to that 'mighty minister of Death,' the Sea.

How meet a place for a form of such majesty to lie in state! On the lone shore, with the stars for holy lights, and with the solemn requiem of winds and waves sounding around her rocky bier!

I once spent a twilight hour in gazing on this group. Then my imagination conjured up the doomed vessel, driving on, and on before the tempest — the dash against the rocks — the parting of the timbers — then a white form on the wreck, clasping a babe to her bosom — her plunge into the midnight deep — the brief struggle with the flood — the last agony of the mother's heart — till those forms before me grew awfully human — were indeed a dead woman and her poor babe, cast up by the relenting waves, and lying there, so fearfully white and cold, with their still, damp faces upturned to a stormy sky! The gathering darkness seemed shadows flung from overhanging rocks, and nothing was wanting to complete the sad illusion, but the roar of the far deep, the dash of the near surf, and the rush and howl of winds.

I felt, when looking on this noble group, a patriotic pride in the fact that its creator was an American — a young man, self-taught, and one who has never even wintered in Italy. I earnestly hope that he may, ere long, be able to do himself justice and his country honor, by putting this his noblest work into marble. Mr. Brackett is as successful in the real as in the ideal. His busts are admirable. I was particularly struck by one of Longfellow, a perfect likeness; and one, just finished, of the young poet, Boker — a fine intellectual head, and a face of Grecian beauty.

I was much pleased with one of Winner's latest pictures —*Christ blessing little Children.* There is every variety of infantine loveliness in those rosy, chubby, curly-headed little ones, who crowd about the Saviour with the almost divine

instincts of childhood; and of the group of young mothers — all are beautiful, with the richness and ripeness of Eastern beauty. But perhaps there is a little too much gorgeousness of attire, a display of oriental magnificence scarcely fitted to the scene.

It is hardly to be supposed that such patrician dames would follow 'the meek and lowly Jesus,' to crave his blessing on their babes. We have hardly thought of the little ones themselves as young sprigs of Jewish aristocracy, pretty as angels, and delicate as fairies, but as the children of the poor — players by the wayside — sleepers in the sunshine — swarthy and ragged little urchins, perhaps — born to hard fare and rough usage — small travellers on a rugged road, and so much the more needing that gracious benediction which rested softly on their innocent brows, and entered into their unconscious spirits with a divine power and vitality never to fail or die out, but to bear them through temptation and want, to make them strong to struggle against the world, and patient in waiting and long endurance.

Here the figure of Christ is divinely beautiful, if not quite divine. I was impressed with the countenance. True, it did not express pure power — power in the abstract; it was more tender than majestic. Its divinity was that of love alone, but love in itself illimitable and omnipotent. That mild hazel eye seemed softened and brightened by memories of *His* pure childhood, and about those lips seemed hovering the loving spirit of his human mother. It was an eye to attract little children, and the tenderness of those lips seemed to invite the young timid mother to draw near, and ask their benignant benedictions on the babe at her bosom.

Adieu.

LETTER XIX.

New Brighton, Jan. 22d, 1850.

In your paper of the 19th, I notice a reply from Mr. Saxe, to a brief criticism of mine, of a Satire upon Literary Women, contained in a witty poem from his pen, entitled '*The Times*,' lately read before the Boston Literary Mercantile Association.

The note which you publish is certainly written in an excellent spirit, and I feel not a little rebuked for the somewhat sharp tone of my own article. I was doubtless too severe, perhaps too strong, for the slight occasion. I now believe that Mr. Saxe wrote lightly and carelessly, and that those passages which displeased me, and still displease me — those passages so unworthy the poet and the man — if taken literally and in earnest, are not the result of his settled thought; do not indicate his habitual feeling. I simply take his word for this; for I remember him as having a frank and manly face, an open brow, stamped with truth, as well as with intellect.

At the time of my writing, I was feeling peculiarly sensitive in regard to my womanly, as well as literary position. The tone of the lectures of Mr. Dana had troubled and discouraged me. I said: 'If so speak and write our *poets*, surely the age is on the backward line of march.' I had become impatient and indignant for my sex, thus lectured to, preached at, and satirized eternally. I had grown weary of hearing woman told that her sole business here, the highest, worthiest aims of her existence were to be loving, lovable, feminine; to win thus a lover and a lord, whom she might glorify abroad, and make comfortable at home.

We have had enough of this. Man is not best qualified to mark out woman's life-path. He knows, indeed, what he desires her to be, but he does not yet understand all that God and nature require of her. Woman should not be

made up of *love* alone; the other attributes of her being should not be dwarfed, that this may have a large, unnatural growth. Hers should be a distinct individuality — an independent moral existence — or, at least, the dependence should be mutual. Woman can best judge of woman, of her wants, capacities, aspirations and powers. She can best speak to her on the life of the affections, on the loves of her heart, on the peculiar joys and sorrows of her lot. She can best teach her to be true *to herself* — to her high nature, to her brave spirit — and then, indeed, shall she be constant in her love, and faithful to her duties, to all, even to the most humble. Woman can strengthen woman for the life of self-sacrifice, of devotion, of ministration, of much endurance, which lies before her.

A woman of intellect and right feeling would never dream of pointing out the weak and unfilial Desdemona as an example to her sex in this age; would never dare to hold up as 'our destined end and aim,' a one love, however romantic and poetical, which might be so selfishly sought, and so unscrupulously secured.

Thank Heaven, woman herself is awaking to a perception of the causes which have hitherto impeded her free and perfect development; which have shut her out from the large experiences, the wealth and fulness of the life to which she was called. She is beginning to feel, and to cast off the bonds which oppress her; many of them, indeed, self-imposed, and many gilded and rarely wrought, covered with flowers and delicate tissues, but none the less bonds; bonds upon the speech, upon the spirit, upon the life.

There surely is a great truth involved in this question of 'Woman's Rights,' and agitated as it may be, with wisdom and mildness, or with rashness and the bold, high spirit which shocks and startles at the first, good will come out of it eventually — great good — and the women of the next age will be the stronger and the freer, ay, and the happier, for the few brave spirits who now stand up fearlessly for unpopular truth against the world.

I know that I expose myself to the charge of being unfeminine in feeling — of *ultraism.* Well, better that than conservatism, though conservatism were safer and more respectable. Senselessness is always safety, and a mummy is a thoroughly respectable personage.

But to return to Mr. Saxe. Our poet satirized rather keenly literary women, *as a class,* in the poem on which I remarked, but afterward, in his communication to your paper, most politely intimates that he excepts me, as one of the 'women of real talent.' But I will not be excepted. I stand in the ranks, liable to all the penalties of the calling — exposed to the hot shot of satire, and the stinging arrows of ridicule. I will not be received as an exception, where full justice is not done to the class to which I belong.

Suppose now, that I should write a poem, to deliver before some 'Women's Rights Convention,' or 'Ladies' Literary Association,' on 'THE TIMES,' which should come down sharp and heavy on the literary *men*, of the day, for usurping the delicate employ by right and nature the peculiar province of woman, 'the weaker vessel' — for neglecting their shops, their fields, their counting-houses and their interesting families, and wasting their precious time in writing love-tales, 'doleful ditties,' and 'distressful strains,' for the magazines — for flirting with the muse, while their wives are wanting shoes — or perpetrating puns, while their children cry for 'buns!' Suppose that, pointing every line with wit, I should hold them up to contempt, as careless, improvident, lovers of pleasure, given to self-indulgence — taking their Helicon *more* than dashed with gin — seekers after notoriety, eccentric in their habits, and UNMANLY in all their tastes! After this, should I very handsomely make an exception in favor of Mr. Saxe, would he feel complimented?

As far as I have known literary women, and as far as they have been made known to us in literary biography, the unwomanly and unamiable, the poor wives, and daughters,

and sisters, have been the rare exceptions. I mean not alone 'women of genius,' but would include those of mere talent —of mediocre talent even, devoted to letters as a profession, and who by their estimable characters and blameless lives are an honor to their calling.

I believe that for one woman whom the pursuits of literature, the ambition of authorship, and the love of fame have rendered unfit for home life, a thousand have been made thoroughly undomestic by poor social strivings, the follies of fashion, and the intoxicating distinction which mere personal beauty confers. Adieu.

LETTER XX.

New Brighton, March, 1850.

I HAVE been reading Browning much of late. This poet has been so little read in our country, as to be best known to many as the husband of Elizabeth Barrett, but abroad he has a higher distinction, a greatness which even hers cannot overshadow; and there, he need not fear of being pointed out 'as the man whom Ninon married.' He is the one to whom Landor, in a most beautiful sonnet, paid that splendid compliment —

> 'Shakspeare is not our poet, but the world's;
> Therefore, on him no speech! and brief for thee,
> Browning!'

One is almost afraid to venture a word, after that.

This poet is, I believe, a great problem to the critics. One who would receive the high imaginings and divinations of genius by some direct and easy process, and through a clear and pleasant medium, would be perplexed and half-angered by him at the first reading, at least. There is often about his poetry a dimness and a density which result from the depth of his thought and the affluence of his fancy. His darkest places are, after all, 'sun-dropped shades,' where

the beauty is deeper and richer for the partial obscurity. His style is often singularly involved, dreamy and mystical; but he is never meaningless. Sometimes, amid his most unformed and mystical language, comes a happy, lucid expression, a bright rift, a sudden revealing of heaven through clouds and shadows — verbal felicities, pleasant surprises of humor, delicious turns of sentiment, and soft yet masterly touches of pathos, which would summon smiles to the sternest lip, or from the coldest and most philosophical heart roll away the stone which shuts down the fountain of tears.

Browning has been called unmusical, and, judged by common rules, I suppose his verse lacks melody; but for me, there is always in it a sort of spiritual harmony, which overrules the mere word-sound, and renders him one of the most musical of poets.

For all Browning's power, and learning, and strongly marked peculiarities, much of his poetry seems to me of a most natural and primitive kind. It is simply poetic reverie, and given in the dreamy, diffuse, inexpressive language of reverie, every word obediently written down as it slid from the murmuring lips of his muse, without question and without hesitation. In such, nothing is direct or connected, but all wandering and distracted, and the reader, to comprehend the poet, must, by some process, place himself in a similar somnambulatory state — must reverize with him, and go on weaving almost invisible threads of thought, through an infinitude of words.

'*Paracelsus*' is unreadable to the mass; but the enthusiastic student receives it almost as a new revelation of poetry. Yet it is not a poem proper, neither is it a regular drama; but a long, winding, subtle, sweet, and varied *talk*. It is full of grand conceptions, exquisite fancies — sometimes only given in luminous hints, startling intimations, and sometimes diffused and elaborated almost to weakness and folly. Now comes a stranger thought of giant proportions,

almost undraped and wholly unadorned, followed by some little old friend of ours, wrapt about and overloaded by a new and gorgeous dress. Who can doubt but that this poem, peculiar, and in many passages powerful as it is, would be greatly bettered if compressed into half its present compass? While our poet spreads his poetry over so wide an expanse, and while its waters are often so unfathomable or unclear, we think it will remain a luxury for the few. This is an age of preoccupation and hurry; and not many of us can stay to study out the most solemn sounding of oracles, if given in an unknown tongue, or turn aside from direct and pleasant paths to explore wild forests, of however magnificent growth, into which open few clear and inviting vistas. 'Paracelsus,' and indeed most of the poetry of Browning, is to be studied, as we have said. And alas! the many do not study; thus this poet can hardly be to them priest or interpreter.

When Browning *is* awake, he is alive all over; — witness some of his 'Dramatic Lyrics,' such as 'Cavalier Tunes,' 'Count Gismond,' 'Incident in the French Camp,' 'How they brought the good news from Ghent to Aix.'

I suppose that 'Paracelsus' is esteemed the most powerful work of Browning's genius, and is certainly very great, for the thought it embodies, and its many magnificent bursts of poetry.

The most remarkable thing in it, in my estimation, is the beautiful allegorical poem introduced into Part IV., —

'Over the sea our galleys went.'

But I love most 'The Blot in the 'Scutcheon.' This is a beautiful drama — rapid in action, clear and musical in language, and most touching and mournful in its story. It inculcates a heavenly lesson of charity, and displays a wonderful knowledge of the human heart — of woman's heart. I have read it many times, and always with intense admiration, with irrepressible tears. 'Paracelsus' and the like

labored poems seem emanations alone from the large, *unwieldy*, if such a term may be used, intellectuality of the poet; but in the sweet and mournful story of Mildred and Mertoun beats his warm human heart.

'Colombe's Birthday,' 'Pippa Passes,' and 'The Flight of the Duchess,' are also very fine, but I cannot say that I like 'A Soul's Tragedy,' or the play, 'King Victor and King Charles.' The impression left by these is neither deep nor altogether pleasant.

Yet Browning is a wonderful poet, though speaking oftener to our intellects than our hearts, — and here I come to remark upon the want which I perceive in him — a lack of ready sympathies with his age and his race. He is not a poet as Burns, and Goldsmith, and Shelley, and Elliott were poets — as Longfellow, and Lowell, and Whittier, are poets. We recognise in his poetry no earnest progressive spirit — no distinctness and intensity of purpose — no high, unselfish aim — in short, no *consecration*. He writes as he might write if man and the world had no need of him — if he stood alone in God's universe, and put forth his thoughts as a tree puts forth its leaves, in obedience to an inward necessity, and responsive to the call of nature.

Thus sang the earliest poets, doubtless; but the time has come when mightier influences from without must act upon the poet's mind, and holier obligations rest upon his spirit.

All things now are put to use — and when the elements are brought into subjection, and made to *work*, shall the poet, who is created from the two finer, refuse to labor with the laboring universe? — refuse to be useful as well as ornamental?

The warrior-bards live no more, and God gives us no longer his holy prophets; so it is that we now require of the poet more than they of old time — valor, heroism, and the rapt faith and far-reaching vision of prophecy. With the strength and earnestness which once swung the battle-axe and drove home the sword, his song must have that intense

vitality, that divine fervor once borrowed from God's own altar. But the poet is not required to live so much in advance of his age, as to live out its highest and strongest life. While his spirit transcends that of his fellow-men, he must stand breast to breast with them, in all the common sympathies of our nature — in all the common sorrows of our lot. With the wants, and wrongs, and woes of his race crying to him in a thousand voices, oh, how can he mistake the work to which he was called! — how can he rest, how can he trifle, how can he betray his trust!

The day of love-sonnets, madrigals, quaint conceits, dainty affectations, and small prettinesses having gone by, we demand in poetry, strength well directed, and a large, healthful, and beneficent life. Though an ideal realm, inasmuch as truth and beauty are therein transfigured, yet profoundly real must it be in its adaptation to the world's great needs. Of old, the few danced to the gay measures of the poet, but now, the mass labor to his strong, inspiring strains; thus he, however grand his genius, who fails to respond to this democratic spirit in the literature of to-day, can never make his home in the hearts of the people. Adieu.

LETTER XXI.

THERE are a few books lying on my table, which should have received some notice long ere this, and if you will indulge me a little while, I will say my unofficial, and unauthoritative say concerning them.

BIOGRAPHICAL ESSAYS. By *Thomas de Quincey.* — This is a most readable volume; not so luminously brilliant as 'The Confessions of an Opium Eater,' and 'Suspiria de Profundis,' but still a very delightful work. De Quincey is a writer of much individuality and power — power which shows itself more in brief, glowing passages and grand out-

bursts, than in evenness of style and sustainment of thought. His genius is often more feverish than vigorous in its action, as his finest imagery seems the vivid fancies and wild and startling conceptions of insanity. Yet these indications of a brain somewhat unhealthy and inflamed, so evident in 'The Opium Eater,' may scarcely be remarked in the volume before us. Here we have calm, critical, and admirably appreciative biographies of Shakspeare, Pope, Charles Lamb, Goethe, and Schiller. The paper upon Shakspeare has I believe been considered the finest, but I prefer the one on Charles Lamb, perhaps because the subject comes nearest to our human affections and sympathies. Shakspeare is the autocrat of the whole wide upper world of intellect — but down in the narrower and warmer region of the heart Lamb holds perpetual sovereignty — ruling by our free choice, not in state, but as playing at kingship, crowned with flowers, bearing a holly branch for a sceptre — a sort of merry, irresponsible home-monarch, who may 'call for his pipe and call for his bowl,' and have every thing his own way. Yet no less truly do we reverence Lamb than Shakspeare, that our homage takes the forms of love and kindly indulgence, rather than of awe and unconditional loyalty. With Lamb, we may claim fellowship without presumption — his very weaknesses bring us nearer — his faults seem but childlike appeals to our sympathy; but who shall dare to claim fellowship with that great, that almost universal intelligence, to whom seem to have been given the souls of a whole race, in a mass! I' faith, one would almost as soon think of laying claim to equality and fraternity with Saturn, or Jupiter, as with Shakspeare, moving in the far, high eternity of his fame.

The articles upon Goethe and Schiller are also very fine. The latter of these great poets has always seemed to me far more human than the first. Between the genius of the two there seems all the difference that there is between a grand display of Northern lights and the clear, vivifying glow of

southern sunlight; between the men, the difference there was between the Greek god, cold, irresponsible, self-centred, holding himself apart amid Olympian grandeur — and the Greek hero, brave and passionate, leading the bold spirits and ruling the fiery hearts of his time. Goethe's genius was the more comprehensive, perhaps — that of Schiller was the more intense. If Goethe's was the higher intellect, Schiller's was the deeper heart.

True Stories from History and Biography. *By Nathaniel Hawthorne.* — This is one of the pleasantest books of the season — quite at the head of the juvenile publications. It is a collection of most interesting stories, told in a style simple and direct, yet singularly picturesque and poetical. It is beautiful to see how the genius of the author here comes forth from the temple of that art, with him a mystery and a worship — from its lofty arches, its resounding aisles, its grand harmonies and gorgeous glooms — comes out upon the open lawn to smile lovingly upon childhood, join in its innocent sports, and hold sweet communion with its fresh and simple spirit. Yet we should not wonder at this as a phenomenon, for it is truest nature. Genius should be but a large childhood, a perpetual renewing of life from its earliest and purest fountain, but a nobler growth, a sublimer expression of the innocent trust, and the clear-eyed truth which the infant soul gives forth in its first looks upon the world. It is said that in our life of change, freshness and bloom cannot endure forever, and we know that the fruits of knowledge attain to ripeness and sweetness through bitterness and acidity — but, while common trees have their season of profuse flowering and then fling away their blooms and wait unadorned for the time of ripeness, the gorgeous tropical tree is at once budding and blossoming, breathing its sweetness toward heaven, and dropping its golden fruit to the earth. Such should be the type of genius — never stripped of verdure or discrowned of

beauty; ever putting forth, in fair and glowing forms, new manifestations of the primeval life, bearing the flush and freshness of feeling, side by side with the ripe results of experience.

I have also been reading a volume to which I cannot do justice here, but of which I must speak. This contains the biography and the writings of the late Mrs. Mayo, formerly Sarah Edgarton — a fine poet and a most noble woman. Never in my reading, or in real life, have I met with a more exalted and lovable character. It has been a beautiful study to me to contemplate a spirit of such tranquil strength, such depths of purity, such childlike tenderness, such divine charity, such wondrous faith in God.

Mrs. Mayo possessed genius of a high order; but her early death, sadly for us, defeated its perfect development. Her few poems are not alone marked by great sweetness and purity, but by unusual vitality and power. I know of no woman of the age capable of writing a grander poem than hers on 'The Supremacy of God,' — or one of deeper meanings than her ballad of 'Udollo.' Yet no one can fully understand her poetry without knowing something of her personally — of the peculiar circumstances of her literary and private life. This knowledge may be gained through an interesting and touching biography, by her husband, and selections from her admirable letters, contained in the beautiful volume of which I have spoken. Here is told the simple but impressive story of an angelic spirit during its brief mortal bondage. While the morning dew yet lay on the fields of her earthly labor, before her heart had failed, or her hand grown weary, she heard the summons of her Father, and yielding a meek obedience, she left us at that call, saying — 'I have work to do in heaven!'

Oh, is it not blessed thus to go, — taking a fresh heart and an unwounded spirit into the life of the angels?

Adieu.

LETTER XXII.

New Brighton, June 1st, 1850.

I KNOW that I owe you an apology for my long neglect of my duty as a correspondent. The truth is, that my mind this Spring has been in melancholy unison with the season — slow, cold and unproductive. I have never felt such an utter disinclination for all sorts of literary effort, even for what has usually seemed a mere recreation — letter-writing.

Such a chill, changeable, tantalizing, aggravating, abominable Spring as we have had West of the mountains! It has been enough to touch the temper and task the patience of saints, if we had any such among us. It is now the first of June, and we are not yet able to dispense with fires. I am seated before one this morning, for the air is chill though the mocking sun shines overhead. When will the golden, glorious Summer come in reality, with all its fervid brightness and luxuriant bloom and verdure? My heart is weary with waiting and sick with frequent disappointment. I am a very child in my impatience for the coming of rose-time. I am almost ready to tear open the shy, reluctant buds, so pertinaciously shut against the ungenial airs, as the warm hearts of the wise coldly close themselves when there is breathed around them the atmosphere of an unfriendly, though smiling presence. But I suppose — I have faith to believe that warm, even *hot* weather will come yet — sometime in August, perhaps. But it remains to be proved. We have had little rain, but severe frosts. That respectable, well-known and most reliable personage, 'the oldest inhabitant,' declares that there have been *few* such seasons within his far-reaching recollection.

But I for one am resolved to adopt Mahomet's policy, and go to the Summer if the Summer will not come to me. I think I shall be most likely to meet her in the Capital-city. Surely that must be a warm climate where the people are always in hot water. I think that the gallery of the Senate

would be a comfortable place — right over the great government engine, which is steaming and creaking and pulling and backing in desperate efforts to get over the Provisobar.

My leaving home for six or eight months has now become an old story. I fancy that it impresses my friends less than formerly. I think I shall somehow slide away and scarcely be missed. I did flatter myself, however, that there was an expression of dismay and apprehension in the handsome face of my dog Tom, when the other day he found me packing a trunk. It said most plainly to *my* eye — 'No more pleasant rambles — and an alarming reduction of my daily rations!' They tell me I am too indulgent — and that my favorite is getting fat and effeminate, and quite unfitted for field-service. Alas, the poor fellow will have time to grow lean, under the new *régime*, and by much mourning for his lost mistress; unless, indeed, the theory of Sir John Falstaff is as true of dogs as of men, and 'sighing and grief' shall add to, rather than diminish the weight and circumference of the unfortunate subject.

I can't say that my approaching departure throws a shadow around my home. The lilacs have given over blooming, and the violets have a downcast look; but I am scarcely vain enough to suppose it is for sorrow. There will be a flare-up with the peonies, and a general blow-out among the roses; but I will not say for indignation at the event referred to; and as for the whole vulgar herd of weeds, I fancied, as I left the flower-garden this morning after my usual hour's work, that they nodded to one another pertly and joyfully, as though anticipating a jolly good time of it.

Adieu.

LETTER XXIII.

[LETTERS FROM THE CAPITAL TO THE PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY EVENING POST.]

Washington, June 15th, 1850.

THIS is my first visit to Washington, and it was not without emotion that I found myself in the gallery of the Senate Chamber, looking down on 'the assembled wisdom of the nation' — to use a novel expression. Webster and Clay I had seen before, yet I should have singled them out, I think, had I not known them. The unapproachable grandeur of Webster's head — the imperious eye of Clay — the Wellingtonian front of Benton, who could mistake?

There was, that morning, an animated discussion on the Compromise Bill. Clay, Webster, Benton, Seward and Foote were among the speakers. Mr. Clay was suffering from recent indisposition, but he spoke with great energy and with keen flashings of his wonderful eye. It cannot be denied, however, that he oftener parried the attacks of his opponents with wit, than met them in argument. At one time, when Benton was thundering out a severe passage directed especially to him, he bent forward and placed his hand to his ear, in the attitude of listening, saying — 'Speak a little louder!' But ere the close of the debate, this early morning coolness forsook the distinguished senator — there were some keener passes between him and Benton, and both the honorable and venerable senators seemed somewhat oblivious of the little proprieties naturally to be expected of such 'potent, grave, and reverend signiors.'

Webster's manner in speaking had a sort of solemn heaviness, which may have been impressive, but which certainly was not inspiring. I was surprised to find Senator Foote a slight, genial-looking, elderly gentleman. I had supposed him to be a younger and a more fiery-visaged individual. He is a most restless statesman — seems afflicted with a sort of patriotic form of the dance St. Vitus — is on his feet

with every opportunity, pouring forth 'burning fluids' of speech and inflammable gases of Southern democracy. In strong contrast was the calm, self-possessed Yankee coolness of Seward, who never moves from his positions, nor suffers himself to be 'riled' in the least. Gen. Cass has a good, easy, uncle-ish appearance, and his face has a rather dull, after-dinner expression, not indicative of transcendent abilities, but which probably does him injustice. Senator Houston amuses me greatly as I look down upon him from the gallery. He sits at his desk and *whittles* diligently and deliberately by the hour, very much with the air and expression of some worthy, complacent, stout, spectacled old lady at her knitting — pretty well satisfied with things in general, and thinking of nothing in particular. Now and then, he pauses to take a fresh piece of timber, or sharpen his knife, as said worthy old lady might pause to take up a stitch, or regale herself with a pinch of snuff. Apropos of snuff, I perceive that most of the honorable Senators are up to that. A Whig may be seen passing his box to a Democrat, who passes it to a Southern ultraist, who passes it to a Northern 'incendiary' — and all three forget their sectional differences in a delightful concert of sternutation. No business is too grave, no speaker too eloquent to be 'sneezed at.'

Mr. Clay has a peculiarly gracious manner of acknowledging snuff-box courtesies, and a peculiarly graceful way of taking a pinch; but I do not perceive that he sneezes more harmoniously than his humbler fellow-citizens.

I suppose that beauty is not precisely the *forte* of the Senate of the United States — so trust I commit no offence when I say that a rotundity of figure slightly transcending the lines of grace and beauty, and a substantial, democratic plainness of feature constitute the prevailing style in that august assembly. The President, Mr. Fillmore, is a handsome man, however, and Col. Benton is one of the most impressive men of the Senate in person, air, and manner.

He looks the perfect embodiment of a great, inflexible, untiring will, the power of which one can only doubt when the eye is turned to the other side of the chamber, where sits his watchful, skilful, irresistible opponent, with the old fire of his wondrous intellect unquenched, and the old strength of his Napoleonic will unbroken.

A most remarkable person is Mr. Soulé, of Louisiana. His figure is rather slight, but firmly and finely formed — his face has a dark, dramatic style of beauty which lights up most splendidly and effectively when he speaks. His action is exceedingly graceful, and his voice melodious, though he speaks with a marked French accent. I like to look from him to his political and natural antipode, Mr. Hale, of New Hampshire. This Senator has the appearance of one who takes the world kindly and easily. He is rather stout in person, but looks vigorous and active. In the form of his head and the outline of his face, he is somewhat like Napoleon, but the expression is more frank and genial. Personally he is, I hear, quite popular with all parties here, and politically he moves on in a straight and open course, not antagonistic in spirit, but most uncompromising in principle.

Mr. Clemens, of Alabama, the youngest member of the Senate, and a gentleman quite well known of late for his unflattering estimate of Northern ladies, is one by himself — a decided individual. From the length and disposal of his locks, and a certain ornate style of dress, bordering on the flashy, I should say he was a gentleman likely to smoke vehemently, drive rapidly, and wear his hat with a one-sided inclination.

Mr. Chase, of Ohio, makes a fine appearance, with his lofty figure, and his noble, earnest face, but I have not heard him speak. Mr. Corwin has, as you well know, a head and face of great character. I hope I may yet listen to his peculiar and powerful oratory.

The House, most of the time, is a strange scene of con-

fusion. The Speaker, Mr. Cobb, is kept hard at work, calling honorable gentlemen to order and making decisions — pounding and expounding. His office is evidently no sinecure, and his chair no easy seat for quiet meditation.

In the gallery, I had the pleasure of seeing Horace Mann — one of my enthusiasms, and a most delightful person I found, — Mr. Giddings, a man as agreeable in manner as he is impressive in appearance, and strong in character — and one or two other gentlemen whose conversation more than reconciled me to losing the speaking on the floor, which, in my position, I found it impossible to hear. Charles Francis Adams was in the House. He is strikingly like his father, but shorter, I think, and with a colder eye. Horace Greeley was pointed out to me — a man of mark. I think one may safely venture that.

I like Washington immensely. It is a pleasant, rambling, desultory, well-ventilated sort of a town — *open* to some objection on account of its 'magnificent distances,' perhaps, but delightful, for all that. Adieu.

LETTER XXIV.

Washington, June 20th, 1850.

I BELIEVE that my visit to the President is next in order. As the levees are now over — I made a morning call, accompanied by the member from my native district, Mr. Gott, of New York. We passed through the 'East room,' a truly magnificent apartment, and into the 'Blue room,' where the receptions take place. This apartment is handsomely furnished, but the profusion of gilding every where struck me as having a rather gairish effect. What I most admired were some of the vases disposed about the room. We were soon joined by General Taylor, who came in with a pleasant, cordial manner, and with whom I at once fell into an easy,

agreeable chat. I was entirely delighted with the old hero. In the first place, he is far better looking than I had expected to find him, from all the hard-lined daguerreotypes, stiff lithographs, and rascally wood-cuts which had met my eye. He looks younger, slighter, more elegant and agreeable every way. His manner and expression are altogether open and honest — dignified and soldierly, yet simple in the extreme. His voice is pleasant, his smile winning, his eye clear, earnest, and withal, benevolent. I like and honor him for his manly uprightness, most heartily.

Passing through the grounds, we had the honor of being presented to no less a personage than 'Old Whitey.' He is a fine, peculiar looking animal, with well shaped limbs, a well arched neck, and a spirited head. His eye struck me as singular — a light, clear blue, and his nostrils are bright pink in color, thin and 'finely cut' — as magazine sketchers say. I pledge you my solemn word that I did not abstract a single silvery hair as a souvenir of this interview, though I laid my hand upon his mane, and had the opportunity of making considerable depredations. It is not often, I fear, that the veteran charger makes such hair-breadth escapes from his admiring visitors.

I have visited the Senate and the House every morning since I last wrote. In the Senate there has been no great manifestation of late, but some fine debating. On Monday General Cass roused himself out of his usual sleepy quiet, and spoke some little time with spirit and earnest rapidity. But he unfortunately encountered Hale, who, in this instance, was hardly a 'fellow well met.' But both honorable Senators were quite good-humored, though there was some sharp shooting between them. Yesterday Mr. Douglass, of Illinois, and Mr. Underwood, of Kentucky, spoke briefly, but well. Judge Underwood has a remarkably fine face and a pleasing manner. Mr. Berrien, of Georgia, is distinguished for his thoroughly gentlemanly manner; if it be not treason to intimate that a gentlemanly manner is a dis-

tinction in that high and honorable body, the Senate of the United States. As a truthful looker-on, I must say that there are some few in both houses of this Congress, on whom greatness sits awkwardly, and who sit awkwardly upon greatness — *i. e.*, the honorable arm-chair of legislation — some few who neither speak good English nor take good aim at their spittoons — in sooth, if they prove not better marksmen with the pistol, there were little danger in having unfortunate affairs carried out of the Senate — and some few there are who manifest a most determined disregard of spittoons altogether — perhaps looking upon their use as a sort of compromise with that spirit of anti-republican refinement, unworthy of and enervating to the bone and sinew of the land. In the House I have observed some members, desirous, probably, of distinguishing themselves as gentlemen of elevated understanding, an ambition which might possibly be baffled in another direction, coolly place their feet across the desk before them, and lean far back in their chairs, chewing diligently the pungent weed, and eschewing the proper and appointed receptacle for its rejected juices. And some there are who, wearied by the noise and strife of debate, assume a comfortable position, close their eyes on the troubled scene, and let legislation 'slide.' Yes, incredible as it may sound, it is no less true that in this tremendous crisis, when the vast interests of the country are at stake, some of the people's servants doze at their posts. Let their constituents look to it, and at the next election administer anti-soporific pledges.

June 21st.

Was at the Capitol yesterday morning. In the Senate, Judge Berrien and Mr. Douglass spoke at length. Mr. Douglass is one of the youngest members of the Senate, and quite a remarkable man. As a speaker, he is clear and calm, but earnest and energetic.

This much I will say for the Senate, that it improves on

acquaintance — which remark I trust will be encouraging. I not only see more of strength and character in the appearance of the honorable Senators than at first, but more that is pleasing. The President, Mr. Fillmore, fulfills his duties in an admirable manner. His nice sense of delicacy and gentlemanly courtesy eminently fits him for his position. Mr. Badger, of North Carolina, pleasantly impresses one with his countenance and manner. The two Senators from New Jersey, Mr. Dayton and Mr. Miller, are decidedly fine-looking men, of a strong, truthful character of face. And then, there is Senator Foote, of Mississippi, whom I had supposed a fierce and roaring lion, 'going about seeking whom he might devour' — or at best, a fox, with a fire-brand attachment, let loose amid the harvest-fields of his political opponents and conservative friends — but whom I find one of the kindest, most jovial-looking men in the Senate; one who though passionate in his demonstrations, and always extravagant in speaking, seems not ungenerous, or vindictively violent.

But I know I am, in these letters, taking unusual liberties with this august body — making very free with their worships — and as I bent over from the gallery, with eye and ear on the *qui vive* for absurdities, incongruities, and all sorts of comicalities, it is to be feeard that the great actors below must regard me as the reverse of 'the sweet little cherub that sits up aloft.'

But why should one be restrained by awe or reverence from having one's own, independent, careless, merry say, here as elsewhere? Are they not our servants, after all, these mighty men of the nation — these Senatorial demi-gods? N. B. Don't let your compositor mistake the above words for *demagogues* — a term which I would not be the first to even darkly insinuate could be applied to honorable Senators.

Yesterday, on going into the House, I found a member from Alabama, in the agonies of oratory. His speech was

a great effort — for so warm a day. Among many striking things, he said one which I have not yet ceased studying upon. It was — ' Mr. Chairman, if this bill passes, I shall *envy that day in my own existence* when I voted for it.' Now, somehow that thought has got into my head sideways, and I am too sadly puzzled to appreciate its full force and beauty. In other words, I don't quite 'sense' it.

On Wednesday evening there was music by the Marine Band in the Capitol grounds where I had the pleasure of meeting some friends, and of seeing many of the beautiful women and lovely children, who are among the most attractive distinctions of Washington. Adieu.

LETTER XXV.

Washington, June 29th, 1850.

Monday and Tuesday, Mr. Soulé addressed the Senate at length, on his amendment to the Compromise Bill. The exordium of his speech was, I should say, unfortunate. He indulged rather freely in censures and sarcasms on certain principles and sentiments prevailing throughout a large portion of his adopted country, and honestly and firmly advocated by some of the ablest and most honorable members of that Senate to which he has been exalted through the very spirit of liberty and toleration which he seems himself to disregard. He was not even complaisant and complimentary enough to call the sentiment of the North, 'a mistaken philanthropy, doing more honor to the heart than the head,' but contemptuously pronounced it 'a blind fanaticism.'

The style of this speaker is dramatic in a high degree; his attitudes are full of high-bred elegance and artistic grace, and some of his tones, looks and gestures, would have done honor to Talma. His is a peculiarly French

style of speaking — brilliant and striking, but lacking, I think, some of the higher elements of oratory, though perhaps it hardly finds full scope on a question of this kind. Mr. Soulé has neither the ponderous argument, and calm, luminous reasoning of Webster; nor the mighty will, now bold and imperious, now irresistibly persuasive, the inspiring, subduing eloquence of Clay; nor yet the varied, powerful, impassioned oratory of Corwin. But, as I said, his speaking is *dramatic*, and is better suited to the French Chamber of Deputies, than to a Senate whose members, in their honor be it said, are, with few exceptions, marked by true Anglo-Saxon simplicity, earnestness and solidity.

* * * * *

Thursday we listened to a long and most peculiar speech from the lately appointed successor to Mr. Calhoun. This was a powerful dose of the extremest South Carolina ultraism. The honorable Senator arose under the shadow of the greatness of his predecessor, feeling on his shoulders more the burden of his nullification, than the mantle of his inspiration. He seemed haunted by the shade of departed genius; to fear that the spectre eye was upon him, the spectre-ear listening for his words; a groundless apprehension, it is to be hoped, as the soul of the orator was just then, probably, anywhere else than in the Senate chamber.

I have heard, somewhere and at sometime, a little story of a certain blackbird, who, while leading a retired, pastoral life among the meadows and corn-fields, beheld one day, a gallant old eagle brought down by the swift shaft of a remorseless archer, from his eyry on a high, perilous peak, overlooking sea and land. When the blackbird saw that lofty place all vacant and desolate, he resolved he would ascend thither, and though he could not *fill*, he would patriotically *occupy* the storm-tossed eyry, till the coming of another of the right regal race. The fable goes on to say that when there came on such tempests as were wont to call forth the loud, defying scream of the grand old eagle,

then the blackbird, rising with ruffled feathers, would look forth boldly from his huge eyry, and do his best in a shrill, menacing whistle, which would pierce for a short space into the darkness and the tumult, there to be cried down by the winds, and drowned by the waves in their hoarse dashing. Yet it certainly was a brave and laudable effort on the part of the blackbird, to whistle at all under such circumstances. But pray pardon this long and utterly irrelevant digression.

The new Senator from South Carolina was followed by General Foote of Mississippi, who gave us a fine specimen of his most passionate style, and Mr. Butler of South Carolina, whose manner of speaking I admire for its energy and clearness. Col. Davis of Mississippi, also spoke, at great length, and in a violent, unconciliatory spirit. During his speech, this belligerent statesman rather went out of his way to do up the letter-writers, some of whom, it seemed, had misrepresented him, but whom he, without discrimination, and *en masse*, denounced and defied. Looking up into the gallery, where sat the offenders, innocently twiddling their pens, he seemed to regard them as a long line of literary Mexicans, opened a hot fire upon them, and gave no quarter. The next morning I fully expected to see that gallery cleared of the killed and wounded, but, on my soul, there they were again! all sound and hearty, taking notes and recording votes.

Have you any idea of the multitudinous amount of Generals, Colonels, Governors and Judges there are in this Congress? I hardly know a man in either House who does not sport some military or civil title. They are not exactly 'all corporals,' but something higher up. Among the Generals of the Senate, with buff vest buttoned up to the chin, *a-la-militaire,* sits the gallant Shields, with as many lives as a cat, and all nine devoted to the service of his country. One, to look on his genial face and erect figure, would hardly suppose he had ever fought so fiercely, or been so thoroughly riddled by the bullets of the enemy.

Near him sits General Greene of Rhode Island, 'a true-hearted man,' people tell me, and most certainly his frank, pleasant countenance bears them out in all such assertions. Among the ex-Governors is Gen. Dodge of Wisconsin, a right venerable Senator, with integrity written legibly on his calm, grave face. As a politician he is said to be thoroughly honest and independent. Next him sits his son, a Senator from Iowa; but one would never guess the relationship, as there is no sort of family likeness between the two.

A few days since Colonel Fremont was pointed out to me, in the Senate Chamber. He stood leaning over the seat of his stately father-in-law, conversing with him, and in that position and at that distance I could not distinguish his features. But my heart beat the quicker at the very sight of the heroic adventurer. Friday evening I had a pleasant stroll with a pleasant friend through the Capitol grounds, a cool, shadowy, quiet and most beautiful place. We rested for a time upon a bench whose original dimensions had been reduced, and whose natural boundaries were destroyed by a pertinacious process of whittling. The favorite seat of Senator Houston, perhaps.

Two of the most distinguished women of the age, Fredrika Bremer and Dorothea Dix, are now at Washington.

Fredrika Bremer is the most natural and individual character I have ever known. She is like no one in the wide world, I believe. There is in her nature all the charming varieties we find in the admirable women of her novels, and her transparent manner, her frank, earnest and lively conversation reveal all to you when you come to know her. Phrenologists say that her head shows a remarkable development of benevolence and of all the kindly and affectionate organs. A most harmonious working together of heart, brain and soul, does her life of goodness, beauty and usefulness present.

Dorothea Dix, that good genius, that ministering angel to

the criminal and maniac, the outcast of earth and the stricken of God — is, as you would suppose, a woman of noble and prepossessing appearance. She is fair and slight, and looks but illy adapted physically for the life of self-sacrifice, endurance and almost superhuman exertion to which she has consecrated herself. But her eye, though calm and mild and full of soft persuasion, also reveals the strength of a great soul — the wondrous magnetic power of a deep, inward life. She has a gentle, even-toned voice, and her manners are simple and winning, yet dignified and womanly.

It is cheering and impressive to know of these two great types of womanhood, that their crowning distinction is goodness, and the richer portion of their fame is love. Ah, we may know that this earth of ours is not left swinging away off here out of God's atmosphere, abandoned and forgotten, while such natures are sent to us, bearing the fulness of Heaven's life — and while we can receive and *know*, the angelic visitants; while all, the aged and the young, the lofty and the humble, the meek woman and the brave soldier, the little child and the great Statesman, 'delight to do *them* honor.' Adieu.

LETTER XXVI.

Washington, July 6th, 1850.

The coming of the 4th has somewhat interrupted the proceedings of Congress this week — national legislation giving way to national glorification.

Saturday, Monday and Tuesday were principally taken up with speeches on the Compromise Bill, from Mr. Cooper of Pennsylvania, and Mr. Upham of Vermont. Mr. Cooper is rather an agreeable-looking man, and doubtless a man of high ability, but, as a speaker, he is dull, prolix and mechanical His principles and prepossessions are said to point to the

Southern quarter of the political compass. Mr. Upham, on the contrary, is of the North, Northy. His speech was true, I think, to the sentiment of his section of the country, but sounded as though written to order. He acknowledged, very naively and unnecessarily, that he prepared it three months ago — and he certainly read as though he had never looked at it since. His manner was without ardor or earnestness — cold and monotonous, and like Mr. Cooper's, his speech seemed stretching itself out to the crack of doom. By the way, a just subject for agitation and animadversion is the frightful prolixity of honorable gentlemen, who, having prepared speeches in the cool Spring weather, deliver them in the dog-days, with remorseless resolution, looking glum if their audience do not take it coolly. There rises a Northern statesman, who, with the desire of favoring some Southern policy, hath the fear of being cashiered by his constituents, and must steer slowly and carefully between Scylla and Charybdis — or rather, like a circus-rider, must mount and manage two steeds at once; or there a Southern alarmist croaks out the commonplaces of agitation — *boring* the Senate with his evil *auguries* on the fate of the Union. Honorable Senators read newspapers, frank letters, receive their pay and write receipts at their desks, fans, snuff-boxes, paragraphs and caricatures go round; here are elevated a pair of slippered feet which may have done execution in an Alabama ball-room; there is bowed a head, bald by the friction of many laurels; nods and winks most *mal-apropos* and out of character, are on the increase, and yawns and stretchings grow frequent and contagious. Yet flows on, unceasing, the unheeded oratory — a drizzling stream of legal argument, or statistical statement, or a foaming current of patriotic sentiment, in a weak, wordy solution — bravado and balderdash for Buncombe. It is too much — there are bounds to human endurance — Senator after Senator rises with slow dignity from his arm-chair, and quietly 'slopes' through the northern door-way, for an hour's

siesta in the ante-room — the galleries grow unquiet, and thin off momently — even the gracious smile of the handsome President grows languid, and his appealing glance calling to his seat some *chair-it-able* substitute, he yields the post of honor, with his own peculiar grace, and glides forth, smiling as he goes, benignantly to the last. Yet *still* flows on, unceasing, the unheeded oratory, in bewildering eddies of sophistical reasoning over shallows of thought, with now and then a small bubble of wit, or a soft gurgle of sentiment, and sometimes, though very rarely, of course, a slight muddiness of meaning.

Mr. Bell, of Tennessee, has been ringing loud and sharp for two days, in the ears of the Senate, and will probably toll through the morning to-day. He is a fine speaker in some respects, but too fearfully diffuse, weakening all his strong points by repetition. He is most earnest and energetic at times, and wonderful is the power of his lungs, if not the force of his logic. An eloquent defence of the President and his policy formed an interesting portion of this interminable speech.

The speech of Mr. Seward, of New York, delivered on Tuesday, was an admirable effort — strong, straight-forward, clear and condensed, yet not without the ornaments of true eloquence and poetry. The manner of this Senator does not correspond with his matter. His voice does not vary greatly, and he never seems powerfully excited, even when uttering the most radical sentiments. He is characterized by a quiet boldness, a cool, I had almost said a calculating audacity in the expression and support of his opinions.

On the evening of the 3d, the ladies of the National Hotel held a reception. Miss Lynch seemed the presiding genius, and she was a host as well as a hostess in herself, in the ease, gaiety and kindliness of her manner. Fredrika, of Sweden, was also there — with her simple, retiring manner, her kind words and her sweet voice, making herself *felt* as a presence of gentle greatness. Forms of manly beauty,

faces of feminine loveliness, were around her that night, which the authoress may yet unconsciously reproduce in her vivid word-painting. Yes — we had 'fair women and brave men,' and some brave women and fair men. We had music, we had dancing! Ay, honorable members, Senators, Judges and Generals *chasséed* and *dos-a-dosed* with belles and blues in blissful forgetfulness of all the cares and dignities of State. Immediately behind where I stood, sat the Vice President, Mr. Fillmore, in conversation with the heroic wife of the heroic Fremont, and I almost expected 'the Chair' to call us to order in his own bland and half-deprecating manner, when any thing went wrong in the dance. We had laughing and jesting over ices — we had *tête-a-têtes* in window-seats, and promenades along piazzas — all the usual concomitants of a pleasant evening party, except compliments and flirtations. Statesmen and authoresses of course know nothing of such things — and then, most of the company were married!

On the 4th, were the usual parades, ceremonies and festivities. Senator Foote delivered from the Washington Monument, an oration which has been much commended. It was brief, simple, and in passages, eloquent. It breathed a patriotic, a truly *national* spirit. I, for one, believe that Gen. Foote has an originally generous nature, and that the warmth of his heart can only be surpassed by the heat of his brain. Bold, impetuous, excitable and extravagant as he is, no one, not a political rival, or opponent, can know him personally without liking him — without feeling all bitter prejudices giving way before the happy good humor of his smile, the mischievous sparkle of his eye, the boyish restlessness and springy alertness of his manner and action. But then, his belligerent propensities — his quarrelling and duelling! How he ever stood still long enough to be shot at, is a mystery to me; and how any man could look into such a funny face and fire, is another.

To return to the oration — I must not forget to record its

great and peculiar distinction. It was the first Fourth of July address I had ever heard or read, heard of, or read of, having no quotation from, no allusion to the heroes, poets, orators and philosophers of Greece and Rome. I had supposed a general sort of *pro tem* resurrection of those old worthies a necessary part of the programme of our annual glorification. This forbearance was the more commendable, as the General's fine classical attainments place under his command a most effective brigade of able-bodied ancients.

Mr. Clay bears up bravely against the extreme heat of the season, the wearying delays to which his favorite measure is subjected, and the opposition with which it is met by prominent representatives of both parties, North and South. He may be seen every morning at his post in the Senate, sitting quiet and erect, now and then turning to shake hands with a friend, smiling always as he does so, in his own illuminating way. He now speaks seldom and briefly, but his voice gives out still in its higher tones the same imperial or impassioned sound; still belongs to its lower tones the old beguiling music. When in moments of excitement he rises to speak, and stands so firm and proud, with his eye all a-gleam, while his voice rings out clear and strong, it almost seems that his apparent physical debility was but a sort of Richelieu *ruse*, and that the hot blood of youth was yet coursing through his veins, and the full vigor of manhood yet strong in every limb. The wonderful old man!

Saturday, P. M.

Have just returned from the President's Grounds, where every Saturday evening is held one of the people's levees. It was a most animated and pleasant scene. We had fine music and many an agreeable chat with our friends. A lovelier sunset than that of to-night, I never beheld. At one time the air about us became perfectly golden — my white gloves and veil assumed the fashionable corn-color, and the complexion of the friend with whom I was conversing, grew

alarmingly bilious; but presently a soft pink light was shed over all, bringing a brilliant bloom to cheeks and lips, and alas, noses! heightening magically and sometimes comically the effect of dress. We laughed a little at a distinguished Western Senator, who somewhat prides himself on his republican simplicity and democratic plainness, for the exquisite dandyism of rose-colored pantaloons.

The President was not visible — being out of health — a mere temporary indisposition, it is to be hoped.

Adieu.

LETTER XXVII.

Washington, July 11th, 1850.

I MUST write, this week, under a cloud of sadness, and with indescribable emotions of awe, bewilderment and grief. The death of our President, so utterly unlooked for as it was, over what spirit has it not cast shadows of gloom? Who does not feel intense sympathy with the bereaved home-circle of the husband and the father — who does not feel that greatness and strength have gone from us in the departing of the hero and the patriot — who does not know a pang of genuine sorrow and a shock of apprehension at the sudden going out of that one life on which seemed to depend, at this period, so much of the glory and destiny of the nation? What a momentous event! — what a mysterious and fearful manifestation of the power and providence of God! It is in vain that we seek to pierce the thick cloud — to see the need and the purpose of this. We have but to fall back on a childlike and unquestioning faith in His wisdom and goodness 'who doeth all things well.'

We were in the Senate Chamber on Tuesday morning, when Mr. Webster, in a voice like a deep-toned bell, and with the utmost solemnity of manner, announced the alarm-

ing illness of the President, and moved an immediate adjournment. I never witnessed a scene of more impressive sadness. All that day we suffered great anxiety — accounts grew worse, and universal became the sorrow and alarm. At ten o'clock we heard that he was dying, and between eleven and twelve, by the slow tolling of the bell, far more mournful than any words, we knew that he was gone!

Yesterday we visited the Capitol to hear the official announcement of the death of General Taylor, and to witness the inauguration of the new President. The ceremony took place in the Hall of the House of Representatives, the Senate and Heads of the Departments being present. I will not describe it, as you have already seen full accounts. I will only say that I was deeply impressed by its solemnity, brevity and simplicity. There was no form, no pomp, nor confusion, nor contending of factions — the most beautiful practical manifestation of the spirit of our Republican system, possible to behold.

Mr. Fillmore bore himself nobly through all. He was greatly changed in appearance by the events of the last few hours. His face, usually so bright with the sunshine of a happy and generous nature, was now deeply shadowed by a sincere grief and a solemn sense of the immeasurable responsibilities so suddenly devolving upon him.

As he stood calmly and gravely forth, as the highest representative of the power and the glory of a Government so vast and stupendous as ours, as he took its mighty care upon him, from many a heart, I am sure, as from mine, came the prayerful ejaculation — 'God be with him!'

I will not, of course, presume to pronounce upon the political principles or executive abilities of the new President, but if I may be allowed a purely womanly observation, I would say that, in some respects, he is certainly peculiarly fitted to his new position. He will wear *gracefully* the honors and dignities of that high station. The beauty of his person, the suavity and simple elegance of his manner, his conver-

sational tact and talent, will all be matters of gratulation for us in the future.

Mr. Fillmore *looks* the President and the gentleman, a great *desideratum* and a happy circumstance, after all.

Saturday, July 13th.

Have just returned from witnessing the passing of the funeral procession of President Taylor down the Avenue, from the White House to the Capitol. It was truly a most grand and melancholy pageant. The hearse, drawn by eight white horses, was exceedingly beautiful, with a gloomy magnificence of form and decoration — the triumphal car of death. One of the most touching sights, was the famous white war-horse of the dead hero, led next the hearse, caparisoned as of old, treading along lightly to the familiar music, arching his proud neck with the vanity native to his race, and all unconscious that he now followed to the still grave-rest, the kind master he had once borne so bravely through the loud rush of battle.

At last the long, sad and splendid array passed by, and we turned homeward, feeling that all was indeed over. It is now night; — the muffled drum is no longer beating, the bells have ceased tolling, and the hot mouth of the cannon is silent. The shadows of the grave encompass the dead hero, but a heavier, colder darkness is gathered around the lives of those from whom he grieved to part — 'the friends who loved him.'

In the Senate there has, of course, been little done during the past week. Mr. Smith, of Connecticut, finished his speech on Monday, and Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, commenced his on Tuesday. Of these two speakers, Mr. Butler is decidedly the most interesting. He always speaks in a clear, ringing voice, and with much earnestness of manner. He is a very singular looking person, and will arrest at once the attention of a visitor to the Senate. Though by no means an old man, he has a thick shock of perfectly white

hair, commonly concealing his brow, beneath which gleam out more mockingly than fiercely, a pair of lively, sparkling, restless eyes. Mr. Butler's style of speaking is natural and impressive, without being remarkably graceful or brilliant. He is a strong champion of the South, but happily lacks the hot-headed violence of some of his compeers.

The new President of the Senate, Mr. King of Alabama, is a gentleman of the old school — grave, precise and perpendicular. He is unapproachably great on all points of order — absolutely without a rival in his knowledge of senatorial etiquette, form and dignity, and is remarkable for a certain prim and spinster-like propriety of manner, dress and style of speaking, most unbending and undeviating.

By the way, I perceive by divers newspaper paragraphs, that my Washington letters are failing to please entirely some few of my small parish of readers, both North and South. As a true Northern woman, I hesitate not to avow that my sympathies are with those men who truly represent and boldly advocate Northern principles, — but, at the same time, it is my sincere desire to do justice, as far as I may, to the talent and worth of their opponents. In writing for a neutral paper, I can fairly and properly do no less. I wish to do no more. Then, I suppose, I may as well frankly acknowledge that I *am* influenced, to a certain degree, by the observation of fine social qualities and personal agreeableness, and even that I am woman enough to feel courtesies and kindnesses shown to myself. I would not accept, could I not acknowledge them. My prejudices can often thus be overcome or modified — my principles, thank Heaven, never.

On the other hand, I have incurred the disapprobation of my Southern readers by simply doing justice to some of the prominent exponents of the principles and policy of the North. Ah, my friends, could you know how often I have refrained from speaking their praise, out of consideration for your delicate sensibilities! — if you knew how much is

left unsaid, you would pardon what is said. Now, let us reason together. Is there not far too little of fairness and generosity shown by both Northern and Southern journalists and letter-writers in their doing up of the statesmen and legislators at the Capitol? I met lately with a letter in some Southern journal, the writer of which, in describing the Senate, dwelt with rapturous admiration on such men as Soulé, Butler, Foote and Davis, ringing for them all the changes of enthusiastic eulogy, but merely slurred over some of the ablest and most eminent Senators of the North, in a criticism as poor and false in spirit as it was flippant and bitter in tone. I would avoid all these things, and yet be truthful — that is, always speak *the* truth, if not the *whole* truth. My impressions of men and things here may not be invariably correct, but they are honestly and most good-humoredly given. The difficulty which one so situated, finds in pleasing every body, often reminds me of the fable of the unfortunate old man, who, whether he rode or carried his donkey, was sure to incur the disapproval of his fellow-travellers. On the whole, I have concluded that the wisest and most comfortable way is to please yourself by doing just as you please. Adieu.

LETTER XXVIII.

Washington, June 20th, 1850.

Monday, we had a great, though not a very long speech from Mr. Benton. It was a clear, condensed, a pointed and powerful argument, as you will perceive, though not so vividly, in the reading. In the manner of Mr. Benton there is often a fierce and terrible force. His sarcasm is keen and scathing, and his tones, looks and gestures barb and drive home his sharp and stinging words. He is a proud, stern, lordly and uncompromising speaker — always mani-

festing a hearty and honest contempt for wordy patriotism and political blarney — all honeying and humbugging of constituents.

He is no juggler, nor tumbler — no player with balls and feathers — he favors you with no tight-rope dancing, and throws you no somersets, but strides into the ring as a fierce and hardy gladiator, or a stout boxer, not to play, but to fight. He is always in earnest, always confident, and follows up an opponent with the sure unflagging, remorseless eagerness of a blood-hound on the scent.

It is surprising how mildly the speeches of Mr. Benton read, compared with their spoken effect. His manner is at times strikingly dramatic in its bitter, unmitigated severity; and some of his tones are enough to chill one's blood, he is so cold and deliberate even in his passion. He does not board the enemy's ship with spike and brand, nor fire it with grenades, but crashes down upon it like some ponderous and pitiless iceberg. In that portion of his late speech in which he made his exulting and merciless *exposé* of what he pronounced the dishonest Compromise plot, grasping the bill, and holding it up as 'a criminal,' it was curious to mark the effect of his words and manner on the three great leaders opposed to him.

A fire kindled in the wan cheek, and shot from the keen eye of Clay. Webster's sternest glances gleamed out from beneath the black ledge of his lowering brow; while the weighty countenance of Cass wore a shocked and mildly indignant expression, 'for self and partners,' seeming to say as the worthy Falstaff would have said — 'How the world is given to lying! There live but three honest politicians in America, and one of them is fat and grows old.'

Colonel Benton seems full of calm, determined energy and endurance. There is about him no sign of yielding or decay. The cold, steady look of his eye, and his thin, compressed lips, show an almost superhuman strength of will, patient, even more than vehement, unwearying, un-

conquerable, ever renewing itself, and putting out some fresh manifestation of its vitality and its vigor. In personal intercourse, Mr. Benton is said to be, at times, exceedingly proud, distant and haughty. One reason for this may be that he is not always rightly approached. A proud man respects pride in another, and his occasional affability certainly has the more meaning and effect that it is neither common nor assumed.

On Wednesday, Mr. Webster spoke in favor of the Compromise Bill. I then admired him greatly, but was by no means carried away by enthusiasm. The granite-like grandeur of his head, the solemnity of his tones and manner, the severe beauty of his language, the symmmetry of his style are certainly impressive, but not over-mastering or electrifying. Outward warmth and central force, intensity of feeling and earnestness of purpose, are too obviously wanting. True, he seems serious in most that he says, but rather doggedly than deeply so. Even his wit is a sort of heavy and elephantine playfulness — his humorous sallies light up his own dark face but for an instant, and seldom call forth a genial and irresistible response. People laugh when Webster leads the way, from patriotic and party considerations.

In the course of his speech, the distinguished statesman commented with almost annihilating contempt on the Wilmot Proviso — stood there crying down the political 'thunder,' once claimed as his peculiar property — like an old lion growling at the echo of his own roar. But the galleries applauded, and his admirers will probably receive this speech as they receive all the words of the great leader, as manna from the seventh political heaven. By-the-bye, his *enemies* might say that his principles resemble the celestial food of the Israelites in another respect — are 'new every morning' — and in yet another — will not do to keep.

Mr. Webster closed with a generous tribute to Massachusetts, wherein Concord and Lexington and Bunker Hill

were alluded to with profound respect, the Monument highly complimented, and Plymouth Rock affectionately remembered. It was very fine and very eloquent, doubtless, but again those malicious enemies come in, to spoil one's relish for the grand and beautiful, by coolly and irreverently pronouncing it a piece of exalted and sublimated Buncombe.

Mr. Hale followed Mr. Webster with a few remarks in reply to a portion of his speech, and made, as usual, a fine point and an admirable hit, somewhat to the annoyance of the venerable Senator, who evidently did not wish a quick-step struck up after his slow and stately march, nor care to have the solemn hush of an impressed auditory rudely broken by the noise of laughter. A freshening influence and an arousing spirit in that atmosphere of dull policy and oppressive dignity, is the ever-ready wit, and the fearless yet good-humored freedom of Senator Hale. Whenever he rises with the promise of something bright and fresh dawning in his face, every eye lights up with comical expectation, — all are on the lookout for fun and satire, and none seem to enjoy it more than some of the victims, who can but admit that the operation, though severe, was performed with 'neatness and dispatch.'

Mr. Hunter, of Virginia, spoke on Thursday. A very interesting speaker, and, at times, eloquent; he takes, on this question, the extreme Southern ground. His speech was followed by a lively debate between Mr. Foote, who was, as usual, worked up to the boiling point, Mr. Davis, of Mississippi, who spoke in a tone which was a singular mingling of the military and the ministerial, and Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, who was even more than commonly animated, shaking his snowy head, his quick, fiery eyes gleaming out from behind his wild overhanging locks, like those of an angered buffalo.

Friday morning was mostly taken up by brief speeches from Mr. King, Judge Berrien, and Mr. Clay. The first strikes one as a practical, methodical, common-sensical sort

of a man, one whose spinal uprightness may be but the outward type of an unbending and honest character. Mr. Berrien has evidently an opinion of his own, but he 'draws it rather mild.' Mr. Clay spoke with earnest eloquence, and was listened to with eager interest.

In looking down upon the Senate, one is immediately struck by the prevailing baldness, not of style, but of head. It puzzles me to account for this. With Mississippi's excitable Senator it may be the effect of the vigorous working of his hot and restless brain; yet on the opposite side of the Chamber sits a Senator who takes the world more easily, says little, and that quietly, but over the glassy and shining expanse of whose cranium adventurous flies vainly attempt to cross on foot. And many more there are of whom it might be said, that were the growth of hair the measure of intellectual and political abilities, as according to the Samsonian theory it is of physical power, they would hardly be found to muster great strength at the *polls*.

Visitors are also apt to notice some peculiarities of senatorial pronunciation, which are rather odd. For instance, Mr. Clay says, and indeed many of the Southern members, say '*whar*' and '*thar*.' Mr. Webster says '*indi-vid-oo-al*' and '*natur*,' and one of the Texas Senators says '*bust*' for burst. All I can say is, I hope such pronunciations may continue to be exclusively and purely parliamentary. Another thing we notice is the extreme humility of all that honorable body. Each modestly styles himself the 'humblest member,' and there seems quite an amiable strife for the occupancy of the lowest seat in the synagogue. But again it is said by the irreverent, that the distinguished gentlemen, like the Uriah Heep of Dickens, carry humility in their *talk*, to a suspicious and fanatical extreme — in other words, rather run that commendable and pious virtue into the ground.

And now I have a spicy little bit of scandal for your ear alone. Mind, I don't indorse it, so it must go no farther,

Some of the honorable Senators, while making speeches of unusual length, are observed to drink frequently, quite frequently, I should say. Well, there are those who declare that the draught provided for the speakers, which looks so limpid and innocent to the unsophisticated and uninitiated, is not alas, of that primitive fluid which was Adam's early drink and Eve's first looking-glass, — they say that the flights of said orators should be poetic, even Byronic, inasmuch as they drink from what was too often the fount of Byron's inspiration — that, in short, the *water* is only swallowed by the audience, the speaker swallowing an equally colorless fluid, which is — I really don't believe the story myself — which is — your ear a little closer — ! which is — *gin ! !* Shocking, is it not? But as I said, I cannot credit it altogether, for a while since, when an honorable Senator who had been accused of thus infusing spirit into his oratory, was on the second or third day of his speech, I observed him narrowly, and saw brought to him a reviving beverage which *was* somewhat colored — say about the hue of Monongahela or champagne. It certainly was not *gin*, so the slander falls to the ground.

They promise us that early next week the Omnibus Bill *shall* be disposed of. However the actors may feel, we lookers-on are about in the state of the affectionate husband whose wife lingered long in a decline, and who having often been called from his work on false alarms of her approaching dissolution, finally expressed the meek wish that 'Betsey might get well, or — *something*.'

Adieu.

LETTER XXIX.

Washington, July 25th, 1850.

As you have seen by the daily reports, nothing of importance as regards the great Compromise measure has

been done thus far, this week, and little of moment has been said in its favor, with the exception of the great speech of Mr. Clay on Monday. This was indeed a magnificent effort. At his advanced age, to be able to stand up and speak so eloquently and so powerfully for three hours of an oppressively hot day, proves the Kentucky statesman to be one of the wonders of our time and country.

There were some exceedingly fine passages in that speech, and some which hardly struck one as very happy. That portion referring to Mr. Rhett, and his late 'treasonable' course, the reply to Mr. Barnwell, who rushed into the lion's mouth with a fool-hardiness absolutely appalling, and the bold rebuke of Southern ultraism, were grand exhibitions of power and spirit. But the lie direct given to the grave and dignified Senator from Massachusetts, 'Honest John Davis' — and the subsequent severe and dictatorial lecture which he read that gentleman, surprised and shocked many, and must have offended some of his audience. Then there was one particular passage intended evidently to be very touching and effective, but which was rather a failure; that in which the venerable father of the Compromise solemnly warned the Senators of serious domestic consequences should they return to their patriotic wives after having voted against that measure — a mild and melancholy suggestion of Caudle welcomes and curtain lectures awaiting the transgressors. This picture, though vivid, and perhaps full of meaning to such Senators as had wives especially friendly to Mr. Clay and his policy, was somewhat ludicrous to others — a smile passed round the Senate Chamber. The sentimental is not Mr. Clay's forte.

In the manner and voice of Mr. Clay is the greatest display of his power. As literary compositions his speeches do not compare favorably with those of Mr. Webster, they do not read so finely, but they are infinitely more effective when spoken. The illuminative glow of his face, the pride of his attitudes, the force of his gestures, the passion of his

tones, his quick wit, his tact, his persuasion and his flatteries, managed as they usually are with consummate address, carry all before him — at least for the time. His auditory seemed charmed by his voice, swayed by his will, and overmastered by his eloquence. Whether the effect is really deep and lasting — whether he really moulds and creates public sentiment, I am not politician enough to decide.

We have had rather dull times since the effort of Mr. Clay, but some little excitement and light skirmishing. Mr. Benton has been up two or three times, speaking in his own strong and mercilessly satirical style. Mr. Rusk has given us a most alarming speech on the rights and wrongs of Texas. It was curious and significant to observe that while he talked of an appeal to arms, — of danger and devastation, fire and sword, blood and blunderbusses, near him sat his gallant and illustrious colleague, quietly pursuing his favorite amusement, whittling away coolly and composedly — as the imperial violinist kept up the music while Rome was burning.

I leave Washington to-morrow morning — so, after all, I am not to be in at the death, or witness the triumph of this famous bill, which has called forth so vast, such an immeasurable amount of senatorial and editorial thunder — which must die hard, after a long agony, or through much tribulation enter into the laws of the land. It is most evident that the heart of Mr. Clay is bound up with this measure — it is even feared that his energies, his very life, would die out, or be laid on the table with it; for it is his last object, hope and pride, the child of his old age, his Benjamin.

During my visits to the Capitol, I have spent less time in the House than I expected. There has been little going on there of general interest. I was seldom able to get the run of the debates — the House itself seemed a discursive and a disorderly, rather than a deliberative body, a place where all policies and political parties seem in a state of fusion and confusion. There seems a sad want of harmony in action, a

lack of leadership among the members; but there is much individual independence and force of character. They are evidently an undrivable, and we must hope also an unbribable set of men. They have not, it is true, the dignity, the repose, or the aristocratic tendencies of the Senate, where one is often shocked out of a severe republican simplicity by such expressions as 'the very distinguished and honorable Senator from Massachusetts,' or 'the Right Honorable Senator from Kentucky.'

I have had a time of much pleasure, and I hope some profit, in Washington. It is hardly the season for visiting, and I suppose I have seen less of the society of the city than I should see, could I visit there in the winter. But I have nevertheless received much kindly attention, for which I have to thank my new-found friends.

Adieu.

LETTER XXX.

Lynn, Mass., Oct. 12, 1850.

This morning I must write you a brief letter on the one great subject of the day — Jenny Lind. I attended the charity concert given by her on Thursday evening last, and my simple inartistic impressions of the singer, you will take for what they are worth.

The first entrance of Jenny Lind was made with a peculiar and attractive grace, half modest shyness, half-affectionate confidence. Her smile was very sweet and winning, though it passed rapidly. She had more beauty than I had been led to expect, not of features, or complexion, but her face is a gloriously expressive one, and the *tout ensemble* of her presence is indescribably pleasing. You may be surprised, knowing me to be the reverse of tranquil and self-possessed, when I tell you that I did not become greatly excited once during the evening. I was deeply impressed,

rapt, subdued, charmed into a breathless silence more than once, but not wrought up into an ecstasy, or thrown into a delirium of delight. Truffi, with her passionate singing and acting, has *excited* me more powerfully.

M'lle Lind first sang an air from the Oratorio of 'Elijah' —'If with all your hearts.' This, it was said, was hardly calculated to display the peculiar power of her voice, but it was surely very grand as an expression of her soul. Here it was no merely pretty phrase, but seemed the simple truth to say, that she sang like an angel. The very light of heaven seemed resting on her upturned brow, and beaming from her deep, blue eyes. While she sang — '*If with all your hearts you truly seek me, ye shall ever surely find me,*'— she looked the angel-presentment of that beautiful promise of God; and when — '*Oh, that I knew where I might find Him, that I might ever come before His presence*' — she seemed the impersonation of mortal prayer, waiting on the grace of the Father, and meekly inquiring the way into His presence.

I remember Jenny Lind by this recitative more than by any thing else which she sang, though the songs which followed were far more brilliant. I remember her sweet face with that light of adoration upon it. So it has come to me since, in moments of thought and stillness, so it shines upon me at night, so it will ever remain with me, when the last faint echo of her glorious voice has died upon the ear of my spirit.

M'lle Lind sang another sacred air, from the German, in the same Madonna-like manner — next that beautiful cavatina from *La Somnambula* — '*Come per me Sereno.*' This was magnificent beyond what words of mine may describe. It was the sweet, exulting, and triumphant utterance of love and joy. 'The Invitation to the Dance,' a Dalecarlian Melody, and the Swedish Mountaineer's Song, concluded the evening. In these M'lle Lind accompanied herself on the piano, in a most charming manner. The first was a

wild, free, dashing melody, and, while singing it, Jenny looked the very soul of mirth and mischief. Ah, how her blue eyes sparkled, how her white teeth gleamed, and her red lip curled, how arch was the toss of her head, and how her hands frolicked over the keys! In the last song, there was introduced a most wonderful vocal imitation of the notes of a horn, dying away in the distance. This you must yourself hear before you can have any idea of it. It is certainly very marvellous and delicious, but does not touch any deeper feeling than a sort of childish delight. It strongly strikes me that Jenny Lind's greatest power is in sacred music. In these wild, thrilling melodies, wonderful and electrifying as they are, her voice is but the lark, soaring upward and upward, till it almost reaches the golden gates; while in sacred music it seems to *come down to us* from heaven —a portion of that immortal harmony which swells about God's throne, the utterance of angelic joy and adoration. I believe that Jenny herself has a deeper delight in this style of singing into which she seems to throw her whole soul, than in those wonderful vocal exercises, those exquisite feats of ventriloquism, which, at the best, but astonish and flatter the ear, exciting a curious and transient admiration, sometimes taking you off your feet, but never setting you up higher than you stood before.

On the night that I saw her, M'lle Lind's manner was said to be more serious and subdued than usual. During the first of the evening, I thought it more than serious, even sad. The shadow of some great care seemed every now and then to be resting on her fair, womanly brow, and some unspeakable trouble seemed to have half darkened the pleasant light of her eyes. I fancied that the barrier was very slight that kept back a passionate gush of tears; that standing though she was in the midst of a multitude, the bountiful giver of great delight, she was sick and lonely at heart; that the bright lips through which flowed waves of delicious sound, drooped from inward sorrow, from weariness with her life of

brilliant toil and splendid bondage. I felt all this, and with the impression came an intense sympathy with the woman, surpassing even my admiration for the singer. Grand and glorious as she is — the hope of thousands, the idol of the world, in her woman's heart there are wants, fond, but imperious, which power and praise and adoration cannot satisfy — in her woman's heart there are, there must be, sorrows 'with which the stranger intermeddleth not.' There are seasons when even a great soul like hers, must bow beneath the weight of mortal weariness — a bright soul like hers, pass through storm and shadow, and see no rest on all the earth, no light in all the heaven.

I think that we should oftener consider these things in reference to the singer, and not look upon her, as we too frequently do, as a mere sweet-voiced minister to our pleasure, a soulless artiste, a sort of musical automaton. For, with the peculiar organization which renders her a great singer, she is more perilously endowed with passion and sensibility, demands larger sympathies, and needs to be more tenderly regarded than other women. But from her position, she often seems to the world indifferent and self-sustained, if not proud and repellant; she does not ask its sympathy in words, she would breathe it in from the atmosphere which surrounds her, and give it forth again in glad, deep harmonies, through which we may almost hear the warm, high throbbings of her grateful heart.

I have little fear, that after having Jenny and her satellites with you a day or two, you will laugh at our furor. Or if you have 'no music in your souls,' or even, if like Aunt Betsey Trotwood, you resolutely stop your ears with jeweller's cotton, *if you only look on Jenny*, I defy you to resist the freshness, the naturalness, *the pure womanliness* of her presence. Adieu.

LETTER XXXI.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATIONAL ERA.

Boston, Nov. 12th, 1850.

The universal excitement, on the Fugitive Slave bill, still continues; and this is well. The great Northern heart is awakened at last. You may feel and hear its live pulsations, full and warm and vigorous as in the brave old time. The clergy of Massachusetts, as far as I can learn, are, with some sad exceptions, taking strong ground against this measure. It would seem that every true minister of Jesus, wherever he might be, if 'remembering those in bonds as bound with them,' must denounce it boldly and utterly, even at the risk of giving mortal offence to his beloved charge, and of being called upon to make a hasty Hegira from his parish. Our minister at Lynn, Mr. Shackford, has preached upon this subject with eloquence and power. He gave us the honest convictions and indignant protestations of the man, with all fearlessness, but with the calm fervor and deep religious faith which ever characterize his preaching. He is not frenzied or despairing at the temporary triumph of wrong. He sees that it is not a new creation, nor even a larger growth, but only a plainer revelation of the great national evil, thrown to the surface by the working and upheaving of the eternal principle of good. And how far better thus — on the *hidden* reef the ship strikes.

Mr. Parker's Sermon on Conscience you have probably seen. It is a succession of bold Herculean strokes, which must have told on the heart of every hearer. It was one of those impassioned, startling, almost terrifying appeals, so needed to stay the decline and fall of the moral sense of our age.

On Tuesday evening last, Charles Sumner delivered a magnificent Free Soil speech in Faneuil Hall. I hope you may yet read it, though your pleasure must necessarily be imperfect without the deep, impressive voice, which, in its

'sea-like volume,' rolled the thought over one, and the action of the orator, always forcible, at times singularly fine, and in the best sense dramatic.

In the way of literary intelligence, I have little to communicate. The season of lectures is just commencing. I listened this morning to one on poetry, by Mr. Scherb, a young German of true genius. He is a strong thinker, and has the utmost boldness and originality of expression. He speaks much of the time in a perfect passion of enthusiasm. He now seems rapt, possessed, borne away with his subject, and now he wrestles and agonizes with some mighty thought or unutterable aspiration. He speaks our language with correctness, and often with singular force, yet there are times when he pauses, as though momentarily despairing of the power of words, and lets the strong play of his lips, the flame in his eye, and the passion working in all his frame, speak for him, as they can speak with a dramatic effect almost startling. You cannot stand against him — he dashes against you, surges about you, and overflows you with the irresistible torrent of his enthusiasm. Not that it is all tempest, in force and sound. The largest waves are capped with sunlight, and between their booming and swelling is often heard the soft chime and delicious rippling of most musical waters. Fancy, taste, an ever-present sense of the beautiful, soften the intense poetic fervor, and somewhat subdue the otherwise too dramatic and overpowering passion of the speaker. But, as it is, he shakes one to the soul's centre. I felt both excited and exhausted when I left the lecture-room, felt as I had thought I could only feel after hearing some great moral question discussed by a great orator. Yet Mr. Scherb made poetry more than a moral, he made it a *religious*, subject. He seemed to bring to Poesy all the devotion which a zealous Catholic gives to Madonna. He burned his purest thought like incense before her shrine, where he knelt in deepest adoration. He seemed

the prophet, the inspired preacher of that divinest handmaiden of God.

Among Ticknor's late publications is the 'ASTRÆA,' of Holmes. This poem is like every thing from his diamond-pointed pen, brilliant, racy, and peculiar. Yet I should say the poet has here given us less drollery and more wit than usual. We miss somewhat that genial philosophy which makes the best of life, and takes the world easy, which has so often delighted us in this poet's brief pleasure trips upon the sea of literature. His satire stings more sharply, and cuts deeper, than ever before. There are some hard hits at the Reformer, which remind one of Dean Swift; and which it strikes one the poet might have penned with a cold in his head, on some raw March morning, while waiting for a late breakfast. To speak plainly, they are not remarkable as expressions of good-nature and charitableness. But there are generous, after-dinner passages, beautiful, musical, or deliciously droll, which make up for these things. We must not forget that this contemptuous conservatism, which is the reverse of agreeable to us fanatics, is the greenest leaf in the bays of the poet to the eyes of a majority of his readers, and probably nobody is more fully aware of this than the poet himself. Why should he refrain from voicing his own thought, knowing it will be rendered back to him in such ready echoes from high places? There is little danger of Holmes being sent from Parnassus to Coventry on any sorry hobby of reform.

G. P. R. James, the novelist, is now in Boston. I have met him a number of times at Ticknor's. He is a fine, genial-looking, well-conditioned Englishman, singularly youthful and unworn in appearance, considering all that he has accomplished, and seems fully competent to set at least threescore and ten more horsemen *not* 'slowly' riding up the hills of romance and fame. Doubtless his fruitful brain yet holds any number of disinherited heirs, knights, barons bold, smugglers, gypsies, bandits and friars, princesses in dis-

guise, damsels fair and witches old, all impatiently waiting for their turn to come round. Apropos of witches, I hear that Mr. James has been in Salem, collecting materials for a new romance, of the good old time, when elderly ladies, remarkable for personal plainness and a fondness for black cats, and convicted of putting broomsticks to equestrian service, were straightway removed from an indignant community by summary process. The *dénouement* may be the trial by water and fire, and the whole interest of the story hang on 'Witch Hill.' Yet I hardly think this novelist needed such a subject, in order to bewitch his readers.

By the way, while on a late visit to Salem, I was shown the veritable bewitched pins, with which divers persons were sorely pricked by the wicked spite of certain witches and wizards, often their neighbors, and sometimes their near relations, as the depositions show. Very annoying, such pointed attentions even from one's friends. These curious relics are kept in a small vial — verily a vial of wrath. They seem quite bright, considering their great age, keen old pins yet, and very little rusted by the blood of the saints.

Oh! happy are the witches of our day, who may weave their spells and perform their incantations in peace and safety, since, thanks to cosmetics and millinery, they are youthful and beautiful for a marvellous length of time, since they abandon the evil-eyed cat for the sleepy French lap-dog, and have nothing at all to do with broomsticks. It is true they sometimes prick on their victims to deeds of 'high emprise,' or pin them down to the point, but in return they are not mercilessly handed over to the sheriff — only led before the priest. Adieu.

LETTER XXXII.

Boston, November 18th, 1850.

The forenoon of Saturday last I spent at the Asylum for the Blind, in South Boston. It was my first visit to an institution of the kind, and I was intensely interested, almost too powerfully affected. Many of the pupils, I observed, had some physical defect aside from their blindness, yet there were some exceedingly pleasing in appearance. I observed also that the faces of the little girls wore a patient, quiet, sweet, and contented expression, while the boys looked less happy, and in some instances rebellious, under their fearful misfortune. Yet in music all seemed to forget the hardness of their lot. They sung and played with an enthusiasm, a fervor, and a passionate *abandon* to the enjoyment, peculiar to them, I thought. If there was more strength of lungs than sweetness of tone, and more of vigor than skill in execution apparent, one could understand it all, and the heart was more touched than it could be by far sweeter and more artistic music elsewhere. It were most unreasonable to ask a measured flow and soft cadences from the outgush of a long pent-up stream. But there were some voices in the choir which struck me as very fine, and promising much if carefully cultivated.

I saw Laura Bridgman, who, with her interesting teacher, was the centre of attraction while she remained in the school-room. Laura is a very neat and pleasing person, with a bright intelligent face, and almost a superabundance of life and childish merriment in her manner and action. She will fling her arms around her teacher and laugh immoderately at any little thing which pleases her. She converses in the mute language with the utmost rapidity and enthusiasm. While we were present, she was telling a friend of the loss of a canary which he had given her. He said he would send her another, and asked her what sort of a bird it should be. 'Oh,' she answered, 'let it be a bird

of bright plumage, and a sweet singer. I would have no other.'

Laura seems a mirthful, affectionate child, and yet she impressed me painfully, as a spirit which knew no rest, no calm, no true content. Her soul seemed like a light burning in a prison-cell, and only gleaming through one small barred window, or like a strong bird in a narrow cage, struggling to be free. And so to me it seems it must ever be; all the knowledge to which she may attain, all the joy of love which may visit her sad heart, can only render more intense and abiding the longing for that greater knowledge to which she may never attain, for that strange, indefinable happiness which here she can never know.

A lady was telling me the other day that she once met Laura Bridgman at Miss Bremer's room, in Boston, when Fanny Kemble was present. Could the world furnish a more touching contrast? That poor, deaf, dumb, and blind girl, with nothing to speak for her but the play of her fingers, her quick, nervous gestures, and the wan sunshine of a smile unaided by the light of kindling eyes; and that grandly dowered child of genius, with her almost superhuman power of expression, with her wondrous voice, through which speaks every human affection and passion, with her air, her action, and the splendid fire of her great eyes, now gleaming out pride, or hate, or defiance, from their dark depths, now reproachful, now mournful, now sparkling and dancing with joy, now drooping with a dreamy tenderness, and now upraised in the trance of some divine aspiration.

Laura Bridgman is said to be making constant and wonderful progress in her studies, and in her improvement and happiness her instructor, Dr. Howe, must daily be receiving his 'exceeding great reward' for all his patient toil and disinterested devotion.

We also visited the School for Idiots, established by Dr. Howe, but under the care of Mr. Richards, a young man

who has given himself up to a painful duty with a most noble and self-sacrificing spirit.

I had always shrunk with involuntary and uncontrollable disgust from scenes such as I supposed this school must present; but I summoned all my strength, and entered, soon to find the pain and sickness of the soul lost in a grateful and wondering pleasure. Never before had I felt myself capable of any thing better than a shuddering pity for those poor senseless creatures, those living bodies of death, regarding them almost as the outcasts of nature and the disowned and disinherited children of God. I had believed them by a hard necessity abandoned to the narrowest, darkest sphere of human existence, aimless, companionless, utterly desolate. But here I found these same beings, whose condition I had looked upon as in the last degree hopeless, steadily, though slowly advancing from one small degree of intelligence to another — feeling emulation, catching gleams of reason and sense, feebly putting forth their long-benumbed mental feelers, and grasping such scraps of knowledge as they have room for in the narrow chambers of their poor cramped brains.

The behavior of those pupils who had been any length of time in the school was most remarkable for quiet and propriety. The contrast between them and a boy who had arrived but the day before was very striking. None could be more aware than the pupils of the improprieties, eccentricities, and lawlessness, of their green companion. They seemed actually shocked at the outlandish ways of the strange boy, and with the liberties he was inclined to take with the visitors.

These unfortunate children are first taught to exercise their limbs, in almost every case feeble, or deformed — to feed themselves, and hold up their heads. All, in time, learn to take some care of themselves, and become less and less objects of painful commiseration and disgust.

Mr. Richards does not attempt to teach the alphabet

separately, but puts the pupils at once into words, printed in large type on strips of paper, and teaches them to spell by means of letters on small blocks of wood. One little fellow, with a head scarcely larger than a pippin, spelt out for us the Lord's Prayer, without an error. This was one of the most profoundly affecting of sights to me. That mindless child so unconsciously praying to the Immortal Father, the thought of whose existence was too great for the narrow head to receive, but whose love lived in the simple heart that strove to be 'good,' and leaped up at the voice of encouragement and praise. It was indeed a pleasure to observe the happiness of these children whenever they had acquitted themselves well. When first they grasp a new thought or fact, their joy in the possession is touching to behold. Then looking down into those eyes, dimmed by the heavy mists of idiocy, you can see the far, faint flash of the deathless soul, as though for a moment gleaming up from an abyss of shadows.

The unwearying patience, the unfailing kindness, and the wise gentleness, of the teachers of this school, are subjects of wondering admiration to all visitors. May God's strength and blessing continue to support them and hallow their good work. Let none be disappointed and disheartened that the results are small, but hail with grateful joy, the most inarticulate cry of the soul which for years has slept in the night and torpor of idiocy. The mine is dark and noisome, and the ore not rich; all the more honor to those who labor so patiently to bring it forth. The rock is hard and unpromising, and long and wearisome must be the toil ere it cleaves, and shows the small soul-crystal within. The soldiers of the Empire served faithfully for small pay; but when it came at last, each coin had a double value for bearing the head of Napoleon. Thus the true philanthropist ever sees on his hard-earned rewards the face of his Divine Master, and is abundantly repaid.

After all, if the just Creator regards not his children

according to the measure of their brains, but by the innocence of their hearts, how much higher in His light stand these poor witless ones, than some to whom we pay our blind reverence, yet whose grand brows, the high domes of intellect shrine no thought of the true God, but a low, mean idol of *self*, before which the incense of the world's praise is burned day and night. Adieu.

LETTER XXXIII.

Washington, January 16, 1851.

Dear W——: Having become established in my winter quarters, I have thought that some little chronicling of daily events, and an occasional sketch of life in the Capital city, might not be uninteresting to you.

On the evening after my arrival, I attended one of the President's levees. This I found a great crowd, but a very pleasant affair notwithstanding, as here I met many friends and acquaintance of last session. President Fillmore wore the old, urbane smile, and gave the same courteous greeting to all who approached. I wonder if, with men of his temperament, good-nature is always spontaneous and easy, if it never drags. I have often thought that your habitually kind and courteous people must miss a great luxury, which the more passionate and bilious enjoy in speaking their minds, with a careless or vehement boldness, and in touching up the faults and follies of their fellows.

I noticed on that evening an endless variety of costumes, the national spirit of independence breaking out in all imaginable styles and colors, and that every body wore an easy, at-home manner. There is, as you know, at these levees, neither music nor dancing, but people look very gay, nevertheless, as they collect in groups to laugh and chat, or stroll up and down, admiring and criticising, as they find most matter for commendation or satire.

I have not been to the Capitol much as yet; no very interesting questions having been up for discussion of late. The Cheap Postage bill before the House is one of most importance to us outsiders. They are making five-minutes' speeches upon this, which are sometimes quite amusing. The difference between the different speakers' powers of condensation and directness of thought is here most apparent. Now and then rises one, who, speaking straight to the point, is able to say his say distinctly and fully within the small appointed time — but, alas! the Chairman's hammer brings many a poor fellow up standing in the first faint dawn of thought, cruelly cuts him off in the midst of a metaphor, perhaps. I have noticed that Mr. Stanly, of North Carolina, and Mr. Strong, of Pennsylvania, are particularly happy in packing their opinions into the five-minutes' measure. I was greatly amused the other day by a choice bit of reasoning employed by an opponent of the bill. 'If,' said he, 'the revenue of the department is increased in proportion to the reduction of postage, as the friends of the measure affirm, do away with postage altogether, and what an immense income will you have!' This logic is like the Irishman's, who, having heard a new patent stove recommended as 'saving half the fuel,' declared that he would have two, and so save the whole!

In the Senate, yesterday morning, Mr. Clay spoke at some length, and very earnestly, in support of a petition from Rhode Island, against the African slave trade, and in favor of Colonization, which petition the distinguished Senator impressively declared was signed by a large portion of the *élite* of that State; by Governors and ex-Governors, Senators and ex-Senators, members and ex-members; by many of the *literati*, heads of colleges, &c. The petition presented under such august auspices, opens with a fearful picture of the slave trade as it yet exists with all its outrages, horrors, and brutalities — no, I ask pardon of those dumb, unreasoning creatures who have never been degraded

from an honest brutehood by the lust of tyranny and the vile love of money, and would substitute infernalities for brutalities. The petitioners then proceed to point out Colonization as the only remedy for this enormous evil, and to ask in its behalf the countenance and support of Government. May we not consider the long vexed and vexatious question settled at last? Is not its final quietus made? Statesmen, divines, authors, and philanthropists will argue, and preach, and speculate no longer, now that the '*literati*' of Rhode Island have pronounced their decision; and most surely the free colored people of the United States will doubt and demur and remonstrate no longer, now that the *élite* of Rhode Island have taken their poor fortunes in charge. They scarcely expected such an interposition of *Providence.* May we not look to see the ocean soon white with the outward bound sails of government-furnished fleets, bearing to the far land of their grandfathers, and great-grandfathers, America's oppressed and disowned children? As the matter now stands, the free-colored people will surely not take offence at being publicly branded by the distinguished Senator, as a 'degraded, corrupt, and dissolute class;' for, under the patronage of the literature, divinity, and fashion of a sovereign State, are they not going forth to civilize and Christianize Africa; 'missionaries,' according to the appointment of Clay, 'priests after the order of' Dr. Tyng?

Without reference to Mr. Clay, whom I believe sincere in the advocacy of his favorite impracticability, as a benevolent plan, and aside from his political interests, I can but remark that I am often struck by the pious phrases and high-sounding professions of philanthropy, with which the speeches of politicians abound, when upon this same subject of colonization. Words of solemn warning and severe morality, never brought forth on any other occasion, then come with ponderous force; and the name of the Deity, not precisely a stranger in their vocabulary, is then uttered

in a new connection, and in a tone somewhat less easy and familiar than that in which it is heard in their ordinary discourse. An organ-grinder, under my window, after giving us 'Jeannette and Jeannot,' and 'Yankee Doodle,' has, to our utter astonishment, struck up 'Old Hundred.' Who believes that the Italian stroller feels the simple solemnity of that grand old puritanical air? Does he not mechanically grind out religion, as he does sentiment and patriotism, because it pays?

Last evening, the ladies at the National Hotel gave a *soirée*, which I had the honor of attending. It was a very brilliant affair, a scene of much display and enjoyment. Almost every Washington celebrity was there, except the great American statesman, Webster, and the little Polish Lieutenant, Jagiello. I noticed the French Minister and his family, Lady Bulwer, Madame Calderon, and the half-ferocious, half-comical representative of the Russian Bear, M. Bodisco; the elegant Miss Lynch of New York, and the brilliant Mrs. Ashley of St. Louis — fine types of the Northern and Southern lady, and numbers of both matrons and young girls, whose enviable distinctions were beauty, gracefulness, and tasteful dress. And there, in apparent fine health and spirits, were Clay, Cass, Houston, and Scott — an interesting little bevy of Presidential possibilities. Above them all, like Saul above his brethren, towered the Herculean hero of Vera Cruz, looking far more like the 'great embodiment' than his attenuated Kentucky rival.

The Michigan statesman would well fill the Presidential chair, for what he lacks in height, he makes up in breadth, and would look the representative of the more solid, conservative, respectable, and well-to-do portion of the nation; such as large merchants, wealthy planters, law-abiding Doctors of Divinity, substantial Dutch farmers, peace-loving justices, dinner-giving, order-preserving mayors, and their aldermanic *corps*. And I don't see why General Houston is not as well fitted for that great chair as the rest, only

let him be put under bonds not to whittle the arms off. On the score of killing Mexicans, his claim is older, if not stronger, than Scott's; he has full as much conciliatory suavity as Cass; in the opinion of his enlightened constituents, as an orator, he is the peer of Clay, while he has the advantage of Webster in the faithful devotion of his State. In truth, I do not see but that his claims are not only good, but pressing upon the patriotism and gratitude of the country; he has an imposing person, he has political experience, he has military renown, *he has Southern principles.* Take away his jack-knife, and give him a hat of Christian fashion, and he will surely answer.

We have had for the past week the most deliciously unseasonable weather you can imagine. I am writing this morning near an open window, through which pours a rich flood of summer sunlight, while, to make the illusion perfect, from a balcony near comes the matin song of a canary, with no hint of a cage in the blithe warble. Think of this for your comfort, as you battle with the East wind in your morning walk, or shiver over the register on your return.

I am struck with the beautifying and revivifying effect which this climate seems to have on the complexion of many ladies. I never saw such brilliant color as positively illuminates the fair faces one meets on the Avenue, these sunny days. Not the deep, universal, vulgarly healthy glow which a frosty morning spreads over the countenances of your Northern beauties, but a bright, changeless carnation, which stays where it belongs, in the cheeks and lips, and never shoots up into the brow which lies like a line of snow above it, nor makes impertinent incursions into the nasal territory.

Sometimes, when I meet a lady with slight figure, thin features, and shadowed eyes, I am startled by the unvarying vividness and distinct outline of this color, and murmur sadly —'far gone in consumption — hectic — poor thing!' Don't in your cynicism suggest that all I ascribe to the climate of

Washington may be but the effect of that French abomination, called *rouge*. You cannot explain away the phenomenon in that manner: but for a moment granting that the daughters of the Puritans could so be-Jezebel themselves, they would surely have taste enough to put it on more delicately and artistically. Even your irreverence for the *élite* of the Capital city could not go so far as to suppose it possible that matrons, whose failing eyesight prevented them from seeing what a daub they were making of it, would indulge in rouging! No; if we may no longer reverence the gray hairs of age, because 'they are not,' let us at least refrain from smiting it on the cheek.

Again, I repeat, all must be referred to the climate; and if some are afflicted with too much of a good thing, it is their misfortune, not their fault — the climate overdoes the matter. It is strange, however, that it has no effect on my complexion. I look in vain to see the red light breaking through the pale, Spanish-brown of my cheek. But perhaps I have not been here long enough for such good fortune.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXIV.

Washington, January 27, 1851.

In the Senate, Mr. Seward has lately made a fine speech on the claims of American merchants for indemnities for French spoliations. Like all the preceding efforts of this able Senator, this is characterized by calm thought, clear statement, just sentiments, and a careful finish in every part.

On Wednesday, there was, as you have doubtless seen, a spicy debate on Mr. Clay's resolution on the African slave trade. You have been a little startled, perhaps, at the strange tack which Mr. Hale took in order to checkmate his distinguished opponent, by bringing forward, if not indors-

ing, the opinion of Governor Hammond — that the horrors and evils of the slave trade would be reduced by throwing it open and making it like any other branch of lawful commerce. This bold skirmisher made, as usual, a dashing foray into the forbidden and jealously guarded territory of 'the institution' — which called out its feudal defenders, and we had quite a scene of it. Mr. Clay grew stern, autocratical, and sarcastic; while Mr. Foote shot up from his seat every five minutes, to make a brief explanation or defence, or to raise some point of order. It is amusing to witness the sudden spasms of propriety to which this bold and fiery statesman is subject. When certain Senators have the floor, he manifests a nice and jealous regard for parliamentary etiquette and decorum, and an absolute horror of disrespectful allusions and irrelevant speech. With a *naive* unconsciousness of his own lawlessness and manifold transgressions in a parliamentary way, he sometimes indignantly calls to order a speaker who is proceeding in a perfectly orderly manner, reproves the Chair for neglect of duty, and seems to consider the quiet and solemn Senate itself a scene of misrule and dire disorder. At such times his hallucination reminds me of the strange state in which Davy Copperfield found himself on the night of his first dissipation. You recollect that, after dinner, wine, and cigars, Steerforth, Grainger and Markham took him to the theatre. He says:

'There was a great stage, looking very clean and smooth after the streets; and there were people upon it, talking about something or other; but not at all intelligibly. There was an abundance of bright lights, and there was music, and there were ladies in the boxes, and I don't know what more. The whole building looked to me as if it were learning to swim; it conducted itself in such an unaccountable manner, *when I tried to steady it.*'

What will Mr. Clay do for a target for his wit, when Mr. Hale shall have left the Senate? Toward whom can Mr. Foote make such frequent displays of his respect for order

and his devotion to the Union? Will not a portion, at least, of the 'occupation' of both Othello and his orderly sergeant then be gone? And, what is of more consequence, what will the Free-Soil party do without him, who so long and so fearlessly has carried on a guerilla warfare in defence of their principles?

The levee at the President's on Friday evening was unusually agreeable. We there met many of our friends, and the time passed very pleasantly.

Among the celebrities present was Jagiello, attracting the attention even of strangers by the dark, peculiar type of her beauty, the elastic grace of her movement, and the vivacity of her manner. I am so fortunate as to see much of this brave and earnest woman, who has done for freedom what she best could in the way best known to her. Jagiello has a large and true nature, which opens upon one more and more. Her impulses are all noble, and her intuitions as clear and direct as the sunlight. Her intense love of freedom is not an enthusiasm, but an inherent quality of her being — not a brand kindled at the fires of revolution, but a central flame. She is eminently a real person, one who has her decided, individual opinions on the great questions of the time. In expression she is strong and fearless, but never brusque or ungentle.

Speaking of Jagiello, reminds me of the bill for the relief of the heirs of Kosciusko, or rather, I believe, it is a general bill of venue for the District of Columbia, from which they look for advantage. As long ago as 1819, suits were commenced for the recovery of certain funds, which General Kosciusko brought from Poland and lodged in this country. Becoming convinced that certain powerful influences would prevent their obtaining justice in the court for the District of Columbia, the heirs, through their attorney, Major Tochman, made application to Congress, praying for the passage of an act authorizing the removal of the case to the United States Court for the District of Maryland. This was in 1847, and

the petition has not yet been granted; but the general bill of which I have spoken passed the Senate last session, and went to the House, where it was made a special bill, and returned to the Senate. It is now before the Judiciary Committee of that body, which proposes to make it again a general bill. This is supposed to be a device for defeating the bill, which is strongly opposed by the outside influences of persons interested in withholding the funds, and by the Russian Minister. What influence the envoy of an autocrat can bring to bear on sturdy republicans is certainly a mystery. M. Bodisco gives fine dinners — but that is neither here nor there.

The heirs of Kosciusko ask our Government for no gift; they merely demand the payment of a just debt, and ask the aid of Congress in obtaining simple justice. This is certainly the last claim which should be disallowed, and these the last suitors to be treated cavalierly, ungenerously, and unjustly. Our Government may never hope to discharge the debt of gratitude which the country owes to the heroic Pole, but here is an opportunity for testifying some sense of the eternal obligation. But perhaps our patriots believe that all such debts are being honorably paid off by annual instalments of 4th of July glorifications.

Such a case as this but proves, what before has been strongly suspected, that the patriotism of most politicians is a sad sham. You hear it in anniversary orations, in after-dinner speeches and Union addresses; but when you would touch the pure, grateful, disinterested, patriotic sense — where is it? That politicians speak well of the bridge which carries them over, bestow eloquent praise on the country in which and by which they live, is very true. They speak advisedly and sincerely no doubt; but perhaps such patriotism may be of as questionable a quality as the pious and appreciating reverence for his pastor of a certain New Zealand chief. The story goes, that a young missionary landed at his island, to succeed a sacred teacher de-

ceased some time before. At an interview with the chief, the young minister asked: —

'Did you know my departed brother?'

'Oh, yes! I was deacon in his church.'

'Ah, then, you knew him well; and was he not a good and tender-hearted man?'

'Yes,' replied the pious deacon, with much gusto, 'he very good and very tender. *I eat a piece of him!*'

Adieu.

LETTER XXXV.

Washington, February 3d, 1851.

Dear W——: The week past has been one of very little interest or incident in the political or social world of Washington.

In the Senate, California land titles and private land claims have occupied most of the time. Mr. Benton and Mr. Berrien have been extensively heard from on these questions. I always listen with interest to Colonel Benton, not for the reason that I lately heard a lady give, that 'he is so delightfully personal in his remarks' — for this, though true of him, and sometimes on a dull day productive of a pleasant little excitement, is by no means a peculiarity, or a distinction in the Senate. But for his strong, bold, straightforward way of speaking, the sledge-hammer style of his argument, the merciless cut and thrust of his invective, one can but pay him a sort of fearful homage. His wit is not the harmless phosphorescent light which plays incessantly along the course of elegant and graceful oratory; it is rather like the quick, sharp flash which the hoofs of a fierce and powerful horse strike from a flinty path at night.

On Friday morning, there was a brief, but very interesting discussion on the Amistad claim, in which Chase, Clay, and Hale, took part. Mr. Chase spoke as usual, with much

clearness and force. He is one of the most manly and truly dignified members of the Senate. He proclaims his peculiar principles, unpopular as they are with a majority of that body, equally without fear and without bravado. He has independence without obstinacy, sincerity without brusqueness, and morality without cant. In the beginning of the debate, Mr. Clay made an attack upon Mr. Hale, giving a sharper extra effect to his remarks by pointing his long, rebuking finger at that good-humored Senator. Mr. Hale could not have been advised of this fierce onslaught; yet he defended himself, or rather returned the sudden blow, with a quickness, a boldness, and a severity absolutely startling. He turned the tables at once — 'carried the war into Africa' — not by attacking the Colonization scheme, but by charging on the Compromise. Mr. Hale may not always come forth fully prepared to meet his adversaries with some ponderous argument, or some cutting sarcasm, long sharpened and polished for the occasion, but he is always ready to seize at once on whatever weapons lie nearest his strong hand. There is a story of a Saracen chief, who, being suddenly called to battle, while the smith was yet welding his cimetar, caught it from the anvil, and dashed up the mountain side, letting the winds temper it as he rode. So this bold debater snatches in haste the arms of his argument, or wit, and if the winds of the occasion cool and harden the blade, well and good — if, not, he sometimes does terrible execution with the hot, untempered steel.

This interesting discussion was brought to an untimely end by the President's calling the New Hampshire Senator to order, though he was only replying to the personal remarks which his distinguished opponent had made *sans* rebuke and *sans* interruption. But Free-Soilers are evidently not among the men whom 'the King delighteth to honor.'

In the House, the Mint bill has been under discussion. Mr. Chandler, of Philadelphia, a speaker who always commands a respectful and pleased attention, has spoken very

forcibly against the establishment of a mint in New York. The New York delegation are, as might be supposed, earnestly in favor of it — so we had quite a spicy debate on the question. Were I not conscientiously opposed to puns, I should say that the oratory of some of the speakers was like a weak julep, with the aqueous element predominating, and with more mint than spirit.

On Wednesday, Mr. Julian of Indiana made a noble speech on the Homestead bill. This was a strong, fearless, and eloquent expression of a liberty-loving and philanthropic spirit. It is lying before me now, I have just been reading some of its finest passages; and, brief and unstudied as it is, it does not seem to me a speech for one day, or for one Congressional session. It seems nerved with the strength of a great purpose, veined with a vital truth, a moral life-blood beating through it warm and generous. It is something that must live and work yet many days.

Social life for the past week has rolled on in the usual routine — receptions, levees, parties — parties, levees, receptions. There are many, alas! who are utterly involved in this fashionable whirlpool — swept away by this hurricane-life. Poor creatures! Yet there is nothing like getting used to such things. I shouldn't wonder if some rather liked it than otherwise — if, like Holmes's Treadmill hero, they should pronounce it 'pretty sport,' and, even after their release, feel disposed to return, and '*have a round or two for fun.*'

Mr. Dempster has been giving his 'Ballad Entertainments' here to admiring audiences. No one sings more directly to the heart, or can more readily sound its depths of emotion, than this delightful vocalist. His clear, round notes drop into it, one by one, like shining pebbles, till it overflows in tears, or sparkles up and dances in mirth. His humor and pathos are alike irresistible; he gives strong voice to plain manly thought, and sweet voice to simple humble loves; he makes the spirit of home-life vocal; he is truly a singer

for the people, one they do well to honor, for he has faithfully done his part towards bringing about, for their refinement and elevation, an equality in the most refined of all pleasures — the democracy of art.

We have also enjoyed a real treat in attending Mr. Vandenhoff's 'Evenings with Sheridan.' We went to these with high expectations, which were more than satisfied. Mr. Vandenhoff is an admirable reader, as well as an actor of fine genius, and a gentleman of most elegant appearance. The readings were every evening preceded by a sketch of the life, and criticisms on the genius, of Sheridan; and this was by no means the least interesting part of the entertainment. These introductions were most happily conceived and brilliantly written. It is surely high praise to say, what all who heard them must acknowledge, that these clever, witty, dashing, yet most appreciating remarks, were a fitting and a pleasing prelude to the incomparable comedies of Sheridan.

Mr. Vandenhoff's personations are very fine; he flings himself body and soul into the characters he represents. I have heard voices of greater compass and variety of tone than his, but I think I never saw a face more instantaneously obedient to every change of thought or feeling. When all is so good, it were difficult to designate a best; but I was especially pleased with his Sir Anthony Absolute, Mrs. Malaprop, Bob Acres, Joseph Surface, Sir Peter Teazle, and Sir Fretful Plagiary. His male characters are better than his female, though Mrs. Candor is done to life, and Lady Teazle is by him better given us than by many to the kirtle born. In the screen-scene, he was indeed admirable — the whole of this incomparably ridiculous *dénouement* passed before us more than ever irresistible in its comic *contretemps* and overwhelming surprises.

Ah, that screen-scene, how significant and suggestive it seemed to me, seeing it where I then saw it. Thinks I to myself, there is many a political Joseph Surface, who, by

the utterance of 'noble sentiments,' passes for a prodigy of patriotic virtue with our venerable, universal relative, Uncle Samuel, and who flatters and cajoles him until, like poor Sir Peter, he unconsciously becomes a delighted party to his own dishonor. I thought, also, that there was a principle which, in some respects, might stand for the Charles Surface of this political comedy — one generally esteemed a sad scamp — suspected and avoided by the severely moral and the profoundly respectable, but who may finally throw down the screen and reveal the whole plot, to the total discomfiture of smooth hypocrisy and sentimental rascality.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke has been preaching at the Unitarian Church in this city for some weeks past. He leaves for the West to-day, much to the regret of all those who have been so privileged as to hear him. Mr. Clarke is a true preacher of Christ's gospel in its purity and simplicity — not alone of the peculiar doctrines of his own religious sect. I have never yet heard what could be called a doctrinal sermon from his lips. Though of a decidedly poetical mind, he is practical, earnest, and direct in his teachings, and appeals more to our conscience and reason than to our imagination. He does not soar away out of our sight into the clouds and mists of changing theory and floating speculation; nor set us to soaring (an unnatural exercise for unfeathered flesh and blood, say what they will,) in the rarefied region of transcendental philosophy, through long wearisome stretches of cold, blue air. He rather walks beside us, through the common ways of life, cheering us with his pleasant, inspiring converse. He addresses himself to our every-day wants, and reminds us of our every-day duties; he does not point us to some far-off, possible good, some crown of triumph, on the heights of life which the struggling soul may at last grasp — 'some unimagined isle in the far seas,' where it may at length find rest; but tells us that the good, the glory, and the repose, lie in our own breasts, in our daily lives, in the faithful discharge of the

simplest duties which lie before us, in obedience to the first law of all true beneficent life, the simple law of *love* — in our care to keep bright before earth and heaven that divine link that binds us, in our mortality, to God and his eternity. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVI.

Washington, February 10th, 1851.

Dear W——: I have sat down to write to you about — nothing in particular. I hoped when I last wrote you that I would have a thing or two to tell by this time. But I am tired of waiting for Washington-life to turn up something for my benefit or divertisement. 'It's no use' — nonsense of the aimless and pointless kind is all that is left for me. But you, I know, will have charity to believe that I would be wise or witty, had I matter for wisdom or wit. You must lay the blame on Congress, who will not get up any farces, or bait any bears for us poor, *ennuied* letter-writers.

It is a blue day without — I speak figuratively, for no small patch of blue can be seen in the sky above. The weather, of late so bright and genial, is dull and drizzling, and all nature seems to have gone into the sulks. The hand-organ has made its appearance, as usual, under my window, and dispensed its music for the million, from psalm-tunes to polkas. It somehow sounds hoarse and wheezy, as though it had taken cold. But perhaps a sort of instrumental asthma is a chronic malady with it — an organic disease.

I had trifled thus far, when some friends called on me to accompany them to the Supreme Court, where it was understood Mr. Webster was to speak. For the first half hour after our arrival, we listened to Mr. George Wood, of New York, of 'Silver-Grey' notoriety—then Mr. Webster took the floor, in reply. I understood nothing of the merits of the case — the speech seemed made up of legalities and

technicalities, and I could do little else than look at the speaker. It is much to *see* Mr. Webster — there is a Titanic grandeur about him still — though now his genius seems but the aimless force of a great star, fallen from its first high place, to wander pathless and dimmed.

Mr. Webster had in his manner far more of life and earnestness than Mr. Wood, and yet, to the uninitiated, was most solemnly dull. There is an awful dignity about that Supreme Court room which oppresses one. If those dreadful Judges wore wigs, it would be quite too much to bear; such a formal, classical, and etiquettical place as it is. I noticed that Mr. Webster, after quoting a phrase — 'the ancient ways of the law' — hastened to translate it into *antiquas vias legis*, as though he had been guilty of an indecorum.

The Judges are an imposing and dignified looking set of men. Judge McLean, of Ohio, most impressed me by his manly and noble appearance. Judge Woodbury has a fine face, as also has Judge Nelson, of New York. Taney is the very ideal of a Chief Justice; looking cold, emotionless, unsusceptible; a bundle of precedents, an epitome of authorities. It hardly seems that such a man, from whose life the insatiable sponge of the Law has absorbed the natural juices, need to suffer decay, and be buried, like other people, at last. Such an existence is in itself a preserving and mummy-making process; and it would almost seem that he has only to grow more musty and dry, like some old parchment, until Death rolls him up, ties him with red tape, and lays him away in some dusty pigeon-hole.

The Court-room was crowded with the friends of Mr. Webster, and with strangers, many of whom were listening to him for the first time. Lieutenant Jagiello was there, and it was amusing to watch the attentive expression of her earnest face. She understood nothing — though there we had not so much the advantage of her as she supposed.

She regarded Mr. Webster as the friend of the Hungarians, and had faith to believe that his words were wise and gracious.

In the Library, at the Capitol, I had the good fortune, a day or two since, to be presented to Mr. Goodrich, the real, live Peter Parley. I had so confounded him with the venerable and uncle-ish character he has so successfully and delightfully assumed, that I must own to being somewhat taken aback at finding him a slightly made, gentlemanly person, far too young for the gouty and garrulous Peter. I was much gratified at meeting this writer, as I regard him as one of the truest benefactors of the age. No writer has ever ministered more, if as much, to the pleasure and instruction of children, and a generation are growing up with a grateful love of him in their hearts. Could the world have given him a more beautiful and soul-satisfying fame?

The high privilege, the honor of writing for children, is but little understood. Is it not a beautiful thing to call out the first bloom, to inhale the morning fragrance of the immortal soul-flower? Is it not a great thing to trace the first words on the soft, white tablets of the mind, where they will harden and remain forever? Oh, those earliest teachings, how the soul treasures them, and holds them dear and sacred through all the changes and labors, distracting cares, and more distracting pleasures of life. The mind cannot grow proud and strong enough to expel them, nor can the heart harden and contract till it crushes them. I have heard, somewhere, the story of a faithful steward of a banished lord, who cut into a young tree on the old estate, and hid under the bark some small, but precious jewels belonging to his master. Years went by, and the young exile returned, an old man. The steward was gone, but his lord knew well the secret of his deposit. Where the young tree stood, now towered a thrifty oak, with a bark hardened and roughened by time; but well it had kept its trust and its treasures,

though the tough wood had closed over them, and no eye could guess their hiding-place. The tree was felled, and in its very heart the gems were found, not a point broken, not a ray wasted, they flashed up to the light the old brightness, and made glad the heart of the master.

Ever so safe an investment is knowledge in the tender mind of a child — truth there lodged a life-long deposit. Though that mind may tower and expand, and put on rough defences against the world, it still joys in its little unsuspected jewels; and that heart but holds them closer and closer, with its strengthening fibres, till the hour when the Master comes to look for them.

The fashionable world is on the *qui vive* just now with a coming event extraordinary, in the shape of a grand fancy ball, to be given to-night, by the elegant lady of a member from New York. I think of going as 'The Uninvited Guest' — some awkward country cousin, in green gingham — some maiden aunt with her knitting-work, or a French milliner with a long bill. For a full account of the sensation I shall create, see New York Herald.

Adieu.

LETTER XXXVII.

Washington, February 15, 1851.

Dear W——: Pardon me for giving another dull morning to you, and let pleasant old memories throw a little sunshine into my chamber and on to my page, now that Nature, but yesterday all smiles, is weeping and frowning like a passionate, capricious girl — very unbecoming conduct in a lady of her years, I must say.

'It rains, and rains, and is never weary' — truly a day after a cabman's own heart. By the way, one cannot be

long in Washington without remarking that it absolutely swarms with hacks of all sorts.

The levee at the President's last night was one of the pleasantest of the season. There were many strangers present, lately come to the city, in large excursion parties from Maine and Massachusetts; and among these was a fair proportion of beauty and grace. I think I have not seen so many handsome women at any drawing-room this winter. If you have never attended a levee, let me give you a little idea of one.

After depositing hats and cloaks in the ante-room, you proceed to the 'Blue Room,' where the Marshal, or some friend, presents you to the President and his family. After exchanging the compliments, you pass on into the magnificent 'East Room,' where most of the guests are assembled, forming a stream of promenaders, passing round and round the brilliant hall, or pausing in groups to laugh and chat.

The President plays the *rôle* of the host in an admirable manner. He is urbane and cordial with no air of effort or condescension. Mrs. and Miss Fillmore perform their parts with equal grace and readiness. The President's 'one fair daughter' impresses one more and more as an intelligent, natural, modest, and fresh-hearted girl.

She dresses with peculiar simplicity and good taste, and always meets one with a sunny, unforced smile, and words of pleasant greeting.

Passing into the East Room, we first remarked the towering forms of Scott and Houston, each with a host of admirers circling about him — a slow whirlpool of broadcloth and brocade — while Foote and Douglass, and other distinguished Senators created considerable eddies in the crowd as they passed along. It is curious to observe how lamb-like the fiercest lion of war becomes in the drawing-room — there he softens his terrible front, and 'roars you gently an' it were a nightingale.' There, the hand used to wield the dripping sword, trifles daintily with my lady's fan;

there, the lips, wont to thunder out commands, or lighten forth hot oaths, wreath with gay smiles and let off incessantly the harmless words of compliment and lively repartee. Towards the close of the evening I saw the hero of Vera Cruz, supporting on his arm his youngest daughter, a very beautiful girl, who reminded one of Tennyson's 'Adeline,'

> 'With her floating flaxen hair,
> Her rosy cheeks and full blue eye.'

The mate to this fine picture was formed by the gallant Colonel May, a superb figure of a man, powerful enough to have worn mail and wielded the battle-axe at Agincourt, and Mrs. C——, a young widow from St. Louis, fair and stately, who also reminded me of one of Tennyson's creations —

> 'Oh, sweet, pale Margaret,
> Oh, rare, pale Margaret.'

But the belle of the evening, decidedly, was Mrs. A——, of St. Louis; a lady past the first season, but hardly the first bloom of youth; one who charms alike by her beauty and courtly manners, and by the everywhere apparent freshness and kindliness of her heart. One would suppose that she had drunk of the fabled fountain of youth — was in possession of the true physiological secret — understood and obeyed that primal law of nature, self-preservation.

'May I make a confiscation of this newspaper?' said Jagiello to me, the other day. If I might make a confiscation of one of Willis's luscious words, I should say that the *plumptitude* of Mrs. A—— is just at that point of roundness and ripeness behind which lie leanness and sharp lines, and beyond which you enter upon the dowager degree, wherein you eschew short sleeves and flounces, don black velvet and turbans, get short-breathed on mounting stairs, drive leisurely, go seldom to the opera, attend only morning service on Sunday, take long after-dinner naps, and pet

over-fed lap-dogs, sleepy and asthmatic. In short, she is of such fair and just proportions that one says with the poet —

'Yet though I would not love thee *less*,
I could not love thee *more*.'

Washington seems, indeed, the paradise of married and middle-aged women, and of elderly gentlemen. Society here seems much like that of English cities, in the respect that its leaders are not young flirts and dainty exquisites, but women of mature age and worldly experience, and men of dignified port, wearing Solomon's sign of wisdom, or, at least, that barbarous substitute which deceives nobody. You look, in vain, through our saloons for nice, spectacled, gossiping, tea-drinking, snuff-taking old ladies, in brown satin and muslin kerchiefs. You see scores of fair forties, and stately fifties; but, by some strange fatality, no woman ever reaches sixty in Washington! And a regular *bonâ fide* old man, white-haired and feeble, lifting his dim eyes toward heaven, like a poor, wearied traveller, blinded and beaten by storms, looking eagerly through the twilight toward the cheerful windows of his home; or dropping them humbly toward the earth, as though to become acquainted with the dust so soon to cover him, murmuring Scripture texts, and thinking of the old, old times,

'As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.' —

Such an one were here an anomaly — a natural curiosity. There has been nothing of the kind in either House of Congress since 'The Old Man Eloquent.'

To return to our subject, the President's levees. To my plain, democratic taste, they are the pleasantest parties or gatherings in Washington. You have here less form and more freedom than any where else. You are always sure to meet some agreeable people; you can enjoy a pleasant *tête-à-tête* with a friend, or have a brief chat with an

acquaintance. As perpetual motion is the rule, you can break off a conversation, and go on with your promenading at your pleasure. This is your protection against bores; for Washington, with all its delectabilities, has, I must confess, at least a limited assortment of those much-abused, universally-avoided descendants of the ancient Augurs. Have you ever, in the plenitude of your philanthropy, my dear friend, reflected on the misery which this numerous class of our fellow-beings are called upon to endure; how they are put upon, and belabored, and down-trodden? 'T is true that they are happily insensible to this treatment; but should we, because of our own cleverness and agreeability, presume upon their stupidity? Is it magnanimous, I ask? A selfish, business-distracted, and pleasure-driving world joins in a loud, universal litany of — From all button-holding, one-story-telling old gentleman; from all authors of one book; from all singers of one song; from all fanatics of one idea, deliver us! From all makers of Buncombe speeches; from all consistent politicians; from all Constitution defenders; from all perambulating periodical agents in green spectacles; from all lecturers on 'isms and 'ologies; from all venders of hair-dye and corn-plaster, deliver us! From all newly-married couples; from all model children; from all young officers in uniform; from all flirting, fan-flourishing belles; from all lisping dandies and travelled monkeys, deliver us! From all tract-distributing, Sunday-school-establishing old ladies; from all maiden ladies with subscription-papers; from all punsters; from all blues, deliver us!

Is this fair and philanthropic? Ah, my friend, have not this portion of the race, many of whom belong to our most respectable circles and first families, great cause of complaint? May we not fear that, at last, they will rouse to a sense of their grievances, and bring them before the people, by some grand demonstration; some Bore's Rights Convention! While this is being held, will not dinner-parties and tea-parties pass off with uncommon *eclat* and

good feeling? Legislative bodies agreeably miss the heavy droning of some honorable members; congregations rouse up under the sudden blaze of some 'new light,' and whole communities find carnal enjoyment in the interregnum of female benevolence.

To return to our muttons — meaning no disrespect to my illustrious subjects. During our evening at the President's, we had some idle discussion on the chances and probabilities of the Presidential aspirants present. I could only say, that I hoped that of all the number named for the highest office in the gift of the nation, he might succeed who had struggled and intrigued the least for it. And so it may be; for the bold leaders who storm the high places of power, often but touch the 'outer wall,' and fall into the ditch; while men in the ranks, who press not on so hotly, finally climb over them and take the citadel.

In the House, Mr. Ritchie's claim for relief for loss sustained by Government printing, has been under discussion. I know nothing of the merits of this, whether it be just or not; but there are those bold enough to say, that such claims are the leeches by which our plethoric Uncle Samuel is being bled more than is absolutely needful for his health; that, in fact, it does not agree with him to lose so much blood. They say, also, that a new and a stricter system of political economy must supersede a system of lavish expenditure, bargaining, and bribery; that good Uncle Samuel must have a new family physician, averse to the Sangrado practice; must have a new coachman, who will whip behind, and rid the old family coach of some of its useless hangers-on; and that the ship of State must be laid up in dry dock, and cleared of her barnacles.

But *cui bono!* is our hopeless ejaculation to all plans of political reform which touch not the great original source of our political evils — *Slavery!* That is the 'Death in the pot;' the rail thrown across the track of progress; the mill-stone about the neck of our Republicanism; the weasel under the wing of our National Eagle. Adieu.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Washington, February 24, 1851.

Dear W——: You will have seen what a fearful excitement the Boston fugitive slave rescue has produced in Washington. It was certainly very unkind, not to say immoral conduct, in the colored people to thus forcibly liberate their brother from bondage, at the risk of throwing our 'potent, grave, and reverend seigniors' into such a fret and fermentation. Such alarm and choler are not healthy for men at their time of life. Such news and a great dinner are too much to digest at once: and what is a black fellow's liberty to a white statesman's digestion?

'Call out the millingtary!' cry the political Noah Claypoles, and the obliging Government obeys. The whole movement reminds one of the spirited opposition which that eminent and strong-minded dame, Mrs. Partington, made to the advances of the Atlantic ocean. She stood her ground stoutly, she plied her besom briskly, but the great unconquerable element was 'too much' for the worthy old lady at last.

You were doubtless impressed, on reading the debates of the 21st, by the pious horror with which *the* Senator from Kentucky regarded Mr. Hale's somewhat disrespectful mention of the President's proclamation. If I remember rightly, the Senator who administered this stern reproof, and his disciples, were not wont to speak of the *late* President in a tone remarkably reverential. The military services of the brave old General, his high office, and the Roman justice and frank simplicity of his character, were no protection against contemptuous opposition, sarcasms, and ridicule. But now, one would suppose that honest Millard Fillmore, the son of a sturdy republican, in his youth, 'bound 'prentice' to a clothier, and honorably earning his bread by the labor of his hands, now by accident our citizen President, were the Great Mogul himself, or the mighty Khan of Tar-

tary, or the imperial despot of all the Russias; and that for a humble subject to let drop a word against his divine rights, his wisdom and supremacy, were to incur the bastinado and bow-string, or to catch a Tartar, or to get a taste of the knout, followed by a little trip to Siberia for the benefit of his health, where he might make himself at home and see the country for fifty years or so, if the climate agreed with him, and he found it worth while to live so long.

A distinguished leader in the Senate recently very amusingly, though blunderingly, characterized his own fame as 'that poor reputation which it had been his ambition to acquire.' Surely this last agitation movement will add materially to more than one reputation of that peculiar type.

On Saturday, the Southern agitators had the field to themselves. No one spoke for the North except Mr. Chase, who acquitted himself most faithfully. Mr. Downs in his remarks showed himself a strong advocate of the whole system of slavery, as also did another Southern Senator, whom I had not before heard. In the latter gentleman's speech, tonsils or tongue refuse to co-operate as they should, or there is a sort of labial rebellion — in other words, he has not a free and easy utterance, but rather suffers from an impediment to the smooth and even flow of talk. His is oratory under difficulties, and he by that circumstance remotely suggests Demosthenes, as he gesticulated by the seaside, with his mouth full of pebbles. In another respect, he and his compeers, when advocating or defending oppression, when threatening the North and ridiculing its sentiments, remind us of Demosthenes. They talk to the wind, which 'goeth where it listeth' with a wild sweep and a whistle of defiance; to the sea, which sounds and dashes on — rolls its destructive waves and scatters its saucy spray, heedless alike of their rage and their rhetoric.

The strangest of all strange things is, that any appre-

hension should be felt in the North, at Southern threats of disunion. It were like the attempt of a crew to scuttle the ship in mid-ocean; the madness of an æronaut who would rip open his balloon in mid-heaven; or of the samphire-gatherer, who would cut the rope which sustains him in his 'dreadful trade'; or like the folly of the inconstant Turkish husband, the Moslem Disunionist, who, in bagging his better half, to dispose of her by summary process, unfortunately in his haste stitched the sack to his own loose trowsers, and hurled himself into the Bosphorus.

In the course of his remarks, one of the Southern speakers warned us of the North against encouraging the immigration of fugitive slaves, averring that the presence and influence of such a degraded class would be 'demoralizing' to our rising generation. The truth of this statement I could hardly deny, as the proofs seemed to stand out before me, abundant and conclusive.

But though I am sometimes startled and revolted by the utterance by Southern men of sentiments which seem to me in conflict with all the principles of right and justice, I can understand how they, 'to the manor born,' should hold those sentiments. But I know no words in which to express my woman's scorn of those Northern renegades, false to freedom, to their pledges, and constituents, and to their own manhood, who prostrate themselves with more than Oriental obsequiousness before the dominant power, and perform 'with alacrity' the most servile work of their task-masters — their task-masters, who despise while they use them. At this 'awful crisis,' when some of the privileges of that peculiar institution, which it seems our Government was formed principally to protect, are being questioned or denied, Northern politicians of this type are running *en masse* to the rescue — propitiating with works of supererogation — doing wonderful things in the way of tumbling and somersaulting, and performing prodigies of prostration. For this patriotic devotion, they look for their reward with a

simple faith which is really edifying. They are not such fools as to hang themselves after their 'disagreeable duty' of betrayal, but make political capital out of it, and put their thirty pieces of silver out at interest.

But shall I not have a little pleasant chat with you, before I stop? Let us drop these disagreeable subjects; they only vex and discourage me, pour vinegar into my heart, and squeeze wormwood into my inkstand.

We have had some very delicious sunshiny days of late, though the weather cannot be depended on, is extremely variable and capricious. On Thursday afternoon I had a charming gallop with some pleasant friends. Apollonia Jagiello was of the party, and half wild with childlike gayety. She rides with much freedom, fearlessness, and grace, and, with her very picturesque dress, looks finely indeed on horseback.

I enjoyed the excursion keenly, though my horse proved to have more fire and fury than is quite commendable in a horse; was ferociously hard on the bit, and had rather a disagreeable habit of pulling downward, as if he were stooping to tie up his shoe.

Yesterday, we visited the Prison and the Infirmary, both of which deserve a better notice than I can give them here. At the former place, we were most interested by Captains Sayres and Drayton, of the '*Pearl*.' We found them as comfortable and cheerful as we could have expected. Drayton says that he suffers most from the vile companionship which he is obliged to endure.

The jailer, who is a very gentlemanly person, spoke in high terms of those two prisoners. As I looked into the melancholy faces of these men, suffering so deeply and hopelessly through long years, for the crime of helping their oppressed and degraded brothers to the freedom they themselves inherited and loved, sharp was the pain at my heart, bitter and I fear impatient the cry of my soul — 'How long, oh, Lord! how long?' I was glad to hear that Mr. Drayton,

who impressed me as a very sincere, earnest man, was shortly to be removed to more comfortable quarters. I hope that he may be allowed a room to himself, for, with all his submission and faith, he can scarcely be otherwise than wretched where he now is.

It was beautiful to witness Jagiello's sympathy with these unfortunate men. She, simple girl, could see no difference between helping American slaves to obtain their freedom, and inciting Hungarian peasants to revolt against Austrian tyranny — or rescuing Polish exiles, condemned to Siberia. Ah, when will she learn the grand American creed, that God is a partial Father, who made of one blood all the nations of the earth — save Ethiopians, whom He created in order to unbosom Himself of a great curse, and to wreak an eternal hate? when will she learn our fundamental Republican principle, that 'all men are created free and equal' — *except* '*niggers?*' But I fear her truthful, childlike mind will never come up to such heights of wisdom.

'Could no one convince you that slavery is right?' said Mrs. B—— to her the other day.

'Not the Lord himself,' she answered, in a deep, firm voice, and with one of her clear, brilliant glances.

But I must say, adieu!

LETTER XXXIX.

Washington, March 3, 1851.

Dear W——: I must give you but a brief and hurried letter on this last day of the session. I am to go up to the Capitol at an earlier hour than usual, and my morning has been sadly interrupted.

I am feeling somewhat depressed to-day, I must confess. My winter in Washington has been one of great enjoyment, and I have sincere regret in parting from so many whose

society has given me both pleasure and profit. During the past two months we have been having at Dr. B——'s, on Saturday evenings, social, informal parties — Free Soil *soirées* — gatherings together of the elect for counsel, 'aid, and comfort.' On Saturday night last, these pleasant reunions came to an end, amid general and earnest expressions of regret.

Among those most faithful in attendance at these agreeable, but rather exclusive *soirées*, was Mr. Root, of Ohio, who will not, I am sorry to say, return to Washington next session. He has added much to the life and gayety of our circle. A great lover and provoker of laughter, an incorrigible wag, he is yet, as you doubtless well know, a true, fearless, and earnest man. He has played his part faithfully since he has been here, and under circumstances well calculated to test his temper and capacity. With all his humor, mirthfulness, and good nature, he is not an antagonist to be lightly estimated, nor one with whom his opponents are particularly anxious to engage. Though not a fierce hand-to-hand gladiator, he is a skilful *matador*, shaking his red mantle as if in sport, but giving keen, quick, effective strokes under it.

Perhaps the one in our circle most honored and beloved is Mr. Giddings, of Ohio. A large and fearless spirit has in him a fitting embodiment. He is, I think, the most powerfully built man in the House — tall, full-chested, broad-shouldered, a sort of political Ajax, full of energy and endurance, while his happy, genial countenance shows that the generous feelings of his early manhood are yet alive and fresh — he is, thank Heaven, good for many years more of noble action. Mr. Giddings talks of going to the World's Fair. I hope he will not fail to forward himself, for we could hardly send a finer specimen of American manhood.

Mr. Durkee, of Wisconsin, is one of the friends we most prize. He possesses a most liberal and benevolent spirit, warm, social feelings, and pure, reformatory principles. He

has the most abiding, unfailing, happy faith in the speedy triumph of the right — in the speedy coming of that promised, prayed-for, long-tarrying ' good time.' Why, he actually believes in the Millennium ! — that the final redemption of the human mind from error, the human heart from crime, of human lives from wrong and suffering, is not a lying hope, a divine mockery; that liberty and justice are not cold abstractions, beautiful ideals, but God's own realities, the priceless heritage of his children, whose rights He himself shall vindicate at last.

Mr. Mann and Mr. Allen, of Massachusetts, Mr. Julian, of Indiana, Mr. Doty, of Wisconsin, Mr. Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, Mr. Gott and Preston King, of New York, have been among our most welcome visitors ; and a fine set of honest, earnest, and sensible men they are, with clear heads and kindly hearts, quick impulses, but firm principles.

Governor Cleveland, of Connecticut, frequently looked in upon us. He is a very agreeable, but an ambitious man, I fear ; for not content, as many a legislator would be, with the reputation of being one of the handsomest men in Congress, he aspires to win a still higher fame by the advocacy of sentiments just and noble, to-day unpopular, but having within themselves the germs of future honor. This nurturing a young century plant is not such egregious folly after all. True, you may never see its blossoming, but eyes which caught their brightness from yours may grow brighter as they gaze on it in the days to come.

March 4, 1851.

I left my letter rather abruptly yesterday, and went up to the Capitol. I was so fortunate as to be present in the House at the passage of the resolution for the aid of Kossuth. It was really beautiful and cheering to witness the ready and almost unanimous action of our Representatives upon this question. On the last day of the session, when overwhelmed with business of the most pressing importance, they yet

turned aside in the spirit of a chivalrous fraternity, to give countenance and assistance to Hungary's unfortunate patriot and his brave associates. All honor to them for their generous impulses — their magnanimity — for their sympathy with the fallen — for their recognition of the universal brotherhood of freemen. I never felt so proud of my country as at the moment when that resolution passed. I turned an exulting look upon the face of an English friend who stood at my side, and he, by his sympathy, added not a little to the patriotic glorying which swelled my heart. But 'pride must have a fall' is an old saying, and it soon proved itself in a most melancholy and mortifying manner.

In the early part of the evening session, in the House, there was, as you will have seen, a personal rencounter between Mr. Stanly and Mr. Clingman, the blame of which would seem to rest upon the shoulders of the latter gentleman. He began an altercation with Mr. Stanly, calling him opprobrious names, and followed them with a blow. Though of a passionate nature, and of a keen, sarcastic temper, Mr. Stanly is said to have been wonderfully calm and forbearing in his language toward his bitter and violent antagonist. Of course, there will be a meeting. Perhaps, as Mr. Clingman threatened, not so bloodless an one as the late affair between Messrs. Stanly and Inge. Mr. Stanly is one of the most fearless, independent, and liberal of the Southern members, beside being an able and spirited speaker, and a finished gentleman. The country could sooner spare the entire squad of reckless and belligerent legislators, who seek to make of the floor of Congress an arena for the bully, who, wanting equally the controlling force of high intellect and the weight of moral principle, would settle the affairs of the nation by the pistol, the bowie-knife, or a chivalrous resort to fisticuffs.

I deeply regretted that Mr. Stanly should accept a challenge ; I shall the more deeply regret his sending one. He should never more give the weight of his example to the

horrible barbarity, the infernality of duelling. He cannot himself, in his own deepest heart, approve of the practice, and I believe that he is mistaken, if he thinks that public opinion, even in the South, requires him to prove his animal courage by murdering, or being murdered. That a great and happy change of sentiment in regard to this question is taking place in the Southern States, has been well proved by Major Borland, one of the present Senators from Arkansas. Previous to his election to the Senate, and in the midst of a violent political excitement, he was grossly insulted, and called out by a quarrelsome opponent. Having been, in early life, engaged in a duel, when he severely wounded his antagonist, he had become convinced of the evil, sin, and folly of the practice, and now had the moral courage to refuse a challenge, though forced upon him in a most insulting and irritating manner. He laid the matter before the people of his State in a noble and manly letter, and to the honor of that people be it said, that the refusal of the soldier to prove his courage by fighting a duel, insured, instead of defeating, the election of the Senator. A consummation devoutly to be thankful for — not only as the triumph of a moral principle, but also because it has given to the Senate a man of fine ability and generous spirit. True to the interests of his section of the country, and I doubt not, to his own convictions, he is not illiberal, is never arrogant in tone, unfair, or discourteous in debate.

The Senate and House have been in session all night. In my next, I may attempt a sketch of legislation by gas-light, or by the ghastly light of the early morning. Do pardon the haste in which I have written. I am keeping the press open. I have not looked back over a line, but have been obliged to dash off a page at a time and let the devil take it; thus unkindly anticipating the fervent wish of some of my readers. Adieu.

PREACHERS AND POLITICS—A CONTRAST.

The 'Union' of Sunday (the 19th ultimo) brought out, with a great flourish of trumpets, the Thanksgiving Sermon of Dr. Boardman of Philadelphia — a religio-political discourse on the dangerous agitation and fanaticism of the times, and on the horrors and perils of disunion. Its morality is of the low-toned, time-serving order; as a literary production, it is somewhat inflated and pedantic, and as much overloaded with quotations as some senatorial speeches. We know that we may not, without incurring the charge of presumption, attempt criticism upon the literary character, least of all, upon the moral and religious tone of a discourse which has received the patronizing commendation of the 'Union' and the 'Pennyslvanian.'

Hunkerism boasts that the pacific and compromising resolutions of Union meetings call out solemn responses from pulpits of highest respectability, and journals of the most immaculate and unimpeachable orthodoxy; that great numbers of the higher order of the clergy, 'rulers and chief priests,' are declaring *against* the progress, the liberal opinions, the freedom, and the justice of the age; coming up to the help of the mighty against the Lord. And there is, alas! too much ground for such exulting — Stuart, Dewey, Brainerd, Hawkes, Boardman, and many others, are always ready to answer the demands of the dominant power for any t hing in their line.

We have been struck in the perusal of discourses in vindication of slavery, or in support of the Fugitive Slave

Law, by the careful avoidance of Christ and his teachings. The reverend speakers luxuriate in vivid pictures of the patriarchal institutions; of men 'after God's own heart' buying and selling slaves by the score; of hosts of servitors, male and female, in capacities of honor and dishonor, alike humble and submissive, gathered into one grand household, and subservient to one venerable and divinely appointed head. They even make much of Paul sending back Onesimus; but they generally manage to pilot the frail barque of their reasoning quite clear of the Evangelists. The teaching by the seaside they pass by in reverent silence; the Sermon on the Mount they dare not listen to, lest it utterly confound them and put them to open shame; and far be it from them to presume to re-enact that law of God which says, 'Do unto others as you would have others do unto you.' The Old Testament has been long the treasure-house from which they have taken balsams to heal the hurts of the Church — it now furnishes assuaging oil to be poured into the gaping wounds of the State, and sacred incense to be burned on the moustaches of the incensed chivalry. Whoever disturbs the peace of the Church, and renders its high places perilous, or uncomfortable, is a thief and a robber, and is at once to be expelled by weapons caught from the armory of most ancient Holy Writ. When wil the people believe, what their spiritual teachers are doing their best to convince them of, that men wearing snowy neck-cloths, or bands and surplices, may stand up in velvet-hung pulpits and read most patriotic and pacific discourses; and even turn over the gilded leaves of the gold-clasped volume before them and cite the examples of patriarchs, priests, and kings, and all from other motives than the good of souls, or even the best good of the church?

We have heard somewhere a story of an Indian who went once to the house of a minister, and, sitting down in a corner, with an elongated face, began a religious conversation, in the only way known to him; that is, by solemnly repeating certain Scripture names, thus, —

'Abraham, Isaac, Jacob,' ——

'Why, Tom, what do you mean?' interrupted the astonished divine.

'I mean *cider*,' frankly replied his copper-colored friend.

Were we not fearful of being held as 'little better than one of the wicked,' we should say that, in our time, the minister seems too often to take the place of the poor Indian; *talks* Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and *means* ——. But we will leave the sentence unfinished, and its import obscure, for we fear we were close verging on irreverence.

'Woe 's the day!' would our good grandfather have said, 'woe 's the day, when women set up to rebuke the clergy!'

Ah, no, dear grandfather, woe 's the day when the clergy deserved such reproof!

Woman has a deeper sympathy with the suffering and oppressed than man; a heartier hatred of wrong, while her contempt for unmanliness and a time-serving expediency is more intense. Then, why should she not speak these out, with all earnestness and sincerity, even should a share of her sharp words fall to the clergy. If that venerable body are not more faithful to their high calling, the very children will begin to rebuke them out of their Sunday School lessons.

But, thank God, there are a goodly number yet who have not bowed the knee to the Baal of Slavery, nor been thrown into spasms of fright by the giant phantom of Disunion; men incorruptible and undismayed, who stand forth and proclaim the true Gospel, the pure democracy of Christ, as it was first proclaimed by the wayside, on the Mount, and by the seashore; who boldly preach justice and freedom, and the great primal law of human right, which no sophistical reasoning can weaken, no compromise annul, and no legislation supersede. Of such are many of the noble New England clergy; of such is William Furness of Philadelphia, 'not a whit behind the chiefest of *Freedom's* apostles.' This true minister now occupies a noble position, yet few

would deem it an enviable one. He has come up by much struggling to a great height, where he must battle with the elements to maintain his stand; where he has indeed the clear sunshine of God's approval; but where he must miss the quiet, the genial light and warmth, and the pleasant companionship of the 'valley-land.' True, his feet are set upon a rock; but it is a rock in the midst of angry waters, between him and much which made life beautiful and happy rolls a deep sea, which may never be recrossed. It is not the malice of foes which tries the soul of the reformer, but the alienation of friends; it is not the new hate fiercely poured upon his head, but the old love coldly withdrawn from his heart.

Many and inestimable are the sacrifices which Mr. Furness has made of the friendships and confidences, and pleasant associations of years, by his open and ardent advocacy of the most unpopular of unpopular causes. His reward is sure, nor yet altogether in the future. When our treasures are truly laid up in heaven, we do not fail to receive the interest here. To him it comes daily in a quickening of life — a deepening fervor, a larger growth of power — a miraculous increase of that childlike faith which leads the soul to loose its grasp on all human dependences, and seize hold on the sure promise of God, though to be swung out into darkness, and dragged through deeps. He does not preach that stern Roman justice whose motto is, 'Do right, though the heavens fall!' but rather says, Do right and the heavens will not fall. If they have been pillared by the mercy and forbearance of God thus long, and have not come down in blackness to whelm a world of wrongs and oppressions, far less will be the peril when men begin to 'Do justly and love mercy.' Then shall the skies smile in brightness, and shower down blessings; then shall be peace and true union; for freedom, equality, and fraternity, shall unite in indestructible bonds, not one nation alone, but all nations; then will be the world-wide recognition of that

only true principle of Democracy, cradled in a manger, and reared at a carpenter's bench; the hope of the poor and oppressed of all ages, and the final redemption of 'the degraded, corrupt, and dissolute,' whether they be found among free colored men or enslaved white men.

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